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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 12.30.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on DECEMBER 29, 2010[EDIT]

“Thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above.”

Shakespeare’s As You Like It [III.ii.4-5]

Mercury isn’t retrograde anymore but you can’t say I didn’t warn you about the fallout.

Check the [travel & appearances](#) schedule for upcoming locations. Might be one near you, cf., the [download page](#) for free eBooks of most of the regular [books in print](#).

The coming year?

Subtitle? 2011 in an astrological nutshell: Mercury enters Aries around March 10, but turns retrograde March 30 until April 23. Mercury enters Virgo on July 9, but appears to turn backwards August 2 through August 18, starting in Virgo but winding up in Leo for almost three weeks. Mercury then enters Sagittarius November 3, and turns retrograde November 24, still in Sagittarius, until December 13. Saturn gets to 17 degrees of Libra. Stops and goes retrograde in January, uncoiling itself the first week of June.

In big planet news, Uranus moves into Aries March 10, achieving a point of 4 degrees of Aries July 9, before retrograding back to that zero degree of Aries (point) December 10 and turning around again. On April 10, Neptune enters Pisces. Doesn’t get far, but Neptune hasn’t entered Pisces since 1847. Neptune never achieves a full degree of Pisces, going stationary then retrograde from June 3 to finally exiting Pisces August 4. By November 4, Neptune starts crawling forward. Pluto is retrograde from April 9 until September 15, covering about 5 degrees of Capricorn, from 9 to 4.

That’s the location of the planets. What does it mean? More specifically, how does it all apply to this coming week? Read on. But first, a momentary caution and urban mythology. From the “private reel.”

The oral tradition behind this is just that, I heard it as lore. Whatever a person is doing on New Years’ Day, the First of January? That is to be repeated, over and over, as a theme, for the rest of the year. I spent one New Year’s Day with a certain female companion. Never saw her again. Theory doesn’t hold.

New construction: the following scopes, while intended for the coming week, there’ going to be a buried element in an attempt to address what the coming year will look like for each sign.

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Capricorn: Ceviche is a traditional — as far as I know — Mexican dish. Typically, it's saltwater fish of some kind, usually snapper or white fish, and I've used Redfish, onions, peppers, and lime juice. The fish is "chemically cooked" in the lime juice. Or lemon juice. With the way the planets unfold, and the uncertain weirdness that's free-floating now in Capricorn? I have but one word of advice. "Order a large."

There's a trendy little place in South Austin, used to be a dive with good, greasy TexMex, but now it's been overhauled and it's hip, urbane and cool. Like most of Austin. The waitress, though, she was cool. I asked about the signature ceviche. Should I get a small or a large, only a dollar difference in price.

"Order a large," she explained, "the cook, it varies, sometimes a small is tiny, like only about half a cup and sometimes, a small is the exact same size as a large. If you order a large, you know you'll get enough." I nodded. She had that hasty, hurry and make decision look, the pregnant pause. "I order a large, it's a meal in itself," she said. That was useful information, about the cook. I could belabor the point and ask the waitress to harangue the cook and get a small that was large, or, Capricorn, pay attention: order a large. Faster, smoother, and the information is important. Pay attention to the tip.

Order a large. Thematic points: quick, concise, direct.

Order a large. It's only a dollar more and you're happier, it's like three dollars or even five dollars more food.

Aquarius: Jupiter and Uranus are conjunct, in Pisces. Venus, in Scorpio, will square Neptune/Chiron, here in Aquarius. Several evenings, early in December, I was out, walking home after meeting clients, and I would pass this one bus stop. A nicely attired gentleman was there, silent in the pre-Xmas twilight. Hat, slacks, shoes with a polished glow, and, at his side? A white cane. One evening, he had on sunglasses. Another time, when I passed him, right at 5? No glasses, just clear, light blue, unseeing eyes.

I have a [reflexive action](#), I smile. Two, three times I passed him, and each time, I would smile at him. He couldn't see it. He has no idea that I'm the guy with the straggly ponytail, and goofy, lopsided grin. I haven't said anything, not yet. It's starting to get dark and cool off at that time. Had a brief cold snap, a few days and it was cold enough for long pants and boots, for me. I'm not sure if he could tell it was me. What I was thinking about, in respect to Aquarius?

It was me, smiling, at a person who clearly couldn't visually recognize the smile, okay? Understand? No forms, no vague shapes, nothing. Can't tell that I'm





smiling. However, that's the visual clue. Having been around enough "entertainment industry" people, I wouldn't always trust a smile. However, the smile I was grinning at that blind guy? Open and genuine. No malice. Might not even have been visible, not one time, it was after the sun had set. Still, there has to be some non-verbal clue. Change in the cadence of my step? The un-practical metaphysical clue of "energy," that could be it. The blind man's psychic powers? Don't knock it, I've witnessed that before.

Pisces: I toy with the charts, and I look at various influences. There's the mercurial [influence](#) of the moon and the inner planets, the longer-lasting flavors attributed to the outer planets, and the generational impacts of the [material](#) that's even further out. I was working with this, and trying to tease out something that made sense. I thought about pleasant exchange, recently. A friend was discussing the Texas Rangers. To me, that's a law enforcement group, a super state cop. We have a big state, we need good cops to patrol our various barren wastes. There's also the myth associated with the Texas Ranger, one man, one badge, hundreds of villains, looting hoodlums and criminals, all dispatched and subdued.

True story. One man, one badge. However, it shows where we are located. The term, "Texas Rangers" came up in that conversational setting. It didn't mean the state cops with extraordinary legal powers. It was about a sports team. Baseball. In my defense? Honest misunderstanding.

As the first week of the new year starts to unfurl, think about the mistake I made. Didn't jump to a conclusion, as it's a sort of a generational, time and place kind of mistake. Not so much a mistake, but ask any two natives, and find out that the term, "Texas Rangers" have very different meanings. When I lined up your year ahead? Watch out for little miscues, wherein you think the person is addressing you is talking about one kind of Texas Ranger, and in your apt, fluid and quick Pisces' mind? You think the other.

Aries: I'm thinking this was an early 1990's model [Lincoln-Mercury](#). The styling suggested that. Town Car type of model, long, large, dark 4-door. With tinted windows and tinted headlights and extra chrome, it was a heavily modified car, in one of those understated ways.

When I saw the car, parked in the post office parking lot, it wasn't [lowered](#). However, I'd be willing to suppose that it could be lowered or raised on [pneumatic pumps](#), as need be. It had that look. The driver's door was swung up, open. Someone had taken the modifications even further and added the unusual door hinge arrangement, the upward-swinging door on-rails. Which is pretty trick, in my



way of seeing it. Cool, even. However, Capricorn, as Mars makes merry in your sign? The driver of that car, that afternoon?

A shapely lass, long dark hair swaying in the winter breeze and cold sunlight. She was messing around with the “oh-so-cool” driver’s door. I’m guessing it wouldn’t slide shut. Somehow, it slipped off its rails. Or whatever those doors are mounted on — upward swinging hinges. I couldn’t help but think of this image while watching the astrological events unfold in Capricorn. Something’s a little off. Not bad, just a little. Can be very unsettling, like an expensive door that won’t close against the winter’s cold. Or, I paused and watched. She did something, then eventually, slapped the door and glided back into place. It might take a little bit of fiddling with the settings, the wires, the guides, something, but it will, eventually, slide back into place. Aries: be prepared for a similar, Mars-inspired delay.

Taurus: Combining two words to make a new word, that new, single word is called a “portmanteau.” Examples? “Motor Hotel” became the chain name, Motel. What is it when breakfast and lunch are combined? Brunch. Web Log? Blog.

This is The Portmanteau Year for Taurus.

Starts now. Looking at the agents of change on the horizon, and looking at where [Mercury has been retrograde](#)? Mostly, looking at Mars and the other stuff concentrated in Capricorn? I keep thinking the Taurus symbolism for the year?

Take two words and combine them. Take two items and put them [together](#).

Two words, two disparate objects, two ideas that don’t belong next to each other? There’s a sense that this can be a good year, a banner year, a truly wonderful year, despite the somewhat incongruous start thus far. It’s about combining different elements to make a new and better, perhaps shorter, perhaps longer, what length is needed, making a better one.

Matter of getting these two words and combining them. I hate to admit it, but I was there when the word “blog” [emerged](#). Never liked the word, not me. However, as tool, the web journal and log, blog, has proven to be a useful avenue of expression. I just don’t like the name. Sounds like a body function that we don’t discuss in polite groups. I’ve wandered completely off track. Follow my example but maybe don’t follow my lead. This is a theme, good for this week, but in a broader sense, as a thematic element for the coming year.

This is The Portmanteau Year for Taurus.

Gemini: It was polite dinner-table conversation. We were discussing a number of local restaurants, as my companion that evening was looking for a good, non-



TexMex restaurant. I can't imagine looking for a restaurant that wasn't Mexican, TexMex, or some variation on theme, like between those extremes.

One of the guys, he mentioned a place. He footnoted his comment that most of the places around here, they eventually get turned into a taqueria, sooner or later.

"No," continued another friend, "we went by there last week. It's serving TexMex now." So much for good Italian, Greek, or, for that matter, any type of food that isn't loosely TexMex in one variation or another. Not that I have a problem with that, either.

I know a few places, and I can get variations on several themes. I know one place that does Southwestern (American)/Northern (Italian) fusion. It hasn't changed yet. They just incorporated more peppers in the traditional Northern Italian fare. A rarity. Or, maybe, it was a place that was bending and flowing with local expectations, as a way to prevent the otherwise inevitable from happening, closing down and being replaced by a taqueria.

As this new year, looking at what we've got going, and we're not even out of the "Mercury was retrograde" umbrella yet, but looking ahead? Are you going to just capitulate and give in? Close down and open up again as TexMex, Mexican, Central American cuisine of some sort? Or just incorporate some changes in the next week, in the next year? Maybe just add some spices that make it seem like you're local. Local enough, anyway.

Cancer: Carlos Santana. Famous guitar-playing Cancer Sun Sign people, right? Little known fact, Carlos Santana, his first instrument? Violin. First kind of music? Mariachi. He was, like eight or ten years old, playing in his dad's band. Which leads to Woodstock and the explosion of "Latin" infused rhythms, as north meets south. Cultures clash, and, in theory, we're both richer for the experience.

Living in Texas, I've seen the collusion and collision of sound machines as divergent musical genres run into each other. Not always graceful, and not always gentle, still, the clash of cultures is a fact of life in my home. I've found, though, there's an inherent richness in the background with the mixed musical groups.

There are elements of many different kinds of music in the local scene, and that's just here in my [neighborhoods](#). From Latin to Rock to Metal to derivative and collaborative material, it mixes and melds rather well. I was using the archetypical Cancer, Carlos Santana, as an example.

As long as there's a huge stack-up of planets in (and the Moon, &c.) in Capricorn? Think about some of that mixing of musical types. Raised with one, yet experiencing and experimenting with another. Look at how successfully two (or



more) elements were blended by that one Cancer musician. Time to pick up your guitar and play. So you won't get fooled again.

Leo: “Ah, c'mon, we've all dated one of those,” I was backpedaling, “you know, ‘high maintenance girlfriends,’ we've all had one of those.”

Haven't we? I looked around at the table full. Four women, One buddy. Me.

Correct metaphor, correct analogy. Wrong time. The metaphor was intact and sound, since, all drawn out? High Maintenance girlfriends are totally worth the extra lengths that are required. Well, mostly. I've had high and low maintenance girlfriends. I'll take the demanding, outwardly shrewish appearing girlfriend any day. Much easier. I know what is expected. I'll appear dogged and overrun. Way it goes. However, in the bigger picture? Know what that kind of demanding and bossy bitching turns into?

Just like Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. Some people might take offense at the way I'm painting this, but see it through. The so-called “high maintenance girlfriends” can be so totally worth it. Once she's broken in, properly? Almost no effort what-so-ever. What was worse, though, my syllogism intact, it was all about laying the groundwork, laying the foundation, and the rest of this metaphor just fell apart.

Treat your obstacle, the way you start this year? Treat it like a high maintenance girlfriend. The payoff? Before the year is over? It's immense, truly epic in proportions. As befits a mighty Leo. As befits The Mighty Leo.

Virgo: This coming year is a full of hope and promise. “Yeah like you promised last year, and I hope your predictions are better.” Always one dissenting Virgo voice, now isn't there? My problem, I'll have to live with it.

The portents of the night sky, well, really, it's the early morning sky, but in a few weeks, it will be the night sky, but this isn't about that, it's about the portents. For Virgo. We've got one, lasting symbol, triggered by Jupiter and Uranus in Pisces. It's like the last guy, at party, the one guy who's still there, he doesn't realize, through varying levels of inebriation and intoxication, he just doesn't get that the New Year has landed. Docked, landed, disembarked and saddled up to ride off again.

The guy who's still partying on the second and third of January? Still whooping it up, later than that? Even as the next horoscope rolls over, this is the warning for — the archetype — for Virgo, for the next year. It's about misplaced timing.

At least one Virgo will tell me she won't be like that, but then, for two weeks after New Year's Eve, she's still whooping and carrying on like it was the night of the





big party. The exuberance and sometimes aberrant behavior — typical of a New Year's Eve party — that attitude and action can be carried forth into the new year. This next week, the week after? It's a flavor, a sense, more than an actual party. But the atmosphere is there. Present in Virgo. Here's the trick: stop. Go back to being your normal, Virgo self. The exuberance is there, it's just, it would be helpful, it's better if you contain your enthusiasm.

Libra: [ASTROFISH.NET – World Tour](http://www.astrofish.net), 1999. To be honest, there was a World Tour in odd years from inception of me writing horoscopes, around 1987, onward. Not every year. As of late, I've tried to restrict my travels to just within the confines of the state of Texas. Just easier for me to get around. I'm not regarded as an oddity.

Libra, you're not an oddity, but you're feeling a little like the odd person out, here. That's kind of a "Saturn function," as much as any other influence. Saturn isn't always a "bad thing," although at least one of the ancient source, I've studied? "Saturn is evil and malignant."

What I'd get ready for is a series of false starts, like, it takes about three or four attempts to get the Libra motor started. That Libra World Tour 2011? It's going to happen, before the end of the year. That's the good news. It's just that idea that it will take two, three, even four attempts to get the project, that world tour, or whatever it is that you're working on? It will take a while to get it all together and worked out. Before too long, a couple of weeks from now, Jupiter moves into Aries, opposite you, for the rest of the year. It's good. Just takes a few [starts](#) to get the right groove going.

Scorpio: Week between Xmas and New Years is sort of dead [around](#) here. Not a lot going on. However, there is something kicking in [Scorpio](#), and there's not a direct line, but it reminded me of what happened the other day. I went to the dry cleaners to pick up a leather jacket. Probably had egg-nog on it. The original price for getting that jacket cleaned was \$35. Pretty hefty price for my leather. The prices we pay? So I walked into the cleaners, it's a little place close to here, run by a family. In the summer? There is no AC in the place. Really old school.

I've chatted amicably with the owner and during the Xmas break, he had his 10-year old son working with him. The dad was sitting next to the counter in an old easy chair. The kid was making a big show out of being able to handle the business. The kid pulled a plastic bag over the jacket, hung the package up on the counter, and handed me a bill, then punched numbers into a calculator. "\$37.96," I said. Kid looked up at me, then at the calculator's face, "\$38.06."

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I was close. Good guess. I handed him two twenties. He counted out the coins, handed me a dollar, then handed me a ten, “and forty and fifty.” I looked at the dad, his eyes were registering the transaction, but he wasn’t going to say anything. “Hey,” I said gently, “I handed you two twenties, I think this is yours,” and I handed back the extra ten. I don’t do a lot of business with that dry cleaner/laundry place. But I might. The ten bucks, was it worth it? Was to me.

[Sagittarius](#): I spend a portion of the month leading up to Xmas, some of that time is spent sorting out [spurious website details](#). [Maintenance issues](#). Back-end tech-support. Bit-twiddling.

I stumbled across a certain image I had tucked away, a tourist shot on another site of mine. It’s a lonely street. Middle of the Texas summer. The day is hot, with a sultry kind of heat that comes from having a few coastal clouds blow over in the morning, leaving behind a damp heat that is stultifying. Paralyzing. No breeze, still, clear, blue sky.

Hot? Sure, but it’s a wet heat.

On one side of the image is a bicycle leaning up against a bus stop. On the other side of the road, there’s a single man. Boy. I’d guess mid-twenties, and he’s leaning up against the building block, in the only slimmest margin of shade. In another twenty or thirty minutes his feet and then his legs will be frying in the noon-day sun. He looked up and nodded, “Hello,” as I passed him.

Bicycle, one side of the deserted street. He was on the other side of the street, in what little shade he could find. Just a summer’s day’s respite. In the middle of winter, it’s hard to understand why I would choose this example, but the image was fresh from scanning an old picture. It was also the perfect symbolism for Sagittarius, for this week, and as a tone, for the rest of this coming year. To find a little shade to rest? To cool off? It’s okay, go across the street. I’d encourage it, this week, this year.



Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 12.23.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on DECEMBER 22, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love.”

Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing [III.81]

Two shopping days until Xmas! Last minute shopping deals are [here](#). Then, [one more idea](#), I thought this would make a good fishing lure — “Test Lure: [DO NOT EAT](#).” How many juvenile and daredevil fish will swallow that one, just to because of the [warning label](#)? It’s a Mercury Retrograde kind of a deal, no?

[Capricorn](#): I got out of the shower and had a sudden thought. It’s been sort of cold lately. Winter weather arrived. However, I was warm from just getting out of a hot, steamy shower. I had towel wrapped around me, and not much else. I dried off a little and sat down to jot down a quick a note.

As the water dripped down my back, I started to shiver a little. I had a shirt, someplace, only, I couldn’t find it. I got up, wrapped the towel back around my now-freezing self, and looked for the shirt. I suppose, if I’d dried off the hair, that might’ve helped. Not always logical, that’s me.

I darted around, getting progressively cooler, and wondering where I’d left that shirt. It was on the back of the office chair. Completely overlooked by me in my rush to find it. The clue?

Stop. Right now. Mars (and so on and so forth) is in Capricorn. It’s Xmas time, birthdays, everything!

Stop. Instead of looking too hard? Look right there. Right behind you. Right on top, underneath. It’s not nearly as far away as you think. Me? I spent precious minutes dashing around looking for a shirt that was hanging on the chair I was originally sitting in. Don’t be like [me](#).

Aquarius: As a retail person, one year, at Xmas, I drafted up a portable computer document — a gift certificate — with blanks.

Great idea. Did I mention that [Mercury was retrograde](#)? In Sagittarius, this moment? So I had this great gift certificate. Some smart person printed off a half dozen of these certificates, put in friends’ names, and handed them out as gifts. Only, I never received a penny.

It was a [January event](#), bunch of people showed up with gift certificates. I politely told them that the certificate was good for a free astrology chart itself. If they wanted a reading, that would cost extra.

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I was looking for a way out of having to get around a mistake in my own judgement. There's no blank gift certificate on the website. No coupons. You want to arrange a gift certificate for someone? I [can work with that](#). The gift of reading from me? Not a problem. I learned, the hard way, I have to be paid in advance. I thought about that little experience since I could easily, very easily, see you pulling a similar stunt. "Pay me later," an Aquarius would say. Didn't work for me. Merry Xmas.

Pisces: Merry friggin' [Xmas](#). Can't say I didn't warn you about this. One of my little Pisces friends was complaining, trying to be artful, but to me? Sounded like a whine. Sounded like bearing about to seize, that screech of hot metal that should have some lubricant, but doesn't. Because I didn't mention this, like, in the middle of last week? I'm in trouble. I did poke you last month. [Last year](#), even, can't say this one crept up. The point is, if your sweet Pisces self hasn't accomplished whatever it is that you wanted to get done? The last minute shopping? Or better yet, the after Xmas (Boxing Day) sales?

Didn't get it done? Don't plan on getting it done now. I'll be honest, probably not going to happen. I'd like things to be smooth for you, but let's look at facts, Mercury, backwards, in Sagittarius, Sun in Capricorn, just a general slowing of all matters that are Pisces. What makes this worse? There's a few big-ticket items that your sweet Pisces self really wanted to attend, and you don't like my, "It ain't going to happen," prognostication.

Work around it. Usually, you're immune to mercurial disorders. This one is frustrating, but it's only frustrating if you don't take a long-range, "I'll get to it when I can" attitude.

Aries: "I seen you before — you're famous." I was in the mall, waiting on friend who was looking for 'girl things' in the 'girl things store.' I don't know, it was before Xmas maybe I have side of me that needed to be antagonized.

Crowds, but not good crowds, and not really fun. Not much of a line to see the Santa Claus and [get a picture](#). I just wonder about fake snow in South Texas. While real snow is not unheard of, it is rare. I've seen snow one day and 70 degrees two days later, back to shorts and sandals. So the validity of [fake snow](#), and jolly white guy wrapped in spurious layers of red cloth seem a little out of place.

The "you're famous line," not like I haven't heard that before. I do bear a passing resemblance to some guitar player, but even that is stretch these days. Not that I'm not flattered. "You seen me [on the TV](#)? That show?" I asked. "No, don't you play music?" Answer a question with a question?

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When I stacked up the planets and charts, and as I looked at the solstice celebration, only made sense, didn't it? For Aries, for the his next few days? Answer a question with a question. Or, better yet, "answer a question with a question?" Might work better for the holiday season's flavors?

Taurus: One of my fishing buddies, his name is not "Bubba," and he is a Taurus, anyway, he was doing that [holiday piss and moan](#) theme. It was about his girlfriend. Long-time, long-standing arrangement that was fair and equitable, as far as I could tell. He made a near-fatal mistake, though.

You'd think, after being with the same woman in loving and mutually supportive relationship, for, like almost ten years, you'd think he'd have this figured out. Turns out the relationship wasn't near any kind of a fair and equitable arrangement, not this close to Xmas.

I think it's the added holiday stress, but that could be my personal spin on it. It could also be all the stuff (planets, Sun, etc.) in Capricorn. Added stress. My buddy, he thought, that, at all times, the relationship was 50/50. Gender doesn't matter, not now, as both males and females should guffaw. No relationship is ever 50/50. Never. Doesn't exit, not on this earthly plane. Plain as can be.

I listened to his list and litany of complaints, then I didn't say anything. "You think I'm being stupid?" He asked. I didn't say anything. It's the holidays. Don't be stupid.

[Gemini](#): "Go on you bitch!" The expression wasn't so unusual, not untypical for a Road Rage comment. The source was the odd part, a little, mouse-like 2-year old child.

Friend of mine's daughter. Wasn't the comment about the car stopped in front of my friend's truck, it was the little child saying it. "Daddy says it, makes them move," the kid explained, innocent in the ways of words. Perfect example of what's happening and how we can — or can't — or shouldn't — deal with certain issues.

[Mercury's backwards](#) pattern starts in Sagittarius, than-you-very-much, not so much as a by-your-leave, and Xmas and all. With this Mercury pattern in Sagittarius, opposite lovely [Gemini](#)? I'd warn you about making comments in front of the kids. "Daddy says it all the time, makes them move." The kid was just observing, not passing judgement. To hear the version of the story I heard, though, almost caused a wreck to hear the kid utter that comment.

Mercury. Is. Backwards.





Careful what you say as it will come back to haunt you, and maybe, not in a way you'd like.

Cancer: Truly, it was a [Mexican Standoff](#). Tourist, by my reckoning, as not many locals could be bothered, anyway the tourists did what was appropriate in a big city, pulled across two lanes of traffic to pull just slightly forward of a parallel parking spot. Downtown street. Not really busy by big-city standards, but it was a busy day right before Xmas. There was a department store, across the street, too. The city operates a parking garage, down the street from there, as well. Two 'hombres,' slumped low in the almost nondescript blue, four-door sedan, a beat booming from somewhere. The guy in the passenger seat, he was wearing a trilby and a wife-beater T. Might've had a heavy silver chain with "Virgen de Guadalupe" on it. Instead of backing up, which would've been polite, the sedan crept and boomed up right behind the tourist SUV, which, in turn, was signaling that the tourist vehicle was going to back up and hit that parallel spot.

Here's how I know it was a tourist: no local could parallel into that spot — way too narrow. The [tourist](#) needed to back up, and the locals, didn't want to. No one was going forward until one of them made a decision, back up, don't back up, go, don't go. Something. I sauntered past. I kept on walking, too. I glanced back once. They were still sitting there. Cancer: see how stupid either one looks? Just move. Doesn't matter which one you are, give a little.

[Leo](#): One of my clients is on her way to to being a "crazy old cat lady." You know the archetype? Single woman, lives in a house with a dozens, if not hundreds of feral cats? My friend isn't there yet, not in age, anyway, and not really in cats. She only had a couple of older "girl" cats, all fixed, all strays who were — after my friend adopted them — well-fed, well-petted, and well-cared for. However, about two years ago, a boy cat, kitten, showed up on her doorstep.

He won her heart, she took him in, had him fixed, flea-dipped and shots. As he grew into cat-manhood, he started bringing home dead animals. Offerings. Started with a few birds, but there was a mouse, once. Quite the hunter. I suggested her cat start a blog. She nicknamed the cat "Dexter," which was a TV reference I didn't get.

Last count, he had over two dozen confirmed "kills," and as I've pointed out before, the cat has done more to help her than other boyfriend. Or, better than any boyfriend recently. Not that showing up with a small, dead bird is really helping. The funny part, to me, is the cat won't eat the dead critters, just kills them and





brings them home. When I suggested her cat start a blog, she was amused, but never touched the idea.

Having her [cat start a blog](#), though? It would serve several purposes, for one, it would stretch her writing skills, and more important, for the Leo? If the cat didn't post for a while? No one would get upset. It's the cat's blog, not like daily occurrence for real news and opinions. It's the secondary layer of anonymity that helps. That's your Xmas present from me to The Leo.

Virgo: There's a terribly simple Georgia O'Keeffe painting, a small one, I believe, it's from her earlier work. It's a simple windmill. Being raised, like I was, running amuck in the North (East) Texas areas, I've seen windmills.

"Aero-motor," what it usually says alongside one fan blade. Or along the tail-fin, I'm not sure. Memory is foggy. However, I do know, that, looking at that one [O'Keeffe painting](#), I felt tears welling up in my eyes. Struck an emotional chord with me. I moved on to other selections in the collection, and my tears washed away, a faded memory.

What I was trying to figure out, why a simple illustration of a pedantic and totally ordinary scene from my upbringing, why that would evoke a tearful response. From me. What's the connection? The loneliness of the image? The empty spaces, the empty hearts? The tenuous connection to childhood? A tie to the land itself? It's Xmas time, hardly a time to think about my little emotional response to a painting. I noticed, at the same time this happened, that the planets are in the same way for Virgo, now. Pretty much, this is the host astrological influence located in Capricorn, but that's weighted against [Mercury backwards](#) in Sagittarius. Tricks and triggers, emotional triggers and now, how about a way around it? Realize that Mercury is backwards and he will dredge of long-lost, long-forgotten images. Trip you up, trigger some kind of flood of emotions? Sure. Bad? Hardly, it's the holiday season. Move on to the next party item.

Libra: My religious "faith" is colored by several different experiences. From mystical revelations and deep hypnotic trance-like meditations, to frightening near-death encounters, to the everyday practice of stopping off in a cathedral to pray (and mediate), I'm trying to cover as many flavors and brands of religion as possible. Nominally, I was raised "protestant," however, that label fell by the wayside some years ago.

This was a concern because I'm double-booked this coming Xmas Eve. Two different family groups, two different churches, two different places to be. If I had to decide, I'd opt for the more traditional, some would say, "fundamental,"





services. This has nothing to do with my belief system. It's about listening, looking partaking in other peoples' rituals. Then, too, it's about being double-booked. Make the 8 PM religious services one place and make it Midnight Mass at the other place.

Adjust this as you need to, but remember that your little Libra self needs to be open to all the services. Even if, in this example, those two religions really don't like each other. To me? It's great exposure, good experience.

Scorpio: "Hey, Merry Christmas!" The little waitress hugged me. It was a sideways hug. She slipped up beside me and gave me a very oblique squeeze. Like she was glad to see me, but not so glad as to mesh body parts, or mash her body against mine. Cheap thrills, take them when we get them.

I should point out, I was sitting down and she was barely a head taller than me, when I was seated. Standing up? I doubt she's taller than my chest. Which might be the reason for the foreshortened, sideways hug. She's used to dealing with taller people. Or maybe not. The place I know here from, it's a local spot, most noted for excellent cuisine at dirt cheap prices. Means it's a dive, a tacqueria where my native English is strictly second-class.

While not the shortest, or most rotund, she is the merriest one in there. To my eyes, anyway. While I appreciated her greeting, Xmas season and all, I was curious about the sideways nature. Then, too, I lack basic familiarity with this one woman to ask too much. Scorpio, though, I know that. As a Scorpio, too, that foreshortened greeting? That might be the best way to hit this week's stellar energy. You've got to save yourself — save enough energy to say hello to everyone.

[Sagittarius](#): Clayton Williams (Libra) — I didn't vote for him, wouldn't have voted for him, and that was before his comic flaw — to me. Tragic flaw to some. He was on a deer lease with several members of the press. The leading gubernatorial candidate then, he was a sure thing against Democrat (Virgo) Ann Richards.

Until that fateful comment. This is long-dead Texas political history. A case where a single comment sunk a winning election. Possibly changed the face of modern history, as Ann won against Clayton, then she lost a second term to George Bush (Jr.), who then went on to become president. This isn't about that, this is about Clayton's comment. A single, rather off-color remark, in front of the press.

That went from local rumor to national news, and eventually, that single comment sunk his election. This is the perfect "[Mercury is Retrograde](#)" reminder. All he said, his simple simile was to compare a forced sexual encounter to the Texas weather.

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The press (pre-inter-web) seized the comment, in context, undeniable, and that was like a single, well-paced shot: sunk Clayton's campaign.

A single, off-color remark. A manly joke shared amongst the men-folks in a deer lease, out in the boonies. A single comment. Consider that, my fine [Sagittarius friends](#), a single comment changed the face of history.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for 12.16.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on DECEMBER 15, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom!”

Shakespeare’s [The Tempest](#) [II.ii.88]

[Sagittarius](#): I’ve had a receding hairline since High School. Not news. Add to that the myth I’ve always subscribed to, about hair being a recessive gene and to look at the mother’s father for guidelines. That means I’ll have a crown of gray, violently curly hair. I’m prepared for that. Mentally, you know.

I was thinking because, holiday and all, it’s family time, and what with the approaching [new year](#), I was trying to find a good way to describe what’s [cooking](#) in Sagittarius. In our milieu. Standing in line at the grocery store, I noticed a magazine, and the alluring cover included the headline, “Change your hair style, change your life.” I haven’t changed my hair style in several years. Maybe 20 or more, and perhaps this is the year to change that.

Now. The only change I can make, though, is to shave it all off. While that’s appealing from a maintenance standpoint, I’m unsure I could really hang with that style. I’d rather hold onto the few shards and thin strands that I still have. However, to be honest, I thought about the shaving thing.

Bald. Would that change my life? I’m not sure. Time to think about a sweeping change in your life, now. Time to act on it? Wait. Happy birthday!

Xmas special, book a [half-hour reading](#) this week, online only, and get a full hour for the reduced price. Some [restrictions](#) may apply.

[Capricorn](#): [Panic](#). I hit the panic button, in as much as I have one. If I were a different gender, or if I subscribed to certain ideologies, I would’ve been eating chocolate. By the bucketful. We all have different methods for dealing with tension, pressure and panic situations.

I had, what to me, was a panic a situation. The internet died on me. I could see my neighbor’s wireless net, but it was password protected, no one was home, and I couldn’t borrow a cup of bandwidth. Next action? Dig out the cable bill. I checked the dates. No, I was paid up. More or less. The next payment hadn’t gone out, but it was scheduled. I had enough in the bank to cover it, well, barely, but still.

Enough. Chocolate, there has to be some chocolate around here. Not really, but worth a try. I dug around. No luck. I looked at the old cable bill, where I’d marked “paid.” I also found the tech support number. After only three minutes with the





“say your name, please,” call tree, I got a recorded message that service in my area was interrupted and customer service representatives had nothing new to add. Great. All that panic because someone else was digging up a cable. Those inter-tubes, the little electronic version of pneumatic tubes, right? I calmed down. Wasn’t an unpaid bill. All that panic, right before Xmas, wasted. [Don’t panic](#), like I did. Check the facts and make the call before you freak. Unless, you know, you like that kind of energy, the freak out.

Aquarius: One of my Aquarius friends, we were talking about “classic rock.” Classical music, of a particular genre, or two. [Several](#). My fine Aquarius friend was waxing eloquent about a band, Sonic Youth. Does that band really classify as “Classic Rock?” I’m guessing that’s a separate discussion.

No, while my Aquarius friend would extol the many virtues and rhapsodies about that band? That same Aquarius refused, closed minded as could be, about the band Pink Floyd. In my work, I tend to look for similarities. I could find harmonic similarities, and looking further, I thought I could see — hear — clear antecedents. There was some, in the entire canon, and especially the earlier work, a clear connection. Same genre. Or a similar genre. What amused me the most was the way my Aquarius friend would vehemently attack Pink Floyd and in the same breath, very nearly, [praise Sonic Youth](#). Almost like comparing cats and dogs. Both have fur. Both have four legs (OEM design). While I was hearing similarities, my Aquarius friend was seeing differences. Like cats make good pets and dogs slobber on everything.

It’s easier, right now, to look for [similarities](#). My Aquarian friend’s stubborn stance? I understand it’s pointless to argue about musical tastes, but it is possible to listen to be more open-minded. Feel some Xmas spirit. Or something.

Pisces: There’s a certain brand of “super all-you-can-eat” buffet, pretty common in these parts. I’ve seen several kinds, but this is a chain. Scary stuff. I was looking for [something](#) on Craig’s List (Craig is a Sagittarius), and I wandered where I ought not go, at least, not alone. It was the “missed connections” section. The invite was for a couple, eye-balling each other over the buffet line at that one location. Super-size me. Super, extra-super size. Sagittarius is associated with Jupiter.

Jupiter is associated with weight gain. That buffet is associated with “super-size” patrons. This all connects, but maybe not in a good way. I’m not sure that the super-size buffet with all its processed foodstuffs, I’m not sure that’s where your



delicate Pisces self should be. For that matter, looking on Craig's List? Maybe not a good idea, too.

Uranus paired with Jupiter is headed away from you. However, the influence is still present. Good influence, used wisely. A missed connection at the super buffet table might not be what we're really looking for.

Aries: Mexico is one of the largest and richest countries in South or Central America. It has its own culture and part of that is being exported north:

[Luchadores](#). Mexican Wrestling. Masks, capes, good guys who are above reproach and bad guys who are clearly bad.

I got off on a tangent with Mexican Wrestling because I could easily see you arguing about this — the astrological milieu affecting [Aries](#). I thought about those masked crusaders, flying through the air. Sailing over the heads of [the spectators](#). Arguing, in a flamboyant style, but arguing and wrestling with an issue, nonetheless.

Why make this [difficult](#)? "I don't make this difficult," my little Aries friends orates, from his corner of the ring, "none of this hard, and I'm right!" As the script calls for, a little wrestler sneaks up behind you and breaks a chair across the back of the Aries (wrestler) head. The fight, the saga, the epic struggle, who wins, who loses, it goes on and on. I can save you from being hit over the head like that. Stop before you orate. Before you deliver that long speech? Stop and look around.

Taurus: I love the buildup to [Xmas](#). What's better? End of the year, a new year, and most important? A clean start. A fresh break with the past and time to make way for [new](#).

New [styles](#), new [fashions](#), new stuff. New things. It's about an internal change, sort of like a rumbling in the pit of your Taurus stomach. Time to [change](#) some stuff up. Change up the attitude, first. Make way for some new attitude. Do that without breaking into a song and dance [routine](#).

The holiday, the approaching [tensions and sensations](#), the colors, lights, palpable excitement, all of that? All part of the deal.

Here's the clue: the new year is right around the corner, about two weeks off.

Get ready. Start considering what needs to change, in your Taurus life, and start that change, now. It's like a head start on New Years' Resolutions.

Get started, now. This is a friendly "advance warning" from [me](#) to you.

Get started on the ideas, the concepts, pick one that's important, and fit that into the holiday season, now. Start in advance. You've got a chance to head into the new year, sail into the new year, already prepared for changes.





Gemini: Buddy of mine manages a restaurant. His place has an outdoor patio. It's South Texas, cold winter nights and sometimes, warm days. He was training a new manager. Part of the manager's job is to set out the patio furniture. I asked him why, I mean salaried manager versus one of the employees who doesn't get paid near as much? Give it to a flunky, right?

He explained. "Bus boy, waiter, server, any of them? I tell them to do it, and they're gone an hour. At least. Takes me ten minutes. Even at a dollar a minute, this saves both money and time." If I was on the clock? I could see how it would be laborious and take time. I'm sure, if I was setting out that patio furniture, I'm just doing a quick pencil sketch, but I'd bid that job at two hours labor, minimum. I'm right in line with everyone but management. This is a simple example, right out of a recent event, just goes to show how time can be a mutable thing. Given where the planets are right now? As a good Gemini, you have to ask yourself, are you management in this situation? Or are you, like me, an hourly wage slave, and as such, does the job at hand take up a whole lot longer?

Cancer: I was headed to the bank clutching a single check I wanted to deposit. As I got closer to the outdoor, walk up teller machine, I saw two other people, ahead of me. One was guy, earbuds dangling from his ears, his head nodding slowing to some music. He was going to get there first, oblivious. The next one was a lady in pink pants, white blouse, dark-olive, Latin skin framed with a black curls and a white blouse. She scurried, like a woman with a mission.

Warm afternoon, didn't need a jacket. She arrived shortly after the first guy and I sauntered up after them all. Since I wasn't in a hurry, I just looked, nodded, and went on into the bank. There's a maze of velvet ropes that lead to three empty teller booth.

Three. The impatient woman, outside, she was still waiting after I made my deposit, had a pleasant exchange with the teller (Pisces), and inquired about local places to eat. Seemed that teller favored a certain TexMex place, right close to the bank. Follow my lead on this: it's Xmas time. There's a line. If you just move to the next available location, next available option, next right thing to do? Goes much easier. Look at all the time I saved, when I didn't even need to.

Leo: Lowering my head and admitting defeat, I finally caved in to local pressure. The title is "Chicken Taco for the Soul." Some people like Chicken Soup. A friend of mine calls Chicken Soup the "Jewish (Mother's) Penicillin." One author turned



“Chicken Soup” into a successful franchise. Sold close to a bazillion, books, calendars, seminars.

Not a big seller, not locally. Need something stronger, more tasty than “Chicken Soup,” hence, [Chicken Taco for the Soul](#). A good chicken taco is composed of several elements, the chicken, the taco shell, the other stuff. Seasoning and dressing, or, to me, salsa. Sometimes, shredded lettuce and/or guacamole, all sort of depends.

One place does shredded chicken bits, bird bits anyway, with mole, which is a rich chocolate and pepper sauce. The [chicken](#) meat is sometimes dark, sometimes light, sometimes roasted, and one place, I even found a partial bone in the taco. Didn’t bother me. Roll with it.

This is an example of adapting local material to cover a larger phenomena. While, maybe you don’t really “do” Xmas, find something close that works well enough. Personally, I prefer a good solstice celebration, but whatever works. Adjust your Leo ways a little. Allow for local color, wherever you are.

Virgo: I walked down to the grocery store, the other afternoon. Needed a few things, milk, eggs, (non-fat) coffee creamer for a certain [Virgo](#). I was in line behind a large lady with a lot more than the line’s limit of “ten items or less.”

Express lane? I doubt it. She could barely squeeze through the line, too. Maybe if she wasn’t busy buying sugarcoated donuts, I would start to complain about my five items, but then, I noticed something stirring inside of me. There was some Xmas crap for sale on the end cap. Suddenly, I had a need for batteries. I felt myself, almost instinctually, reaching for a discount pack of triple A batteries. Never mind I had plenty at home. Then, there was a over-sized candy bar. I wanted one of those, too.

The headlines in the magazine, I couldn’t translate from Spanish, but I wanted to buy the magazine, something about “horoscopes and sex,” but I wasn’t sure, not exactly. I cycled from justifiable anger to a retail pawn, giving in to the cloying, siren’s song at the check-out line.

Well, almost. I didn’t get [anything](#) more than what I came to get. I didn’t tell that women ahead of me she had way more than she should’ve for the express line, and she shouldn’t try and pay with a check. I was good. But it took a fair amount of restraint. Like me? The easiest way to get out of this week alive? Like my time in the grocery store? Quickest way out? Shut up. Stick to the list. Stick to the Virgo plan you had when you started.



Libra: The problem with film making in the last decade, especially in the last five years? Most feature length films can be compressed into a single, one or two-minute sample. The highlights. The features. The sound bytes. The stars and the best portions of the script. The trailer.

It's an art form unto itself, the movie trailer. The problem being, most of the trailers I've seen are better than the movie. The trailer compresses, elucidates, informs and entertains. While the true purpose of the trailer is to rope us into seeing the movie? What happens, more often these days, especially in the last decade? The trailer is the best part of the movie. I'd be extra careful, there's a subtle, okay, so maybe it's no so subtle, push — or pull — on your Libra self.

Stop. The trailer's stated purpose is to get you to go see the movie. Maybe leave off at the fact that the trailer is the best part. Don't fall for the [marketing hype](#), not now. It's the holidays. Enjoy them for what they are. Sometimes, the best part can be compressed into a single two-minute frame.

Scorpio: People, have, on occasion, commented that I'm a [tad odd](#). To some, I've appeared to be "[really weird](#)." All depends, I suppose, on a frame of reference.

After too much time in Austin — Keep Austin Weird — I think I'm painfully normal. Not that odd. Not that weird. I tend to have some offbeat tastes. Given a choice between fine dining and good food in a questionable atmosphere? I'll [go for the dive](#) with the dubious hygiene practices. I've found, after many long years, the food tends to be better in the dives. Cheaper, too.

This is about appearances, too. My sister, Xmas time and all, we were talking about our [obscure](#) tastes and [sentiments](#). I pointed out, I'm all that's left of a bizarre childhood.

What's weird, offbeat and possibly questionable? Good for Scorpio? This week, for sure.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 12.9.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on DECEMBER 8, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

Lear: dost thou call me a [fool](#), boy?

Fool: all thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Shakespeare's King Lear [I.iv.9607]

[Sagittarius](#): It was an early roll out in the cold winter morning. I don't recall. Should've been a fishing trip, but [it wasn't](#). I know I was up way before the sun. I stopped at a familiar coffee shop. The little [Sagittarius](#) working, she was half-asleep. Cute lass, heart-shaped face, pale skin, almond eyes, a mass of dark curls to frame her [face](#).

Sagittarius — but some other [rising sign](#) — she was half-asleep. Did I mention that? She looked at me, started pulling a couple of [shots of espresso](#), made some comment out the side of her mouth about me being up early.

I asked why she was up. "I'm at work, silly boy." I then asked why she was so sleepy. "I stay up most nights, I don't want to miss anything. I'm afraid if I go to sleep, I'll miss something."

[I am a Sagittarius](#), and I didn't miss too much. Sleep is good. Trying to get in everything at the expense of good, much needed, rest? Doesn't work.

Solution? Go to bed earlier or sleep later.

There is enough time, we just have to be better with our "allotted time" or how we budget ourselves. This is less about money and more about another, similar resource. Staying awake at night? Just to not miss anything in the daytime? I'm back to my original solution, either go to bed earlier or wake up later, whatever works.

Xmas/Mercury special, book a [half-hour reading](#) this week, online only, and get a full hour for the reduced price. Some [restrictions](#) may apply.

Capricorn: Excited yet? You should be. The Sun [crawls](#) closer and closer to that point where it's at the darkest point in the cycle. More dark than light. The further north one goes, the worse it gets. I understand that the sun never rises in parts of Canada and Alaska.

I do recall a [winter in England](#), seemed like the Sun rose around 10 in the morning, and set around 3 in the afternoon. Not much daylight. This pervasive darkness is what Capricorn and the time before, that's what this is all about. Will it recover? Ancient rites and rituals marked the turning point, fast approaching. I'm not a big fan of animal sacrifice, or human sacrifice, although I know a few people — never mind. I'm unsure if what your tradition calls for, [Sacrifice](#), [Saturnalia](#), [Solstice](#).

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Perhaps it involves candles and wreaths, or Xmas trees. Doesn't matter to me.

What matters is that there is some form of ritual celebration. That's the first important point. The second — maybe more important point — it getting ready. The way the good Capricorn celebrates requires some preparation. I'm all for that. I'm not hung up on one type of celebration — this is about embracing whatever your personal tradition is.

Observe. I'm just suggesting, there's a need for a little planning and preparation. Like, just as an example, someone has to get a frozen turkey carcass, then someone else has to get enough peanut oil to fill a five-gallon can, and someone has to get the propane to heat the oil, and all of this so we can have a deep-fried turkey.

Aquarius: I've mentioned this before, but all the Moons of Uranus are named for characters from Shakespeare's plays. Or Alexander Pope. Kind of a good touch, a literary planet. What would one expect from [Aquarius](#).

Jupiter and Uranus are playing a loose game of [cosmic](#) tag, and this game tightens up towards the end of this year. Both planets are moving into another sign, soon enough (Aries). But it's not happening yet. I'd look at this as a last time to finish cleaning up one last item you wanted cleaned up. Failure to do that? Might cause some trouble. Winter time, heater's on; my lips get chapped pretty easily at this time of the year, when it gets cold for a few days.

The other item I've got floating around, here, see? It's a tube of glue. A glue stick. Actually, I think this one is too dried out to use, but that doesn't matter. I was being absent-minded, and I reached for the lip balm, only I grabbed the glue tube instead. Before applying, though, I checked.

Glad I did. I'd hate to think about me having my lips glued together. So as the big gas giants, Uranus and Jupiter, move forward and towards another sign, think about looking at the material before blindly applying. However, more than one person [has suggested](#) that my lips glued together wouldn't be a bad idea. However, this isn't [about](#) me, this is about my fine Aquarius friends. Look — examine. With Jupiter and Uranus close? Don't confuse a glue stick with lip balm.

Pisces: Winter really doesn't amount to much, not around here. However, there are a few days when it gets downright cold. Definitions may vary, but I was bundled against a cold north wind one morning, almost too cold for me to be out. I had a bit of early morning business I was attending to, and that's why I was out, bundled up against the cold. Passing one place, I was on foot, I could smell the hot grease on the griddle, I could sense the flour tortillas getting warmed up. I could almost feel





them, it was that strong of a sensation. All of this from passing local taco joint, in the (cold) pre-dawn twilight.

There was some kind of sensation, associated with the smell of flour and corn tortillas, the kitchen's vent and the way the wind was blowing, and instead of rising, that hot smell seemed to sink to about my nose level. There's a faint hint concrete, the suggestion of pork products of some kind, maybe bacon, maybe sausage. There's a just a certain scent, it's the corn meal in the tortilla, the flour and lard, hot on the Comal, the way it smells, almost like it was reaching out to tickle me.

Tease and tickle. That scent, the idea of heavy tortillas with bacon and eggs on them, all wrapped up together, there's a teasing sensation that goes with the senses. That's what the planets are doing right now, in [Pisces](#). Tease and tickle.

Aries: With all the cardinal energy that's hitting? Do you know how much of this is about "presentation"? That term, "presentation," to me, I think about fishing and how I'd like to present the lure — or bait — to the fish. I don't want to just fling it out there and hope the fish likes it. No, the right way is to gently land that bait just passed where the target is, hope (and aim) for a gentle splash-landing.

Then jiggle it so, and move in such a way as to not spook the fish. Except, well, there are certain times, certain baits, I was in a canyon — pitching a heavy jig against a sharp bank. The splash, the bait looked like a crawdad that just fell into the water.

The fish (Bass) would scoop that up, almost on impact, and the splash was part of the "presentation." Sort of depends on if you want to make a big splash or not. I can't decide, not without [consulting](#) with you, whether or not the "big splash" is the proper presentation. However, either big, noisy entrance, or stealth-like? Either way, it's important to concentrate on your presentation. Doesn't matter what the illusive game is, fish, or otherwise.

Taurus: Buddy came up with this idea, probably swiped it from another location, but I don't care, my buddy gets the credit. Everyone, that means everyone, can be at least one Shakespeare character.

There's at least one character that fits each and every person. In my own life, I'd like to think I could be Lear's Fool. The conversation that night, when I was first introduced to this idea, I drifted towards Polonius. The two main ways to play Polonius are doddering and conniving. I was going to go for the simpleton. I thought about it later, though, and I decided, if I had to pick a character myself?



I like Thersites in Shakespeare's [Troilus and Cressida](#), a brilliant wit who is constantly being beaten by morally ambiguous "superiors." My life. Doesn't call for much acting.

This is about roles we play. What roles we'd like to play compared to what roles we really play and are we stuck in a particular Tragedy, Comedy or History play? Xmas time, you get to pick, maybe think about it. Which [Shakespeare](#) character should you play? There's one role that you're perfect for. Which one? Suggestions, looking at your planets? I'm thinking about [Falstaff](#).

Gemini: I've been [on TV and movie sets](#). Never really got to act in one, just been featured as guest a couple of times.

What a scene looks like on TV? What a [movie set](#) looks like, in real life? It's all very, very different.

Same thing applies to actors and actresses. Meet a superstar in the real world? Her nose is too big, her lips look like they've been recently filled at the air pump. On screen? Beautiful. In person? Not so much. I mean, it's her, but still. While some attribute look perfectly proportioned on screen? When she's next to you? Her ass looks like it's about three times as big. Either it's the camera and camera angles. Or maybe, it's something they do in the studio. Or maybe it's the makeup. Or maybe, there's [some kind of magic](#) that happens when that little red light starts flashing.

Gemini: now is a good time to shut up, and let the magic happen. This week? Observe.

Cancer: I reached across my desk and unfolded my wallet.

I opened up the bill fold and started to take a whiff.

I was looking for something that smelled like money. Wrong choice, on my part, as the money in my wallet has been there for while. Kind of stagnant, my money flow. So I can't accurately portray what "money" smells like.

Much as I would, it's just not there. My extra fine Cancer friend? The smell of new money just isn't here, not this week, but hold that thought.

[Leo](#): I've flogged the [Shakespeare](#) Canon for [Xmas quotes](#). I'm out of them at this moment. Tired of using the old ones, and you're tired of that, too.

The [holiday season](#) is upon us. Let us celebrate with glee. One of my favorites was a giant, [inflatable snowman](#) in front of a bar in Austin.

Snowmen have what to do with Xmas? Nothing, other than both are sort of winter activities (Northern Hemisphere, for that one fan in Australia, adjust as need be).

Then, further south, along the highway towards the coast? A [giant snow-globe with](#)





[a Santa Claus](#) in it. It was close to 80 that afternoon, the snow-globe looked pretty silly.

Don't get me wrong, it can get cold: all the way down to freezing, some nights. But that's not a regular occurrence, so the fake snow, the fake snow-men, all of that looks out of place. For some, it's symbolic of the merriment of the season. Roll your tired Leo eyes. With a huge concentration in [Capricorn](#)? Stick to items that might be more geographically correct. Around here? A huge prickly pear cactus would be best, maybe festooned with Xmas lights. Adjust as you need, for the holiday spirit. Think local, think Leo.

Virgo: There are three high-class, or, at least, marginally famous TexMex joints close to me. Each one has a different spin on how to make Picante Sauce. Salsa. Hot Sauce. Pico de Gallo. Within three blocks, there's sun-dried tomatoes that are roasted, with smoked peppers; there's another place with tomato-base, hot peppers and loaded with cilantro; and there's fresh, tomato and lime with onions, peppers and a hint of orange. Each flavor is distinct, and yet, there's also a similarity. Because of proximity, the three places strive to be similar and yet, each one is definitely different.

[Subtle](#) and yet, obvious, at the same time. Hard to imagine that there would be three places that advertise as "authentic Mexican cuisine" around here? To differentiate requires [Virgo-like precision](#). The sauces all look the same, at first, but there are grades and textures that enhance the flavors while setting each sauce apart from its neighbors.

Xmas is all about food. [Xmas Tamales](#) was why I was thinking about these places. Subtle gradations, and variations on themes. To make it through the next couple of days? You're going to need to make sure your Virgo-like senses can differentiate between each salsa. Or some kind of locally similar taste sensation.

Libra: I picked up a recent astronomy magazine. Turns out there's a great deal of "new" information about a comet that might've crashed into our planet, tens of thousands, millions, some big number, a long time ago. That's the second or third scholarly, academic article — peer reviewed — material that I've been exposed to that suggests, not proves, just suggests, that a comet, asteroid, heavenly body, chunk of ice, something big, slammed, intercepted and/or impacted Planet Earth. I'm a fan of astronomy. I like those guys, the [astrophysicists](#). They don't like astrologers, but we were all on the same team, back about 500 years ago.





This is about being willing to go outside our [established realm](#) for information. [Me?](#) I'll read the odd astronomy magazine. Not always helpful, but there are moments when there's more than a nugget of information I can effectively use. I kept thinking about a number of recent theories about deep-space objects and its impact on our little blue orb. I like the science theories as they are way more amusing than the astrology guys. The science guys talk it over, write it up, submit the material, it gets reviewed, and even then, it's only supposition. Which is what I was aiming for, here with my Libra friends. Saturn makes lasting impact on your life. How you act then react to Saturn's influence? That's what's important.

Scorpio: I dreamed of a skinny tie the other night. Not just any skinny tie, I mean a suede-textured, inch-wide, olive-green tie. I [know why](#) I was dreaming about that tie, because I had one, went with — horrible admission — parachute pants. Made the outfits, so to speak.

The reason the [skinny](#) tie came swimming back in my dreams was because I was sifting through [online video footage](#) from decades old music. Made me think about what I wore, how I would suffer for fashion, what was “cool” and “tray sheik” at the time. Period pieces, now.

Those cool fashions became the [unwanted styling of history](#). I understand that some history can be traced by what is currently in vogue, fashionable, at a particular point along the time-space continuum. I'm comfortable with the fact I'm no longer a slave to fashion. I couldn't fit in those pants, even if I did have them. My girth has long since gone past the era of good taste. No doubt because I had good taste. This is a brief moment of reverie, brought to you by my memory, and the stars.

Stop. Where were you, your Scorpio self, ten — twenty — thirty years ago? Fashion that's changed? Fashion that hasn't changed? Me? I only wear bolo ties now. And I only wear those for state occasions, too. Using that as a way to judge, consider where you're at, now. Progress?

Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 12.2.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on DECEMBER 1, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”
Shakespeare's As You Like It [II.i.17-9]

[Sagittarius](#): Ground Zero. It was a signature. First though, my little Birthday Sagittarius friend, what does that term mean? What kind of image does it invoke?

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It usually refers to the place where it all started, the point of impact, and in one example, there was a bar I knew with that name. More a music venue, but — as the name might imply — it was heavy metal/thrash/neo-punk. Not exactly my kind of material, not always. But no, that's not what I was thinking of.

“Ground Zero.” It was label on a [Low Rider](#). Very low lowrider. The license plate — vanity tag — said, “I DRAG.” At first, me liking go-fast stuff, I thought it was dragster, street rod. No, it was a mobile piece of artwork. Probably did drag when rolling. Stationary? It sat. [Eloquently](#), too.

Brought a whole new level of meaning to the term “Ground Zero.” Zero Ground Clearance? Whatever you want. The point, though, is about what you were thinking when I suggested the term, “Ground Zero,” and what the Sagittarius Birthday topic really was about. Mars slips out of Sagittarius by the end of this scope. The term, I'm not saying what the expression is, but as Mars slips away? Watch about jumping on a meaning for the term. Sweet ride, that dragster.

Xmas special, book a [half-hour reading](#) this week, online only, and get a full hour for the reduced price. Some [restrictions](#) may apply.

Capricorn: A friend of mine was addressing issues arising from a High School Reunion. Turns out that, out of the class of hundreds, only about three of the “stoners” are still stoners. I haven't been to a high school reunion.

Came close, one summer, but couldn't make it — business [obligations](#). However, as I got thinking about my buddy's comment, I wondered how I would appear? Stoner then, stoner now. Only I'm not a stoner. Don't partake. Got nothing against it, just don't imbibe — haven't in many long years. That doesn't mean that I don't get the offers, “Dude, 420.” I'm sorry, regretfully, I don't partake in the least. Just not my thing.

I think it should be widely legalized. But that's me. Even if it was legal? I still wouldn't partake. The reason should be obvious. I have tenuous grip on my thin shards of reality as it is. Even less these days. I can't afford to lose touch with those fine threads as it is.

No chemical enhancements, natural or otherwise, not for me. Can't afford it. However, I'd like to point out, that's just me. For the sake of illustration, have you thought about how you might appear? I seem to appear as a stoner. Couldn't be further from the truth, but I've labored under this “Austin” appellation almost too long. Plus the concomitant labels. What are the Capricorn labels? Do you want to change those labels? Personally, I kind of, you know, dude, like, you know, I like [mine](#).

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Aquarius: “Ever heard of a ketchup sandwich?” Conversational question from a client who works in a big office. One of the new hires was in the kitchen area, every day at noon, eating ketchup sandwiches. Which is weird, if you ask me. No one did.

While I’m familiar with the concept of the ketchup sandwich, my personal favorite is the mustard sandwich — especially if it’s just one piece of bread and some really hot mustard.

Hotter is better.

I found this one item, a “Tabasco Mayo,” and that made a decent open-face sandwich, too. The next question, given where the planet are, why would an Aquarius be contemplating an open-faced (mustard, mayonnaise, ketchup) sandwich? Part of the reason is pecuniary outlook, but in part, there’s also the [minimalist approach](#) — just bread and condiment.

You might be like me, and you might wish there was something meatier there. I’d suggest, though, given with what the planets are doing now? That strictly [minimalist](#) sandwich is really the way to go.

Pisces: Young couple I know, the wife is very pregnant. She’ll be a good mom, and the baby should be healthy, either an [Aquarius](#) or a Pisces. Not an issue, the problem?

The way the husband, the soon to be proud daddy, the way he deals with his “mamacita” and her elevated hormone-thing. Moods. Emotions.

“I’m writing [a book](#), a guy’s guide to pregnancy. Chapter 1, ‘Nothing fits,’ and chapter 2, ‘I’m hungry.’” The [chapter](#) list and titles go on. It was funny, except that, as he was describing the various issues, his wife — the expectant mom — was getting increasingly angry.

Fortunately, that’s one of those solid relationships. She might get pissed off, but it was part of the fun. “Chapter Nine, ‘Everything you say is wrong.’” There’s a hint, about how to deal with certain situations. Humor is good. Sarcasm? Might not get as far as you think.

Aries: Research in the [inter-web](#) is dangerous, at best. Very distracting, too.

I was looking up a movie sound track, which I was cross-checking with a museum display, and then, to balance it out, I was trying to figure in some “proto-punk” music from back in the day. Started with iTunes, actually. Safest place to start, look through the online store, copy down the name of the lead singer in a band and then look elsewhere for that guy’s name.





Turns out he had quite a story, and that first band was only a beginning to a long and storied career. Three different names, The Plugz, Tito and the Tarantulas and (other).

Started looking for some seminal punk influences that wound up with me looking at soft latin sounds. Which is why this kind of “research” is difficult.

The holidays are here. Mars (along with Pluto and so forth) are all getting together at the early degrees of Capricorn. That puts a distracting influence on poor Aries.

Holiday time. Make an effort to stick to what’s most important. What other band was part of that lineage? Movies? No, stay focused.

Taurus: As Venus slowly pokes her way through Scorpio? Consider this: forbidden fruit turns [rancid](#) faster than regular fruit. Important consideration, under the current influences.

Means there’s a good chance that there will be some forbidden fruit offered to you. That’s good news, or can be good news, depends on where you are with the temptations and whether it’s a bad temptation or good temptation. However, there’s still that point, the forbidden stuff? Sours and rots faster. Real fruit or candied fruit for the holidays? Real fruit or some kind of symbolism? Can be either.

[Temptations](#) abound with the season. Usually, for me, it’s certain brand of egg-nog mix and espresso, the original “egg-nog latte.” The problem is, I can’t just take one of those and sip on it all afternoon. There about twenty hundred calories in a single serving.

Fresh dairy (heavy cream), uncooked eggs, and sugar. Oh so much sugar. Then some coffee, too, the original purpose, but one of those drinks won’t last all afternoon, which is what I need it to do. That’s a single example of my forbidden fruit, and how I have to avoid it. Most of the time Maybe once, just one? See the problem?

Gemini: Presumably, the oldest Christian Church in North America is the San Miguel Cathedral in Santa Fe, NM. Just a few blocks shy of the downtown square, as I recall. More an oddity and less of church, as I recall. I didn’t get the “cool, old place to pray,” vibe I like in some of those [old places](#).

More like a “good place to prey” — on tourists. Cost a buck to get in the door.

Cost a dollar to go to church. I’m sure that the dollar was to defray the cost of all the tourists, like me, traipsing back and forth across the threshold.

When I enter a catholic church, I tend to cross myself. Not out of belief or habit, just because it’s the thing to do. If I’m in a house of worship that requires my head be covered, I’d cover my head. Why I tend to cross myself. Fit in, go with the flow.





However, after paying admission, I was thrilled about crossing myself. This isn't about charging admission to a relic of a church — as opposed to church relic — this isn't about me crossing myself to fit in — it's about traditions. Whatever the Gemini tradition, observe well.

Cancer: Xmas Tamales — hey, I'm late to this party. I'm not late the holiday party, I'm late to the South Texas tradition of Xmas Tamales. I didn't get it, not at first. Not something that's practiced in Austin, Dallas, or even Houston.

However, in the part of Texas that sticks way down? The seat of independence and history? The "Christmas Tamale" is a rich cultural and historical event. The trick is, to find the places that make the really delicious ones, and get the tamale, a couple of dozen, ahead of time, like a week or two before the actual holiday.

Like now. This week. I have several favorite places. Want recommendations? I'd probably point you to a good place, not the best one, just a good place because the best places are local secrets. Can't have too many tourists flooding the place and ruining the quality of the hand-made, packed with beef, or pork, or just bean and cheese tamales.

As I would travel to either California (Sister) or Dallas (cousins), the requests would always come in, "Bring some of those good tamales, maybe a dozen." The way the wording was, it was "maybe a dozen, or three dozen, or a whole truck load."

Sure. The tamales are made by little Latin women, moms and grandma types, patting masa flour together with pork and peppers, or whatever, and baking them all in corn husks.

Really is an indigenous food type. Local flavor. Buy now. This week. Buy ahead of time. They freeze well, can keep until Xmas day or thereabouts. Travel well frozen. I know. Do it now, even though the real holiday is a few weeks away. Get it out of the way because, "Supplies might be limited."

Leo: Christmas is coming a little early. So is New Year's. Happens, for Leo, in the next three to seven days. You have one or two days to get ready, from the point of this scope being launched to the end of end of the holiday season.

What really happens is that the rest of the 11 signs, the lesser 11, as the good Leo refers to them, the lesser 11 will stay on their regular schedule.

It's just that Leo? You enjoy the misfortune of being a little more sensitive and, as such, you feel the "spiritual" culmination of the holiday spirit this week. That's it. Now, what you can do, your immanence? Acknowledge the rest of us, and allow us our holiday. We're moving at a slower pace than your royal self, so the point to be





careful? Don't be a royal pain in the — you get the idea. The rest of the signs are going to miss this about you being [ahead](#) of us.

Virgo: I was watching one of my clients make a certain mistake. Repeatedly. Not quite the same mistake, but the error was close enough to the original, that — from my elevated perspective — it was easy to see how it was really the same error, over and over.

Much younger than me, too, I should add. I thought about it. I thought about offering corrective advice. Then I thought about myself. Exact same mistakes I made when I was that age. Doesn't matter if an older or wiser person came along, I wouldn't have listened then. Probably won't listen, now, either. [That's me](#). This applies to Virgo, though.

Wasn't thinking about me, or that young client, I was thinking about Virgo. When it's a good time to tell someone something. Sometimes, though, it's a good time to not tell a person something. Consider that some people don't want your advice, no matter how well-intentioned that advice is.

No matter how right you might be? No matter how correct, useful or insightful your wonderful Virgo self might be? Doesn't matter. Planets, and more important, the phase of the moon? Against the season? Instead of offering up that sage, wonderful, poignant and pointed words of Virgo wisdom?

Shut up. Some folks have to [get hurt](#) before they'll listen.

Libra: There's a metaphorical and metaphysical term that refers to be two places at the same time. "Bi-locational," I think, is how it goes. There's the theory that a person can detach his or her soul and go freely floating along, do a little remote viewing, maybe have a journey or adventure? The roots are deep and some of this is seated in a very [Christian framework](#), part and parcel of the holy catholic beliefs. I'll be the first to admit, though, I haven't figured out how to be in two places at once. Even when I'm all here, I'm not all here, which is why I am here, but never mind that.

This isn't about my ability to stay in the present. This is about [Libra](#). There's a good chance that you've mastered some of the qualities of the saints. Tested, tempted, slain satanic forces, I'm sure you'd agree with that. However, that other saintly skill set?

Like Bi-location? Haven't managed that one yet, have you? I do adore my little Libra friends, but there's a chance that you can't be in two places at once. While I'd like to suggest you have many fine qualities, saint-like, even, I mean, I just don't see an easy way around this material. Until you can balance three or four





things, all at once, or split yourself in two and being more than one place? I'd suggest we look at our Libra limitations and make an effort to stay within the limits of what we know we can accomplish.

Scorpio: Chile as a spice, condiment, adornment, and necessary food element? Has been, in my world ever since I can't remember. All my life. The problem with [foreign travel](#), in the past? Once I leave the Texas [country-side](#), I have a difficult time finding real "Mexican" food.

For proper taxonomy, it's really TexMex, but the problem is the same, elsewhere, it's just not as good. Except for New Mexico. The biggest culinary question in that state is "Red or Green?" Even got a book named after that question, and not surprisingly, the book is all about chile.

I got thinking about this since there's an oblique Xmas theme with "Red or Green?" Food that resembles the season's colors. There's something very un-Xmas-Season appropriate about red and green chile sauce. That being duly noted, there's way to [dress up the holiday season](#) with an inexpensive nod to local lore and traditions.

In Texas? TexMex Salsa. In NM? Red and Green (chile sauce). Elsewhere? I'm unsure of the local customs — and instead of just making stuff up? I'd leave that to the Scorpio in you to adjust the local material to suit your needs. But it is the season to be jolly, and somehow, I'm sure you can work in some local color. Venus (in Scorpio) will help you.







astrofish.net starting 11.25.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on NOVEMBER 24, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Adieu, valour! Rust, rapier! Be still, drum! For you manager is in love; yea, he loveth.”

Shakespeare’s Love’s Labour’s Lost [I.ii.96]

In 1602, during a rebellious year, the Earl of Essex requested that (Shakespeare’s) Lord Chamberlain’s Men perform the older play, Richard II, a play with political overtones.

[Sagittarius](#): Happy birthday to all those most excellent November Sagittarius types. Just about the best, huh?

Mars is fast [approaching](#) a square with Uranus. Not bad, just a little extra layer of tension. While I like tension on a fishing reel, and I like tension when it involves the plot, what I don’t like, and what none of us [Sagittarius](#) likes, is tension that’s not welcome and appears suddenly.

Weird how that works. This week. Could be from any number of different areas. How you deal with it? That’s the secret to success. The way I see it unfolding, we have family plans for T-Day. At the last minute, a whole group of cousins, distant relatives, friends and neighbors all show up.

That kind of tension. I’ll do my magic act with the loaves and fishes, but after that? How do we fit all these people around the single dining room table that was already too full?

Here’s the [Sagittarius](#) trick and answer to the Mars induced tension: card tables and folding chairs. There’s a definite “retro” feeling to this action, yet it’s also an effective way to deal with the tension caused by Mars (and maybe Uranus). Be prepared to add room for extra guests. Family, friends, enemies. All of them. It’s a simple gesture, go to the closet and start unloading, and unfolding, a few extra place settings.

Capricorn: Maybe a year ago? Maybe not quite that long? I don’t recall the exact details. Road trip, I know it was a [business trip](#). Of that I’m sure. I bought shirt, a floral print, brightly colored shirt. To some, it would a be a Hawaiian shirt. To me? It was inexpensive outerwear from nationally recognized discount chain store. Cheap. Off the deeply discounted price. Might’ve been two or three dollars, I don’t recall. I used it all last summer, repeatedly.

Last month, I was about to pull it on and I noticed a small fray. A tear in one seam. The collar was starting to come apart. The shirt is beginning to disintegrate. The

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laundry tag with its “hecho in Mexico” lettering already too faded to say, “Wash in cold water with similar colors.”

This splits the problem. On the one side, I could be perturbed because the shirt fell apart so quickly. Flip that around, and after its first use? The shirt paid for itself. No, it didn’t get a job, but it provided coverage that was more than worth the value of what I paid for the shirt. Remember: it was on sale in the discount place. Faded, worn, falling apart?

I tossed that shirt into the “recycle clothing” bag. Goes to a charity where one worker will be paid to clean and mend the shirt then another will be paid to set it out in the racks, and third will take someone’s money for the recycled clothing. Don’t be afraid to discard — recycle — when the item has reached the end of its (Capricorn) life cycle.

Aquarius: I walked past a building, currently, it’s in use by a city agency. Sign outside, how I know. One of the double glass doors, swung outward, had a sign taped to the inside, and I could read the sign with the building backlight in the evening’s dusky twilight. “Use other door.” In cursive script, quickly lettered. I passed the door, and I heard a thudding noise. There was someone, inside, trying to get out the door that was locked shut. It said — I could read it backwards — “use other door.”

There’s some part of human nature where we try the door that is marked “closed.” I’m guessing, city employees and all, you know, I won’t say anything bad, but still. Just [testing](#)?

Reminds me of a date. She thought I was wise beyond her meager years. Not wise, just tired. Too tired to try that door that’s marked “Use other door.” No [surprise](#) that it might be locked, or worse, unhinged.

Thanksgiving is a good [holiday](#) break for my little Aquarius friends. Just as precaution? That sign that says, “Use other door”? If you want to be like everyone else, you can try the broken door and discover it is locked. Better yet? Read the [caution sign](#) and avoid the problem.

Pisces: Groundwork. Preparation. Foundations. Three similar phrases that might, or might not, carry the same meaning to my little Pisces friends. Think about it. This is one of them holiday periods that we could all do without. Not the best of holidays, and frankly, my dear (what would Rhett say?)

There’s a tail-end, last ditch, “Hail Mary” pass that gets cut loose. Hate to venture to sports’ metaphors, but it’s that football game, that one, last minute play, down by three points, and you’re going to let loose with a long, bomb. Hurl that baby all the





way down the field. I'm not much of a football fan, not since the Oilers left Houston. However, there's still a long shot, literally, and it depends. It depends a lot on how much time you've spent working with that Pisces arm, how much time you've spent [coaching](#) your receivers, and how much effort you've done to lay the groundwork, lay the foundation, and lay other general preparedness. That game looks like sheer chance and luck. Depends on what kind of a foundation you've already prepared. Could be a winner and, here in Pisces, as Jupiter turns around? Less of [long shot](#) than you think. You did prepare, didn't you?

[Aries](#): A "binary decision" is a simple yes/no, on/off, black/white type of decision. Not a lot of questioning, either it is or it isn't. While this is a general horoscope, written for all of Aries, there's a simple, binary decision facing a very select few. One, that I can think of, is hitting this wall.

Yes or no.

To me, it looks more like, this is a time to figure whether or not to [continue](#). Tough questions, and this week affords a little bit of extra breathing room. You get a few extra days to make the decision. You want [help](#)? You know how to [get ahold](#) of [me](#). However, what we'll wind up doing? Bouncing the idea, the question, back and forth a few times, then you're going to make your own decision. There's a built in cushion with this week's holiday mess. You get an extra week to weight that decision process. For the rest? It's not so binary, just the holidays.

Taurus: A consistent theme in my own life, and yes, I have to borrow from the "Life of [Kramer the Astrologer](#)," to explicate the energy. Anyway, a running cosmic joke is my birthday and T-day line up close to each other. From as young as I can remember, my birthday was feted (also fated) the same day as T-day.

I hate turkey. I can probably spend years on couch someplace, trying to determine why I don't like turkey and Thanksgiving, or we can just look at the stars.

Way it is. [Towards that end](#), though, I've had any number of happy birthday weeks, and these are usually punctuated by non-traditional food on Turkey Day.

Break free with the traditions! Tamales are good, especially a home-made, handmade style with pork and peppers. Another good item was pepper-crusted tuna, lightly seared. Finally, one year, dessert? [Pink cake](#).

All of these are very far from the "pilgrims, turkey, dressing mashed potatoes and pumpkin pie" vein. I'm not suggesting that you have Sushi, although in some places, that's a better dish than turkey, but I am suggesting that there's one dish



that's different. To get around the T-day, holiday, Moon Phase? Try that different, non-traditional dish.

Gemini: My original [quest](#) was kicked into gear by the names of various little towns along the highways and byways I've traveled. However, it's gotten worse. I tend to collect [images](#) of [signs](#) that might, or might not, really tell a tale.

Saw one, and it's a perfect example of what's happening in and around the Gemini corner. "Happy Hour 50% All Drinks." I never got to ask as I was at the place — they served lunch and that's what I was there for. Good TexMex. Can't say anything about the drinks.

I wonder, though. 50% all drinks? I know what's the implied meaning, half price liquor during whatever "happy hour" was. However, just because it's the implied meaning? Could that also be construed as all drinks were regular price, but the customer only got half a drink? That would make the bar happy for sure. Be a very happy hour — the owners. Not so much for the customers.

No, Mercury isn't [retrograde](#). No, it isn't about [anything](#) more than the phase of the moon compounded by Mars in Sagittarius. There's a kicker to all this. If I were a Gemini? I'd start working on the sign, "All drink 50% Happy Hour." Or [something similar](#), as it applies to your situation. Either you're making the sign or you're stuck, paying twice as much as everyone else.

Cancer: I had a friend, I mean, I lived in a [trailer park](#), right? One of the neighbors, he was a maintenance guy, spent too much time fixing up his trailer. Start with a 21-foot travel-all trailer. Boxy, aluminum siding, little AC unit hung out of the back door? Got an image? He spent much time, time — money — energy, fixing up his place. I doubt that trailer would ever leave. Non-mobile mobile home.

There was a front porch and deck, adorned with a trellis, complete with a couple of crawling vines, not like that trailer was going to move. Who wanted to leave all the permanent structures behind? The plants, the little grill, and I'm not sure, but I'm thinking he was thinking about how to arrange a hot tub on another deck extension. Don't know if he ever pulled it off. I just have to question the idea that, as an investment in time — energy — resources, is that justified in a rented plot of land that, well, in my experience, a condo developer can come right in and snatch that land out from underneath you.

[Landlords](#) have no heart. Is the investment in material comforts warranted in place that's just rented? In some cases, it's like trying to redecorate a motel room. As the holidays start marching through? Have to ask if the time — money — energy, your Cancer resources, if those are best spent, like, redecorating a trailer park.





Leo: Screw it. It's the holidays, right? Xmas, around the proverbial corner? Right. All those candied, sugary goodies? Go ahead, have a second helping. You can worry about the effects of this kind of wretched excess later. Next year, even. What going to happen is you'll start worrying in about a week, maybe ten days from now. However, for the moment? I'd suggest you have that second helping of dessert. Pumpkin Pie with real whipped cream is what we were having. Along with some Carrot Cake. You know, vegetables and all. It's healthy. Sort of. Maybe a little. In name, it works fine.

Look: this is all about this week. I'm not saying that sugar and carbs are the best answer, but some days, it is a holiday, and after what's been going on in the Leo Life? I'd go for the good stuff. Load up. Diet later, if need be. Don't worry now.

Virgo: There's magic in travel. For me, I've used a number of different ways to travel. I've walked. Hiked. Train, plane, truck. Commercial jets were the most common form, for a spell. Then trains. These days, it's small cars. Not exactly to my liking, but then, it works to get from here to there, and I have this innate need to explore. One way or another.

I like living in a place where I can be constantly amazed and amused. Local traditions, legends and lore are an endless fount of education and entertainment. Even when I'm not really "on the road," there's a sense that I'm tourist in my own, home towns.

If there's travel involved, in your Virgo week, then be prepared to learn something along the way. Could be good, could be bad. Or it could be, the way I like it? "They eat that here? Wow. Who knew." I'm thinking that this is less about big deals and a lot more about little deals. Can be upsetting. Little upsets can totally ruin a typical Virgo experience. Here's the catch: you don't have to let those little upsets ruin anything. I've warned you. Amuse, amaze, entertain, educate. You don't have to be traveling anywhere, this can happen right at home.

Libra: Ever notice the glamor magazines? I saw one, remember where I live, so it was an American title with the headlines in Spanish, but that's not what this about. It was a provocative title, I'm sure, and the lady on the cover looked alluring enough, I mean, she was fetching enough that I almost bought the damn magazine. Cosmetics, dress, attire, jewelry, all designed for one emotion, right? Love. Or, to be a blunt about it, and I'm not a Libra, so I can be very direct, this is about sex. It's more than that. But that fashion, or beauty, or cosmetics, or whatever, magazine was selling sex.





There's a whole industry, several, built around the idea of selling women's appearances. What's really being sold, trade and bartered? As Venus turns around, before you make a purchase, consider what the real motivation for that purchase is. Are you buying an actual product that does something? Or are you buying the dream and promise of what that [product](#) will deliver?

Scorpio: I don't have as much hair now as I used to have. It's a function of age and genetics. For a good portion of my professional life, I've espoused the theory that hair is a recessive gene and can be traced back to the mother's father for its roots. Look to the maternal grandfather to see what a person's hair will be like. That was the way I learned it, and until recently, that was what I believed. I didn't just believe it, I helped [promulgate](#) that theory. The latest material I've uncovered suggests that the hair gene isn't nearly as direct as I thought. I tend to have hair like my maternal grandfather, yes, that much is true. However, that's just the luck of the draw.

Genetics is, at best, a crap shoot. From what I've learned from meandering around on the inter-web tubes, there is no (none) genetic indicator that will accurately portray how a person's hair will be.

There are some events occurring that can't be changed. My hair? Can't do anything about whether it grows or goes. Hats don't affect hair growth. (Scientifically proven — I read it on the inter-web.) However, a hat can hide that bald patch. What can you do and what's wasted effort?





Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 11.18.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on NOVEMBER 17, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! And [smooth success](#)

Be strew’d before your feet!”

Shakespeare’s Antony and Cleopatra [I.iii.121-3]

[Scorpio](#): Every theater in NY plays every movie ever made. I’m not kidding. I saw this on TV. Seen it in movies. Seen it in literary references. Pick an [obscure](#) movie title. Then check the books, films — and TV shows. That strange title is playing in a small theater, off Broadway, one of those movies.

Classic films enjoy revivals. Movies too arcane to be on late night TV? Showing in a theater in NY. Maybe this is some kind of agreed-upon literary device. Maybe this is a conspiracy (you are a Scorpio), maybe this is a convenient way to make a point.

My experience with big cities and movie theaters is that a movie like “Casablanca” will make an appearance in an art house, bar, independent movie house, outdoor theater, or [some similar venue](#), maybe once every two years. It’s just, how do three all wind up in movies, TV shows and books? Just when that obscure title is needed, there it is, at a movie house, with a few seats, maybe a main character and supporting role, in the movie’s audience. Never get to see the one scene, but we can hear it, and watch while the crowd, if there is one, cowers, acts squeamish or laughs.

Pick an [obscure](#) movie title for your week. Birthday week, last of the Scorpio [birthdays](#). It might be showing at local place. If you live in NY? I’m sure you can find one of those local places that is showing it. Whatever the title? It’s got to make sense out of the Scorpio plot. Which is what this is about. Pick a movie title that will help make sense out this last few days before the (American) [holiday](#).

Venus is no longer Retrograde special: Order a half-hour [reading](#) and get a full hour (year overview) reading for the [half-hour price](#). Valid only if your birthday is this week – some [restrictions](#) may apply.

[Sagittarius](#): You’d think that — as Texans — we’d be able to outdo any tailgate experience. However, one of my friends was comparing two tailgate experiences, an East Coast Experience and a West Coast Experience, and the tales of those two play into stereotypes, plus, to make it better, the experiences were better than any [Texas party](#).

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Consider the source of this [data](#), friend of mine. Big-time Oakland Raiders fan. Fan. Has the logo as a tattoo. Left Coast Tailgate party? Loud, proud, and good food. Friendly people. Music, free beer, free BBQ. Or rather, free barbecue, as those left coast natives are unclear on certain concepts, I'm sure.

Same friend went to a Redskins game. East Coast tailgate party? No energy. No one offered them free ribs, no free beer. No loud music. No raucous behavior. Refined. Quiet. Too quiet, maybe. Raiders lost (boo), but it was big fun. Eagles won (boo) but without the tumultuous crowd support? Wasn't nearly as much fun, according to my friend.

In this next week, the [Sagittarius](#) birthdays start. [Where do you want to be?](#) Me? Next week? I'm looking for a loud, proud crowd. More fun.

[Capricorn](#): It gets easier until we get to next week. The weekend before Thanksgiving (in the US), and this isn't country specific, just the best example, the weekend before Turkey Day is either three, or in some cases two, and occasionally, no business days in length. I pretty much retire to sit in front of the computer and monitor [server traffic](#) for a day or two.

I'll have one or two pre-T-day errands that are expected. One emergency [reading](#). That's about it. If you are trying to conduct regular business? Doubt that's going to happen. Doesn't matter whether you're in America [or not](#), it's more an astrological influence — it's just that the American holiday seems to capture the essence of what the stars suggest.

Nothing is going to happen. Not that there's not a lot you should be doing, is there. Not that there isn't work that could get accomplished, no, that's not it, either. It's about a predictable lull in the [activity](#). What a good Capricorn should watch out for, this next week? Instead of trying to force an issue, full moon and all, instead of making "it" an issue? Stop. Reminds me of a mechanic buddy of mine, his solution is always the same, "Get a bigger hammer." This isn't a week to make that happen. You'll only have to buy more replacement parts.

[Aquarius](#): Two wrongs don't make a right, but three left turns do. Not a conundrum, just a bit of silly advice layered with small dose of Aquarius reality therein.

I had to test that joke on my desk top, etching a line with my fingertip, making three 90 degree left turns to see that I would be pointing in the same direction if I'd made one right turn. I'd like this week, and the lead-up to this weekend to be easy. No can do.



There's going to be a series of minor obstacles. The first way I looked at it? Three obstacles, and you win one time. That's a three to two loss ration. Three tries, successful one time. I realize you don't like those numbers, but then, neither do I. Here's the trick. You know the numbers. You know that it's going to three — maybe four or five — attempts to get [around](#), through, over, or under whatever that obstacle is. Got it? I'd love for this to be easy, but I doubt it will be. Don't make this a big deal. Just [understand](#) that it takes more than one try to get from here to there. Or over, under, and/or around whatever it is. If it goes really well the first attempt? You are encouraged to drop me a note and mock me. The usual warning goes with that invitation.

Pisces: "I was only asking for hundred thousand," the lady said, "you'd a thought I was asking, like, for a million." I can't say for sure it was dollars. I can't for sure that she was a Pisces. I can say I've been around enough to know body language and the one of dejection, not rejection, but a tone of complete surrender.

I know nothing else about the details. I was [overhearing](#) a very public phone conversation on a busy downtown street. She scurried away, and I stopped to make notes. I'm not the Pisces. I think she was. Or, at the very least, her conversation represented to me what a Pisces might face.

The problem with her situation — not that I know — the problem and the solution? Ask for way more than you need. If she'd asked for a quarter million? 250,000? Then the 100K might've come through. Just asking for the minimum? That'll never work. As the holidays get closer, end of the year approaches, and as we get started into a distinctly Sagittarius time, just wrapping up Scorpio this weekend? Think about asking for way too much. Never hurts to ask.

Aries: Thanksgiving and its associated trappings herald the beginning of the [holiday season](#). Time to start thinking about Xmas. Some of us, we thought about Xmas a while back. As an Aries, now is the time to start planning, making a list, checking it twice, and worrying about some of the details. All at once. There's a breath of fresh air.

Could've been that cold front that dropped the local temperatures. Could be the fact that it warmed back enough for me to think about swimming. Could be that, with the advent of [Sagittarius](#), I'm a happy camper, or will be soon enough. So will you.

Soon enough, for the next couple of days, distract yourself with thoughts of Xmas stuff. Doesn't have to big stuff, [sometimes](#), "God is in the details."



Taurus: How much you know about the mechanics of what goes on inside your computer? The network connection? The part where the little pictures on the screen, the type and icons, how all that get converted to language which, eventually, gets reduced to single bits, ones and zeros? How much do you really know?

I'll be honest, I understand some of theory. About as far as I'll go. I could, back in the day, write some computer code, but I can't, not now. I did code up the first website, and buried therein, some of the original words are still there. Don't know how much of that stands the test of time.

Like I said, I understand some of the theory, but that's about all. The question, I'm asking this of Taurus, how much do you know about what goes on underneath the skin of the system? We're all so used to merely interacting with the surface controls, we don't really know what goes on underneath the skin of the beast. This is the time, as Venus starts to turn around for the holiday season, this is the time to spend a few extra minutes, make an effort to understand some of the underpinnings of the system.

I said, "Lift the hood and look at the motor," and I'll emphasize, I said, "Look." I didn't say to go touching any of those wires or loose code, not now. Just understand what's where.

Gemini: There is a very palpable frustration that comes from having a certain pesky Mr. Mars opposite you. Can't be fixed. Can be remedied, though, with applied athletics.

The way to work around Mr. Mars? Can't work around him. Have to work through him.

As long as he's on the other side of the wheel from you? The best trick is to double up on whatever it is that you do to relieve stress and get exercise. Hopefully, it would be the same type of action. This doesn't always work for me, as we'll get a cold snap, just in the last few days. Temperatures drop to near-freezing, and it's just too cold for me to go outside. At all.

So you're like me, housebound. Some kind of physical activity is called for. I'll leave that to your Gemini imagination. Activity. The weather will warm up again, and I'll be out on a long, Mars-inspired, walk about town.

Cancer: Thanksgiving is an American holiday. Means less to me, in Texas, as there's a "first" Thanksgiving that predates the pilgrims with its associated pedantry and pageantry. Again, this particular holiday carries less meaning, to me, and the local population other than, in true form, any excuse for a party, right?





All — or none — of the artificial holiday is important to Cancer. The point is about timing. Typically, what happens, is about half the work force takes time off, school is out, and there's pause in all forward action. Everything seems to grind to halt, as far as real work is concerned. There's about three days before the holiday when everyone else is not at work, and your Cancer self should be.

Cruel trick of the planets, but the focal point, the good Cancer attention, all that should be, could be, would be best served if, you paid more attention at “work,” and didn't worry about the holiday mess. Holidays will take care of themselves. There will be a fine repast with family and/or friends and/or loved ones. Not worried about that. It's there's one last set of details, at work, in the career arena, something, that needs taken care of. [First](#). Then play.

[Leo](#): I've suggested [this trick](#) before and I'm back to suggesting it again. Ear buds. Earphones. The most common are usually white cords leading to an iPod. Any color will work. Purple, black, green, doesn't matter.

I've found that some ear buds are cheap, like less than a dollar. Not that I'd really like to listen to music with those cheap ones, not over an extended frame of time. However, as a prop? Perfect. Ear buds? Yes.

I noticed this when I was returning a call and after I hung up, I still had the ear buds stuck in my ears. I was walking, long a side street, and I didn't cycle music back on, I just let the ear buds hang in place. They weren't tightly in place so it didn't really dampen any spurious outdoor, background noise.

Still city streets, lights flashing, buzzers buzzing, and so forth. Cars screeching and honking. Knowing that I had little wires hanging from my ears, making it look like I was suitably distracted, made for a much easier navigation. It's like a blind man with a cane. The ear buds, the fake earphones, or, in my example, real earphones, only no music streaming in? What this does is buys a little time. A visible cue to those not to bother you — I'd suggest you leave those [earphones](#) in place until next week.

Virgo: I was with a buddy of mine, in a bar. His wife and her friend were shopping, and he was drinking. Originally, it was a different arrangement, as his wife had this “Girl you have to meet.” Nice enough, we talked for a few moments, then I asked her birthday. “You're not into that (omitted word), are you?”

Yeah, well, it's what [I do for a living](#) these days. “You can't believe all that, can you? It's against the Bible.” Which is why my buddy was drinking. He had a tall pilsner. Then a tall lager. Eventually, he had a brand I can't recall but looked like a





Guinness. One them he had came with an orange that went into it. Reminded me of beer with lime, back in the day.

I was drinking soda water that afternoon, and I was kind of stuck with my friends, and their one “girl you have to meet,” although, apparently, I didn’t really need the aggravation. Why I live like a monk.

I’m telling this tale because it’s got a warning attached to it — what to watch out for? Well-intentioned friends. Close friends, best friends, people you would normally trust? I’m not saying they are inherently untrustworthy this next few days; however, I’d be a little circumspect.

Libra: There’s this one musical group, band based in Austin, now. Used to be from a little south of Austin, but like all musical acts, they wound up in Austin? The place to be, right? Anyway, I’ve seen them a couple of times, live. See them in old warehouse bars, seen them at the car wash. A couple of my friends have written about live shows, some of my online buddies have written about how good the music is, or that, “This new CD is awesome,” or whatever.

I tend to avoid iTunes reviews and paid music reviewers as there’s a bias. My friends? I know their bias but I’m familiar with that angle, and I understand the source. Makes it easier. It’s just, I couldn’t really justify buying any more “Texas” music. No more “Austin Sound,” which is a little rock, a little country, and lot of twang.

Austin collected all the Nashville rejects, along with some outlaws, in-laws and [scofflaws](#). No, I wasn’t going to buy anymore of that Austin sound. Too many in my collection already, and well, except that band? The group? One of my [buddy’s](#) extolled the virtues of the new CD, and he made it sound so delicious? I’ll have to get it.

Sooner or later. However, there’s s logical progression I want my Libra friends to follow: swear never again. Then listen, look, read, research, pick up rumors from friends, “on the street,” and then? Think about it some more. What is this? The third album? Sixth album? Fourth? Sixteenth, including the bootlegs? I heard it was good. Might have to spring for this one, finally. Wasn’t [last week’s quote](#) about people who don’t listen to music?





Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 11.11.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on NOVEMBER 10, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.”
Shakespeare’s The Merchant of Venice [V.i.83-5]

[Scorpio](#): Ticking clock, the spinning beach ball, the cursor that was the spinning hourglass? Seen them all? [Yet there’s more](#). I was watching the progress of a new upload, and there was the usual status bar, a little bar marching across the screen, fulfilling its allotted space. Then the job was done processing. Uploading, really. Only the bar? It kept on going.

A [wonky bit](#) of web-ware. Maybe the processing cycles went longer than anticipated. I think it was just faulty animation, but the idea worked since the machine was effectively tied up until that progress indicator, the little growing bar graph, the machine was busy until the graph stopped growing. Even if it took longer than projected.

The next few days? It’s like that. The progress bar goes marching along, then runs over its allotted space and the bar keeps on growing. Almost like it will grow right out of the computer’s monitor. Which won’t happen, but if it does, we can make much money. I doubt that. Doubt that the bar would really extend past the monitor, not that we could make much money.

The example, I hope you can imagine this, but there’s going to be one Scorpio birthday wish, one Scorpio event, one Scorpio occasion in the next couple of days — that one event, item, thing, person, is going to require a little more time than originally allotted. Like the spinning cursor. Or the progress bar that went over the line.

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Sagittarius: Advice? As Mars and Mercury fry through Sagittarius? Venus backwards in Libra? “Follow the river and flow around the rocks.” I don’t have a source for the quote, but it sounds like an Eastern/Occidental expression. Adds a whole different level of meaning to the term, “Go with the flow,” as it elevates that to a method to deal with profound obstacles. Those two “M” planets will illustrate some Sagittarius perceptions of problems. There will be a problem. Or a perceived problem, more than a likely.

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Instead of trying to push out way through the problem? Flowing around it? That might be a better and more apt solution to the problem. Obstacle. The other point I was trying to make had to do with perception of an obstacle rather than a real rock, [right there](#), in front of us.

Capricorn: Texting, and by extension, [Twitter](#), opened up new avenues for [expression](#).

When I was limited to just a regular phone keypad, I failed to see the point of trying to send text [messages](#). However, as I graduated to a smart phone, and then, watching as social network giant [Twitter](#) got larger and larger? I began to understand the appeal.

Short notes. Concise and limited. The appeal, in part, comes from the 140 character limit. Limited verbiage. Makes a point. Ran into this issue with an aging friend. Couldn't make the point that text messages outbound for regular phones? Have to be a certain (short) length. Long stuff doesn't make it. Which is the point for Capricorn. Pretend that everything is a text message. Or computer posting on [Twitter](#).

I've already discussed the possibility of doing a whole series of horoscopes as Tweets, but that's not happening. I don't have the required discipline. With Mars loping along in Sagittarius? Mars and Mercury? Sun in Scorpio? Think along the lines of 140 character limits on all your Capricorn [messages](#).

Aquarius: The accidental nature of discovery is integral to the way I work. However, for the sake of illustrating what's going on in Aquarius? I was going to borrow a cleaner version.

Ivory Bar Soap — the soap that floats? Originally, the air [bubbles](#) were a mistake. An error occurred while mixing the original batch. However, soap that floated? That became a big hit. Countless consumers voted with cards and letters, and that [resulted](#) in the mistake becoming a feature.

I trust the accidental nature to help reveal and guide [my way](#). I might not arrive where I set out to go, but I get to where I'm supposed to be.

Like that soap that floats? There's an accidental discovery — a very Aquarius mistake reveals a flaw that might become the next big thing — the next big thing in Aquarius land, anyway. Good for you. Mistakes aren't always mistakes, even if the story about the soap that floats is apocryphal.



Pisces: It was a fancy place, perhaps too tony for me, but I was a guest. I overheard, next table over, the best question. “The Wild Salmon, is it farm raised?” While I’m suspicious, that doesn’t mean that I don’t believe what the words say. Clearly, this was a menu item, and clearly it said “wild,” which would imply, I’m guessing here, that it wasn’t farm raised.

I’m not about to dispute the various methodology used for serving “fresh” seafood in the middle of a desert environment, [where I was](#), but that’s just me. I enjoy fresh seafood, but I prefer my “fresh and wild” to be caught by me, fresh and wild.

Insures truth in advertising that way.

This isn’t about [truth in advertising](#), though, this is about reading something then questioning what you just read. When it’s plainly, and thusly, labelled? Have to take it for what it says.

Was the salmon farm raised? In reality, I don’t know. But it [purported](#) to be wild and that makes the question seem a bit out of place. Redundant. I’ve heard the expression, “There are no dumb questions.” Before you open your Pisces mouth, though? Think about the phrase. There may be no dumb questions, but how you phrase it can sound ignorant.

Aries: I was in the Catholic Gift Shop — next to a certain [Catholic Cathedral](#). I was poking around, sort of looking for a good luck charm and sort of looking for a certain saint figurine, visor clip, really, helps protect from traffic tickets. Seems to work. There was an “arts and crafts” spindle with a number of hand-painted saints on them. Kind of cheesy, and consider the [source](#) when I deemed it cheesy.

One of the saints listed? St. Drogo, as the patron saint of coffee. A little research, thus far, has proved that to be a tenuous connection, at best. No catholic database has yielded that other in name, and I’m not sure about the online sources. In other words, I think it was made-up connection. What I did discover, more than one coffee-shop owner claims that saint, but there’s a difference between an owner and a patron. Patron saint. While I think a patron saint of coffee would be really cool? The evidence in this question, so far, is slim to nonexistent.

Still need research for Aries. Can’t take everything at face value.

Taurus: Buddy of mine, he’s, what he calls himself? Mexican. I’m unsure of his true lineage, and I’d like to think he’s really more “American” than “Mexican-American,” or “Latino,” or “Hispanic.” What he calls himself? Mexican. Funny how Spanish, while used at home, is almost like a second language for him. It’s third — or fourth — language for me. Still a very pretty language.





We were discussing a police issue. Local cops got in trouble for a profile situation. My buddy, realize his roots, judge his book by its cover, and then hear him talk about it? “Those guys, they got arrested for ‘driving while Mexican,’” he shrugged, “it happens.”

I make that comment? I’m racist and I’ve got several defamation leagues after me. He said it? It’s okay. He laughed. I chuckled at his joke. He can say it. I can’t.

I didn’t say it was right, just that there is a double standard, and I’m respecting the local colors. Local flavors. But he was right, sort of, about how it was dumb to act like dumb version of whatever species one is.

Venus is still retrograde. Don’t get caught while, you get it, right?

Gemini: I was listening to music. I head the song’s familiar refrain and then, this time, I could hear a new riff in the music. I’ve listened to the music on that one album a dozen times or more. The whole thing, the CD, ripped it onto a [portable](#) music player and heard it maybe hundreds of times. Could’ve been the volume, the settings, the new speakers, me, anything. Or nothing.

Just listening differently. (“Listen different,” is grammatically incorrect.)

It’s like listening to an orchestra piece, a [symphony](#), and [hearing](#) a string section that I never heard before. Sometimes it’s the big things in life, and sometimes, like now, it could the littlest of details that may, or may not, be important. That beat, the riff, the [musical](#) section added to the song? The part I never heard before? The part I never recognized before? Belaboring that point too much.

However, the personal [recognition](#)? That inward acknowledgement? That’s a step forward. Whether it’s trance-dance music, an orchestra’s symphony, some pop song, the source doesn’t matter. I was able admit there was a new layer I was able to perceive. As the doors, windows to Gemini perception open, listen (watch) for those new layers of meaning.

Cancer: Couldn’t decide if I should do this or not, but then, I’ve never been one to err on the side of discretion. The quote is from a female TV hostess, “I have the perfect face for radio.” I swiped that comment, myself, and I’ve pirated that line. I wonder if that makes me guilty of [plagiarism](#). Besides, this isn’t about whether you look good, it’s about how you feel, on the inside. You feel like that quote suggests. Perfect for something that you’re not doing.

Good time to be inside? You’re required outside.

Good time to be outside? You’re required in the studio — in front of the camera. It functions [two ways](#), in part, the full moon that’s approaching and in part, the backwards Venus sailing through Libra. More like it’s Venus and more like she’s





grinding backwards through Libra, and more like, you're just not happy. The secret is to understand that it really is you, and yes, you're feeling this way, and that no, it's not for forever, but this is a temporary situation.

Buried on the [website someplace](#), there's an image of me with (locally) "famous" [DJ in El Paso](#). A local luminary, a political figure and me. All in one image. Was it a big deal? Not really. However, it just goes to show, with that image, even radio, oh, never mind. You get it, right?

[Leo](#): I tend to carry [three items with me](#), at all times, to help prevent this from being an issue. What I was pondering? How much time do guys spend, standing outside the "Ladies Room," waiting patiently? I used to comment that there's no way to [look manly](#) doing that, but that ship has long since sailed.

Waiting on girlfriends and [such](#)? Just no way to look cool while, apparently, lurking outside the "women's toilet" area. The three items that are handy? Pencil, paper and phone. I can use, one, or more, sometimes together, sometimes separately, but still, I'm not just stuck there. Does this happen to you? Adjust the gender as need be, but still, stuck, waiting. Happens at the store, the mall, the bar, and even on the highway of life, at the "picnic" area (rest stop). Waiting. Patiently. With pencil and paper? Doodling, or, like me, calculating how long this was going to take. Phone for messages, [check the e-mail](#), any number of items can be done. It's not wasting time. Be prepared, though, as this week progresses, you're going to be like me, at some point, waiting there. I wonder, how much time is spent waiting like that? I did return that call, didn't I?

Virgo: A buddy of mine was talking about a drug test. Work thing. Employment requirement. The idea of a drug test, though, the name, it evokes mirth. I know it's not funny, not in its original form.

The first joke is about studying for the drug test, and I envision a vast array of illicit, uncontrolled substances. The second version, a little more thought is required, but suppose I had to take a drug test, illicit drug screen. The results, I know the results would show that I'm clean as can be. Really clean. No [bio-chemical](#) impropriety whatsoever.

Strongest thing in my system was black tea, I had yesterday. However, anyone who's had interaction with me, is this a relief? Or is this more cause for worry? Finding out that my system shows no evidence whatsoever of (illicit) chemical enhancements? Is that good? Is that more cause for worry? Based on my speech pattern, cadence and [loping](#) delivery? Is it worrisome that there are no chemical causes in my bloodstream?



Worried? You should be. The real issue isn't what's in my bloodstream, though, it's about how you perceive what's a worry and what's not. Worried that there might be drugs in my system? Or more worried that there aren't any?

Libra: In Central Texas, like Austin and its environs? No question I look native. Nary a flicker of doubt or question. Further south? Like, in South Texas? I've met with a remarkably diverse set of questions, but the theme is usually the same. "Are you from, like, Huntington Beach?" Or, "LA, right?" The variation, "San Diego, huh?"

No, I'm not from Southern California. Visited a time or two, but no, not from there. "You look so, [California](#)."

I'm guessing a Hawaiian shirt, shorts, and sandals does that. I'm just surprised no one leaps to the obvious beach allusion, but most South Texas beaches are full of younger versions of [myself](#). Surfer jams and bikinis, from what I've seen. Or obvious fishing attire. So I look like an outsider, when, in fact, I'm very much an insider, having made a [hobby out of local lore](#), traditions, and histories.

Doesn't stop the other [South Texas](#) people from questioning my loyalties and affiliations. Seems like I don't fit in. I do, but I don't let it get to me, and I kind of enjoy the mistaken identity. Judging me by my cover is a deceptive.

Honestly? I think I'm pretty open, but the feedback, locally, has been that I look "California," not native Texan. [Except](#) in Austin. There I blend in so well I don't raise a single eyebrow. Except for this one Capricorn, but that's another question for a different sign. In Libra? Take a hint from me. Fit in? Don't fit in? Does it matter, either way? (Hint: not really.)





Fishing Guide to the Stars for 11.4.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on NOVEMBER 3, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“There’s not a minute of [our lives should stretch](#)

Without some pleasure now.”

Shakespeare’s Antony and Cleopatra [I.i.54-5]

Themes [and](#) dreams.

[Scorpio](#): I was eating some [Tex-Mex](#). It was sort of [trendy place](#), and the advertising suggested it was “[New Mexico-style](#)” food. Sort of. I asked the waiter, a [Scorpio](#), if the food was hot.

He drawled. A laconic, sardonic language, accented and southern. “I’m Cajun, it’s not that hot, not really.” I sampled the hot sauce. To my mind, he was completely correct. My date didn’t concur, as to her more refined palate, I’m sure the food was hot and spicy. All depends on the [point of reference](#).

I inquired further because that Scorpio lad’s [accent](#) intrigued me. “I’m from Southern Mississippi, really, but close enough. Cajun.” I’d call it close enough to count, as if a boundary line between two states is really a hard and fast rule. More like a gray area, sort of where the lines are drawn, not always observed.

Is Southern Mississippi truly Cajun? Purist might argue, but from the lad’s accent, it was abundantly clear he was of the ilk. What’s hot this week: To me? Is it really that [hot](#)? Happy birthday, [anyway](#).

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Sagittarius: I looked at the guy’s [business](#) card, read the last name out loud, and I asked, “You got kin in Louisiana?” “Yeah, but not by that name, I’m related to Thibaddeaux,” he replied. That’s like saying “Smith” in most places.

It’s a very common name. Which led to some discussion about his kin folks and family ties in “Lower Arkansas.” My own, personal experiences with Louisiana natives are colorful and magical, sometimes tinged with excess. The [food is generally better](#), more spices, more fun. As rule, however, I found it impossible to drink more, or otherwise consume more, than a native. Don’t even try. That’s not a hard and fast rule, but as guidelines go, especially for our usually resilient [Sagittarius](#) selves?

Think about those limits. Consider what limits we have, and then? Maybe, for a change, respect the limits. I don’t look at these as hard and fast rules, more like

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guidelines, which, in turn, makes it easier for me to watch that I don't overstep the [guidelines](#).

Capricorn: Friend of mine has a cat. Several, really but one in particular has made a name for himself. He's a [killer](#).

Stray, showed up, begged food, won my friend's heart, and he moved right on in, the cat. He's turned out to be quite the killer with over two-dozen confirmed bird kills.

I thought the cat should start his own blog, too. Just a [suggestion](#). My friend? She could help author it, with the details of the kills, the confirmed, and occasionally unconfirmed. I thought it would be funny. Imagine, from the cat's point of view, he brought home a trophy dead bird, only to have my friend freak out at a partial kill. Not quite dead. What's up with that?

Here's a guy, bringing home the meal ticket, fresh meat, couldn't be any [better](#), right? Fresh, free-range animals, caught in the wild inner-city. Backyard. What that cat does, he's attempting to help put food on the table, in some cases, quite literally. Freak out? Hardly. Like I suggested, I think the cat should start a blog. Get worked up over it? Hardly, I think you should publicize it.

Aquarius: I was in the [airport](#), and I looked up. There was a guy, alongside a woman, and he was toting a diaper bag. The woman had a newborn, or not very old child, not quite at her breast but almost. This little slice of life vignette is topped with the guy's t-shirt, icons for marriage and the words "[Game Over](#)," emblazoned beneath the symbols.

Whatever works. The imagery and [symbolism](#), plus the newborn child, all made it more poignant. This is a very Aquarius scene. Brought to you by Jupiter (in Pisces), Uranus (in Pisces), and Neptune (in Aquarius).

In my mind, airports are the train stations of the previous era, and for that matter, train stations were the stagecoach stops from the era before that. Just one of those observable items at a transit point.

Made me think about [Aquarius](#). Made me think about an [awkward element](#), or maybe it's not awkward, but to me, it seems like it is. Aquarius, how do you deal with these awkward situation? The uncomfortable silence. The weird stares? Or, like that guy in the airport, the other day? He was smiling, pushing the empty stroller while his (supposedly) wife had the babe in arms. Game over? Game afoot?





Pisces: A few years ago, a band released a song that was recorded, mixed and originally distributed on an iPhone. I can't make this stuff up.

The first question is, "Why?" It's not the first example where a digital phone was the main tool for an artistic endeavor. That's not the question.

A half dozen years ago, Apple released a piece of software that was the functional equivalent 16-track studio, in a laptop. In theory, just plug a guitar into the old laptop and make an album. While it's technically possible, like the band who cut a real song on an iPhone, while it's all technically possible, that doesn't mean it's the most expedient method to get from here to there.

Likewise, in Pisces, there's a good way to get there and a not good way to get there. Just because you can? Does that mean you should? While I admire — you, too, Pisces — you admire the drive and ingenuity required to make an album on phone? Does that means it's the easiest route for you?

Aries: "Ten ways to improve..." The [list goes on](#). "12 Proven Methods for better," and "The one rule you have to obey for..." whatever. The only person who really seems to benefit from these rules and guides? The numbers, the bulleted points?

The author seems to do really well by whatever it is, be that a get-rich-quick scam or a get-skinny-overnight, or how to have a more healthy relationship, or better yet, how to find love and happiness in six easy pieces.

Right. I'm not saying that it's impossible, but there's a whole section in most [bookstores](#) dedicated to hawking just such texts.

Careful. Each one [promises](#) a quick and easy route to happiness, [enlightenment](#), weight loss, weight gain, fabulous riches, or just a route out of the poorhouse.

Do they really, really work? I don't know, I haven't hit the lottery I was promised.

If I thought enough positive thoughts, it was supposed to happen. It's okay to dream big, but we all have to take practical steps. Instead of buying someone else's [plan](#)? Why not develop a quick say, two-step plan for Aries, just for this week?

Taurus: I didn't think that seeing the "love planets" split up would make much of a difference. For some signs, this won't matter, however, in Taurus? Matters a lot. Venus is heading one way, back from Scorpio, into Libra. Mars is moving along in Sagittarius. Makes your life feel, oddly enough, easier.

There are some questions, then the answers? The answers come more facile, now that the love planets are separating. That's what I'm sticking to. Plain and simple.

You've got [questions](#) and as the next few days begin to unfold, as the moon begins to get a little fuller, the right answers start to [emerge](#).





This is a gradual process, and I'd wait until after the weekend — this has a lot to do with “active patience.” New term, applies this next couple of days. I'm not sure how it works, but I'm guessing, as the Taurus that you are, with this kind of influence, you [can figure it out](#). That's the way to answer the immediate questions.

Gemini: Willie Nelson ([Taurus](#)) is usually invoked in Texas circles. I was thinking about this, since, on my most recent play list, some Techno-Trance (electronica) was followed by a local singer-songwriter, covering one of Willie's tunes. I thought about that, how just about every local band or solo artist has to have a certain amount of “Willie” in their repertoire. Not that there's a shortage of material or, for that matter, is there material to suit a range of musical styles and tastes.

Old Willie? I think he did duets with just about every available star. This isn't about country music, or better yet, the original antecedent that was Techno-Trance (electronica). This is about having something in the Gemini repertoire that can connect with the audience.

Locally, that's Willie Nelson songs. How you want to connect? I'm not sure that busting out a verse or three of “On the Road,” or “Don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys,” or any one of his other hits, I'm not sure that's the most expedient route. I'm sure that there's local favorite and you have a way to hum a few bars, to get this started. Might have to pause and think about it, but connect with a cover song.

Cancer: “We aim to constantly exceed expectations.” What the [tag line](#) read. How it read. What they said.

I couldn't be happier to go the other way. I strive to constantly come up short. I aim to disappoint. Lowered expectation? Means it's a lot easier for me to rise above the low points. Always come up short. After a while, folks get to the point to where they don't expect too much. Makes it a lot easier. After all, isn't that what this is all about? Making it easier for [Cancer](#) folks?

Mars is heating up [Sagittarius](#), sort of a work issue for you.

Maybe. Venus, backwards in [Libra](#), could turn this into a relationship issue.

Maybe. Saturn in Libra, again, a karmic issue.

Maybe. Sun in a compatible water sign, [Scorpio](#). Could be good.

Maybe. Jupiter and Uranus, close in another [water](#) sign, again, could be good.

Maybe. From thinnest sliver to dark to thinnest sliver to half a moon, the phase of our Cancer mistress, the Moon? That's what I'd watch and there's too much applied pressure for this to be great. All about lowered expectations, and that way? No one gets his or her feelings hurt.





Aim low. Tell others not to expect greatness, not this week. Makes it easier to surprise them with some of your stunning brilliance that will show through. Maybe.

Leo: Computers, aren't they wonderful? Connected to the inner-tubes on the inter-web thing? Can go anywhere and see all kinds of stuff, read material that may, or may not be, factual?

Guaranteed, someone out there will toady up to the Leo camp with words that are soothing, smooth, and completely devoid of sensible Leo advice. "Your majesty," is how I'd start that out. However, there's a warning or two, first off, Scorpio time. Water sign, them Scorpio's. Means that they want to extinguish your Leo fire. Not a good choice, if you ask me, but the Scorpio's seldom ask me anything, so that's not the point.

So here's what your majesty should do: shut up. Be quiet. Realize that some lesser sign, I'm not naming names, but a certain Scorpio-type looks to be the culprit, and then, that Scorpio is trying to run all over your fine Leo self. Doesn't work. Let the little Scorpio loudmouth, the party person, the "oh it's my birthday and I think I'm so special," let that person appear to run all over you.

Give them enough slack to get way out there at the very end of the tether. See how this is going? If you shut up long enough for them to become "over committed"? You can yank that tether, once, and set the whole mess straight.

I'll agree, it would just be a lot easier if they listened to you in the first place, but that's not going to happen.

So? Hold on loosely and let that tether out as far as need be. Wait before you give it a good yank. And most important? Keep quiet.

Virgo: Austin is the Capital of Texas. The Texas Flag can fly at the same height as the US Flag, a silly quirk (according to some) in the annexation and federal process. What I was working on, though, wasn't the flag flying at the same level as the US flag, it was about why the flag was at half-mast.

Traditionally, that happens when it's the royalty or military. In some cases, those two distinctions aren't separated, either. In other cases, though, like football heroes, there is separation of church and state.

Still, I was wondering, who, or what, caused the flag to be half mast? It was couple of weeks back, now that I think about it. I was riding shotgun, and I asked, why the flag was at the half-mast. Never got an answer. I'm not sure if this is local or if it was a larger, grander scale. I completely forgot about it, too, so I couldn't just come home and access the information on the inter-web.

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Completely slipped my mind. Where was this going, for Virgo? Completely slipped my mind. It will happen to you, too, this week.

Libra: ASMuT — Apocryphal Story Much Told — it's how tales — myths — get spread. "I heard it from a guy who knew a guy," and "my good friend swore it was true," and my all-time favorite? "Bubba told me about this...."

However, "they said" isn't a reliable source of information. That's up there with my favorite, "I looked it up on the inter-web." Can't trust everything even a supposedly reliable source like [wikipedia](http://wikipedia.org). Or other online, (allegedly) peer-reviewed "scholarly" journal.

That's the same as "I read it on a web page." However, as a gentle Libra, you know that you can generally [trust](#) my page for accurate guidance, as long as it involves the stars.

Saturn is in your sign. Saturn is on top of you. Saturn demands a [little fact checking](#). Grudgingly give it a spin. Try to look a little deeper than just a simple web page, or I know a guy who knew guy whose cousin knew this girl who dated the guy in the story. Don't become ASMuT.





astrofish.net for the week 10.28.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on OCTOBER 27, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

"He sues his folly like a stalkinghorse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."

Shakespeare's [As You Like It](#) [V.iv.57]

[Scorpio](#): "Them Scorpio's, they stick to you like a burr, don't they?" Client-side query. Yes, and the more I thought about it, the more it made sense to me, as well. I don't know the Latin genus/species/phylum for "Sticker Burrs." I don't know if you even have them in your neighborhood. We do. I grew up with the pesky plants, ruined many a summer's day when I should've been [barefoot](#), only to have to wear shoes because of sticker burrs.

Close examination reveals that stickers are barbed and basically a round seed pod with a hardened, spike-covered exoskeleton. The individual points have strong hooks on each end. Stick and stays stuck.

Pull it out with your hand? Suddenly, stuck in two place, not just one. The weeds grow wild and seem to know no seasonal changes, still growing strong late into the South Texas "autumn." The stickers, though, once it's stuck? Like a Scorpio, or anyone who is dealing with a Scorpio? Once stuck? Best left well-enough alone. Brush off a [Scorpio](#), especially now? Get twice as stuck. I'm just saying.

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Sagittarius: There is some [delivery](#) that is just best delivered in a verbal fashion. While I tend to write in a similar vein, that's not going to get the real point across. There's a dry, almost parched, delivery required. Perhaps with a hint of exasperation, and sooner or later, this material will piss one person off, greatly offend another, and make one (usually a Scorpio) chuckle. "Oh why don't I just kill myself now." Dry, clearly ironic [delivery](#). Like I said, I'll probably get hate mail with the "It's not funny" comments.
Fine.

You're missing the point. It's a stage comment, the way it's said clearly emphasizes that point. Hammers it home. You're not getting it if you think I'm making a joke about suicide. The joke is about the planets. The joke is about the way Mars enters with a [roar](#), and everyone else (planet-wise) is just kind of poking along in Scorpio

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The few weeks before [Sagittarius](#) start? Usually fraught with anxiety and unrepentant angst. No, exacerbated by the entrance of Mars? Even worse. Hence my [clearly ironic comment](#) and, this goes a long way to explain why there's people who don't have a sense of humor sending me nasty [e-mails](#). Stop. I'm just as sensitive about this as you are.

Capricorn: I ran into a guy on the street, and I'm a friendly person, so we started to chat. It was amicable enough, exchanged cards, or rather, I gave him one of mine with my website and email address. I left it at that. He contacted me later, pitching a get-rich-quick scheme.

Smelled funny. Didn't sit quite right with me. I'm not saying the guy was openly disingenuous, just seemed like something wasn't quite right. A little later, I got the pitch, again, and it wasn't packaged any different, not to my eyes.

I've often wondered if I'm target for this kind of material, but I refuse to be too jaded and openly suspicious, although, that would probably do me some good.

Or not.

I thought about that interaction, and the guy must've met with some success since he kept trying the pitch. He circled back around to me a few days ago, one more pitch, close to what he was talking about before. Slightly different verbiage, but close enough, in my mind, as to not be any different.

Same pitch, different day. Anything change for the Capricorn? Are you [buying](#) yet?

Aquarius: I spent so much time in the harsh Central Texas sun that I started to see a dermatologist. Been seeing him for several years. [Nice guy](#). He looks me over and burns away spots that might be pre-Cancerous. Or something like that.

I don't pay too much attention. I can't be bothered by whatever it is that he's doing. We talk about fishing. He's a bit of wade fisherman himself.

The Texas Gulf coast is particular sweet this time of year, fishing's not just good, it's usually great. We both lamented that we were in his office instead of doing something fun, like fishing. I just pointed out that November, coming up? It would be good, too. Like in the next couple of weeks, while there's a mad holiday scramble?

Pisces: Imagine what it's like to live in a [trailer park in South Austin](#), before it was hip and cool, with movie stars for neighbors, and Airstream Trailers that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Yes, [imagine](#) that. Trip back in time. Neighbor of mine, Pisces, he was all hot and bothered about this one girl lived across the street. The other row of trailers, sort of





"across the way" from where we were. He was hot for her. You could see it in his eyes, in his action, and especially his body language.

I was thinking about him and how he would pine away, moon about, and how he use to bug me about doing astrological comparisons between the two -- him and her -- even though she wasn't interested. Not at all. Didn't mind the guy, just wasn't interested in him, not sexually, not romantically, not even if was the last guy on the planet. Didn't like him as anything more than casual friend, and certainly, she wanted nothing to do with him as a lover. At all. Out of the question. So far from reality as to not be a part of it.

I'd watch, as he would fawn over her, and she'd accept his little declarations of solemn love, and it was like watching a dog chase a car. He wouldn't know what to do with it if he caught it. Which, as long as I lived there, he never did. I was thinking about that one neighbor and his undying love, and I was looking at your chart. Something you're hoping for that will never, ever happen? Dreams are one thing, but clear [departure](#) from reality?

Aries: I've got one client, a seriously macho, brute of a fellow. In private? Sweet and docile as can be, however, the public persona? Big, burly, macho. He has a tendency to scare most people, partially his gruff demeanor and partially his overwhelming physical presence.

Doesn't scare me. I know the scowl is just a front for whatever issue is ticking over in his mind. I've tried to [\(astrologically\) coach](#) him a little.

It's all about appearances. All about how he makes his presence known -- and felt. He was working on softening up his approach. While, in most situations -- I'm thinking of a [potentially](#) violent confrontation -- his approach is highly successful? It's not always the way to approach each situation.

If I was trying to do bill collecting? I'd like to have him around. More as a prop than real arm-twisting, but still. Physical presence is good. The trick, though, in some situations, the gentle way is better. Whatever is your usual approach? If it's not working? Think about a different way of pitching this.

[Taurus](#): One [piece of art](#) I've never mastered, dreamed about but never even attempted? The original idea was a superior gold-gilt, highly ornate wood frame, and nothing more. Just an expensive (looking) frame, on the wall. Taking it further, to truly emphasize the empty spaces? I figured, instead of a usual single wire on a nail? I was thinking, it would be possible to hang it without anything showing. Just a blank frame on the wall.



No wire, nothing. It might look like it was glued to the wall. Or just hanging there, suspended in space. Maybe wires from the ceiling, or, what I was thinking, just twin nails, one on each side rather than any exposed clues. Just wall. Nothing fancy. The image of this picture frame idea has haunted me for many years, but I've never executed it. I might've seen it in a book or a museum. Might've been an image in something I was reading.

I got to playing with the idea, and thinking about it, and maybe one of those slim, metal frame, polished and shiny, or matte black. Against a trailer's thin, wood paneling. Against the cinder-block of an old warehouse, against the exposed brick of a super cool inner-city dwelling, against the old plaster of a homestead.

It's not about the [actual execution](#) of the installation. It's the idea. Then, too, there's the emphasis. There is no "art" in the frame. Does that make the frame art? The wall? With Mars and Venus thusly arrayed? It's about negative space.

Gemini: I was [listening](#) to a dear Gemini client. I believe the description of the situation and the impending murder of her spouse? I'm sure that it was entirely hyperbolic. Had to be. As the attending astrologer, it was my job to listen, and [act concerned](#). Which I did. I also looked at the chart.

All that material in Scorpio -- except for Mars, now in Sagittarius. When Mars opposes our Gemini selves, we tend to get worked up. The Gemini [rants and raves](#). I make [suggestions](#) on how to get rid of bodies. We all benefit because neither one of us is called into action. Mars is like that.

Mars can take a single issue and turn it into a big damn deal. Huge deal. A deal so big it [eclipses](#) everything else in the Gemini universe. At that time. Murder's not really an option, but you can discuss all kinds of outlandish solutions, if it makes you feel better. Which it will. Unlike other signs? Some days a Gemini just needs to talk it all through.

Cancer: The recession hit one of my little Cancer buddies hard. A few weeks ago, I was talking with him, and he was explaining, "I've got to go and have a few drinks so I can talk to the mortgage company." How he deals with pain. I'm not saying this is right, and I'm not suggesting this is an answer for all the fine Cancer folks I know, but it did give me an idea.

Social lubricant? Some kind of grease. Lube. "[Astroglide](#)" for the social situation or to help ease the interaction between two parties. Friction is sometimes a good feeling, and a little friction is okay, but there's a situation that requires something stronger -- as a lubricant. I'm at loss for other solutions. I have no idea what will work, not without looking at the individual [chart](#), but I can easily see that some





kind of grease, lubricant, oil, palliative unguent, something is required. In the example, what the liquor did to my Cancer buddy? It dulled his ability to riposte. No smart-ass comebacks and therefore, he was able to buy time. Which was the whole point. Lubricant. Grease. Social "Astroglide." Whatever works.

Leo: I watched, I was sitting in a small curb-side [cafe](#), horrified, as a young woman put her purse on top of her car, got in, started up the motor and started to drive off. Something fell out of the purse, looked like a checkbook. Caught her attention. She stopped.

If it'd [been me](#)? I'd a-reached up from an open window and just retrieved the purse or package. She stopped. Rolled down the window, got out, picked up the checkbook, then her purse, from the top of the car. There was a small package, too. Not sure what that was about. There was also something about her body language that indicated she wasn't happy about the whole ordeal.

Wasn't happy that she did this in full view of curb-side dining. Wasn't happy more than one person saw. Wasn't happy, and seemed pretty down on herself.

If it had been me? I'd looked up, saw the audience and signaled that I was okay, the contents were secure, and the whole situation was back under control. I'd made a joke, maybe taken a bow, [acknowledge](#) the audience. Work that thing.

Which one are you? I know, you'd like to make it so you don't make a silly/stupid blunder. I'd like that, too. But if you do?

Virgo: In some [mythology](#), Mercury isn't a messenger, he's the guide. As a fishing guide, I like that idea. Mercury is less about information and more about pointing a way to go.

In [a natal chart](#), it can represent where the light shines and how we should guide. Mercury is in Scorpio, a weirdly [compatible sign](#) for Virgo. Samhain, Harvest, Halloween, All Saints Day, Dia de los Muertos, all this week(end).

With Venus backwards but Mars triumphantly marching forward, this is about how Mercury is going to guide Virgo for the next few days. Quietly, gently, and in proper Halloween -- or whatever -- spirit. I'd suggest a costume that involves the image of the guide. There's a similar image that sprang to mind, as a both a costume and metaphor -- the Hermit Card in [Neo-classical Tarot](#). It's an image of a hooded figure draped in a long cassock-like robe. In one hand, there's usually a staff, and the other hand holds a lantern that shines the way. Perfect image, perfect costume, and the best answer for how to follow, or lead, by Mercury's position.





Libra: "I like all music, except, maybe, for country and western. Don't like that 'hick' sound," a client was telling me. I'm well-versed and I can easily excise the country and western from my playlist for the next forty-five minutes. However, what will pop up, sooner or later, is music that will be interpreted as "country and western," when, it's really a local singer/songwriter, rocking out.

I argued, unsuccessfully, with a fishing buddy about hip-hop. I suggested it was music, just not something that I understood fully. Doesn't make it bad, or atonal, just means it's a form of art that falls outside of my realm of comprehension.

To be honest, I'd guess there is a hip-hop [title or two I do like](#), but I'm not the best one to ask. Stay open. Stay willing. You've got to be willing to jump across genres to make it through this mess. Don't get too hung up on labels, listen to what the [music itself says](#).





Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 10.21.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on OCTOBER 20, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“And ’tis a kind of good deed to say well;

Words are no deeds.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth [III.ii. 199-200]

Scorpio: Happy Birthday! What we really need to talk about is “Periodic pruning.” I know, your [birthday](#) and all, but the topic for the moment? [Periodic Pruning](#). I was thinking about this because I got caught with a [website/software](#) “situation” that involved a momentary panic, a little hard work, and a complete rebuild. Could’ve been an engine, or a fishing reel, but this example was a website. The data itself was safe, it was just the templates, the framework used to display the data, [that was shot](#). The work was simple, merely re-roll the wrapper, the outside shell for the information, and it was good.

Momentary panic because I’d let the old shell get covered up with all sorts of little add-ons that, in some cases, were no longer required. Just pruning. I’ll admit it occurred at a time when I didn’t want to do the work. However, the task was easily accomplished, and it was the equivalent of using a high-pressure air-hose to dust. Blew all the old stuff right out. All the strays ones and zeros? Which is what this is about. Periodic Pruning. Now. Happy birthday!

Venus in Retrograde special: If your birthday is this week, here’s the deal, book a [half-hour phone reading](#) and get a full hour for the half hour price. Valid for online booking only and valid only if your birthday is this week. (Some [restrictions](#) may apply.)

Sagittarius: Language. What it [means](#). What it is. I live in a culture that is [mish-mash](#) of [cultures](#).

In one language, Que, to me, say it with an English accent, and it means to line up. The [English](#) are quite orderly about it. Line up for anything, queue up for any event. However, in Spanish, or, more properly, in Mexican, Que, usually with an inflection and preceded by an inverted question mark?

Literally, it means “What?” Emotionally, there are two translation, “huh?” or Whiskey Tango Foxtrot. There’s a third one that popped up, too, “Que.” that’s the abbreviation for the French part of Canada. Yes, I know the British spelling is different from French spelling and that is different from Spanish. Doesn’t matter.

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Pronunciation is wrong, too. I know that. It's just, that they're words that are close, and yet, so far apart.

Language and meaning, what's being said and what's being meant?

Capricorn: I'm in love with a friend's mom. Not like that, get serious. One of my former neighbor's, her mom is a Sagittarius. Like me. Same date, different year. Sweetest, kindest, nicest lady on the world, that mom. Why I love her so. I want to grow up to be like her. She always has a kind word, she is sweet to dogs and kittens, takes in strays, or, at least, she tries to find them homes.

Always smiles a genuine gentle smile at me, like I might be a slow child but cute nonetheless. Which might be her perception, but I don't really care. She's just as sweet and kind, and friendly as can be, I want to be like her — when I grow up.

That's the observation.

When my friend reads this about me loving the mom, the rest of the scope is discarded, and there's an assumption of prurient interests. But that's not what I mean at all; however, the words that get bantered about and the perceptions? I can't change that.

As a Capricorn, you can't change that, either. Two options, the way I see it, that's you're faced with. You can hastily jump to the conclusion I want to jump my friend's mother's bones. Or you can read it all the way through and realize that the meaning is different.

Capricorn: due diligence.

Aquarius: Who knew that sitting at a desk, writing, could cause this many [health problems](#)? It's weird, at best. Used to fold one leg underneath me, and I'd sit on my ankle, after a fashion. I did that for a while until my knee started to creak too much.

The latest problem I've had is from cocking a foot underneath me, against the chair's leg, and leaving my foot like that for too long. Developed a bruised spot, from that, made me limp. Mouse, keyboard, and the worst offender, for me?

Trackball. I get a something akin to Carpal Tunnel, if I'm not careful. Again, all from sitting at a desk and writing these horoscopes.

Who knew? When I started this kind of career, I didn't expect there to be damaging health problems, not from sitting at a desk. I'll guess, though, it can be hazardous. There's are some simple solutions, getting up and moving around is one of them. Works best, although I tend to look a little restless that way.



I took the trash out in the middle of this horoscope, just to preclude any health problems, however, that's what worked for me. The problem is, I can only take the trash out to the dumpster so often.

I doubt it's from sitting at desk, struggling to wrestle words to the page to make sense out of the planets in Scorpio and how this impacts Aquarius, but there is a health risk in Aquarius. To make this easier, though, there's also a simple solution to ameliorate this issue: restless exercise. Movement. Something. Could be as easy as just taking out the trash or running a load of laundry over to the [laundromat](#).

Pisces: Car, quite possibly older than me? It's one of those classics. I think I've got a couple of images of it, stored on the web [someplace](#). Anyway, the car, it's rusted in spots. Worn out. It's also of vintage, that's easy to spot. There are timid fins on the taillights, the lens are shaped like rocket motors, and the lens's taper outward. Like I said, a design that speaks to a certain age, when rounded and rocket ship made certain cars look sexy. Old machine has soul, if you ask me. The upholstery looks original, the tires don't match and the car moves almost every day, so someone is driving it. Maybe just moving it, but the tags are current.

Unrestored antique. Still useful. From a day and an age when Detroit was renown for it's "iron," and believe me, that car has more than enough "road holding weight." Iron. Not plastic, not synthetic, but real, heavy metal. Real cloth on the seats.

It just fascinates me, that one old car. I've never met the driver, as it's usually just parked in the neighborhood when I walk past, so I don't know a thing about him — or her. That hasn't stopped my imagination from creating a scenario or two, plausible, realistic, and completely fabricated from the airy firmament of my mind's eye. Not very real. I also know that what I've dreamed could be a complete fiction. I'm okay with that. Realize that as we proceed in a forward direction, in Pisces, that some of this? Completely made up.

[Aries](#): There's a time to be forceful. This isn't one of them. There's a time to be daunting and courageous. This isn't a time for that. There's a time to be brash and daring. Again, not now.

This is great time, come on, it's the beginning of Scorpio, this is a wonderful time to be tacit and demur. Not exactly strong points in a typical Aries personality. However, I'd submit, just as an exercise, now, more so than before, is an excellent time to consider being quiet.

Partly, this is function of the planets, but partly, it's just an experiment on my part. I'm working on new solutions to old problems. The problem, it's not really an





Aries problem, but the solution? My idea, the way I saw that strong Scorpio influence?

In order the circumvent negative implications? Shut up. Just a suggestion, but tacit and demur would avoid attracting attention, and that's attention, even though you think you would like it? Maybe not. If you're faced with the same situation? Same as before? Try my way; it's different. New solutions to old problems.

Taurus: "One of these days [these boots](#) are going to walk all over you." Musical note: it was Nancy Sinatra, first and only way I'd listen to it.

Her Daddy was a Sagittarius. "You keep same-ing when you ought to be a-changing..." It's a lick out of the song, not in its entirety, but oddly enough, not out of context.

Nancy's a Gemini but that's not important, because, as a Taurus? With Venus, backwards, opposite you? Mars? Fixing to leave Scorpio? Mercury and the Sun in on that mix, too? Think about Nancy Sinatra singing her signature song. More important, imagine that she's walking over you with her boots. No, not what you want. How about you walk over someone else with your Taurus boots?

The trick to [dealing](#) with the unsettled senses and planetary oppositions? Like that one line suggests, "You keep same-ing when you ought to be changing..." Just a suggestion. A lyrical, musical suggestion.

Gemini: Great Roman author, [antique author](#), once wrote, "Pay your taxes and honor the gods." Sounds about right, doesn't it? Close enough. Recall, that Rome, in its heyday, had a panoply deities. Some of the gods were liberally borrowed from older civilizations, but I don't want this to get into a discussion about anthropomorphous deities and Mediterranean civilizations. Or religions.

It's about getting done what needs to get done, in order to effectively call it a day.

Two components to the deal, for Gemini. "Pay your taxes." That's open to interpretation, but I'd look at it, like, make sure the practical obligations are met.

Taxes, landlords, bosses, [clients](#), all those people. That's the first part. Or maybe it's the second part and the quote's order should be reversed.

"Honor the gods." again, this can easily be adjusted for whatever your personal Gemini belief system is. To some people, technology and Western Medicine are gods. To some, money is a god. I'm not passing judgement on what you're calling your deities. Just honor them as befits the situation. Worship. Church, temple, on the lake in bass boat, wherever.

The message? This week, "Pay your taxes and honor the gods." [Adjust](#) for local variations.





Cancer: Ever get the next “great idea,” and look [into the details](#)? I had this, no, seriously, I had this “[next great idea](#)” for a website.

Wonderful concept, sit back and earn me money without having to work any harder. The details, the work required to [implement](#) the task, to get to the goal from here? The amount of effort required, was it worth it? No. More effort than it was worth. Way more, once I looked into the details.

The details are something I usually leave for [a Virgo](#) to work out, and while that’s a great idea? Doesn’t work, either. I’m just suggesting, while you’ve got a great, maybe a wonderful idea, a new concept, something to make modern life — especially the Sign of the Moon Child Life — something to help ease the burden? Look at what it takes to install this item. Look at what it takes to make this work. Better? Or more complicated?

[Leo](#): I know, I was invoking Shakespeare’s Henry VIII as the general quote for the week, but I was thinking of something much more specific for The Leo. 12th Night. Misquoted. Frequently. “Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them...” (Malvolio is the character speaking, reading from a counterfeit note.)

It’s a situation where context is so important with the meaning of the quote. Makes everyone, on stage and in the audience, laugh at the character. Not with him, at him. As a Leo, The Leo, you don’t want to be laughed at, you want us to laugh with you. To make that happen? Let me just suggest, not a command just a casual suggestion. Shut up. It’s that simple.

I’ve seen it several times on stage, that play, 12th Night, and there’s an excellent video version available. [Recommended](#), even. In it, it’s possible to see poor Malvolio, reading the note and then finding out he was set-up. Ugly scene and crossed garter, just makes it worse. The solution? While the Sun is in Scorpio along with backwards Venus (and Mars &c.)? Shut up. Or, keep quiet.

Virgo: There’s a quote, erroneously attributed to Picasso, “Good artists copy, great artists steal.” Although the attribution is probably fake, the sentiment is real. I was thinking about painters who ape “great masters,” copy paintings over and over again, turning out good fakes as well as honing their own craft. It’s time to copy. It’s a time to steal, although, I prefer, “imitate the master,” to outright [copyright infraction](#).

I found that going back over a particular masterpiece, brush stroke by brush stroke? Doing so gives me time to understand the intricacies of what is involved.



What makes it great? What techniques were used? What's the secret formula? I tried this, not with painting, but trying to capture the smoky essence of particular brand of BBQ sauce.

I cooked up an imitation, made from the labeled elements and a best guess at combining weights and measures. It was a noble try. Tasted like crap the first time, too much tomato paste. I made another batch, less tomato, more molasses. Less garlic, more black pepper. Closer. Finally, I did it with less black pepper and more "white" pepper. Almost [perfect](#). Ruined a girlfriend's kitchen, but who cares?

I'm not sure whether this is about cooking up a reasonable [approximation](#) of a famous brand of BBQ sauce, or if this is about tracing a masterpiece from a previous century. Art history degree would help. Anyway, it's about copying something instead of trying to do something original. It's meant as a copy. Might turn out better than the original. [Ask me about](#) BBQ sauce [someday](#).

Libra: I like cops. I talk to cops, frequently. As a focal point for community interaction, the police, all the variations and flavors, have the best stories.

"Best excuse?" I asked, "That made you laugh."

"Pulled a woman over, and she said she'd just had her breasts done, so she couldn't wear a seatbelt," and the officer chuckled loudly.

Libra cop, I know, I asked. I won't mention the city, just his sign. He was younger than me, and the stubble on his head looked like there was a tiny amount of gray. Still, looked young enough to truly appreciate the issue. This could be a problem, depending on how a good Libra plays with the odds on this one. The fact that he'd mention it? I'd suggest it more apocryphal than factual. With the ways the heavens are treating you? More factual than fact might help.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 10.14.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on OCTOBER 13, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“For nature crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of th mind and soul
Grows wide withal.”
Shakespeare’s Hamlet [I.iii.16-9]

Libra: The heaviness leaves, but there’s still a lingering sense that something’s amiss. Not badly off track, just a little [askew](#). There’s a (Libra) movie-maker, and his company name used to be “View Askew.” Which accurately captures the sense in Libra Land. Not bad, bad, just a little off. Which, if [I know](#) my Libra, is a little wrong. A little off isn’t good for a little Libra.

I can’t fix any of this “off” stuff, the feeling that there’s something askew. What I can do is remind you not to panic, not get all worked up and remember that there is a planet retrograde, in such a fashion, the planet’s retrograde motion, to make the little Libra a tad off beat. Off beat and weird works for me.

However, most of the Libra folks I know? That’s not really the way they like to see the world. Maybe, though, if you think about it, if you understand that you’re a little tilted to the left, or the right or rocking back forth from the left to the right? If you understand that you’re off by small amount? Maybe that will help.

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Scorpio: I recommended a [book](#), actually, I recommended an author’s series, to a friend. Didn’t like the first book. Didn’t agree with her tastes. Didn’t make sense to me. However, another buddy picked up the same book, I didn’t recommend it so much as he swiped it from me, and he loved it. Asked to borrow the next book in the series, then bought the third since I wasn’t around to loan him my copy, and so forth. Finally made it through the whole series. I just didn’t think it was something that my buddy would like. Too frivolous, on the surface.

The [material itself](#) was quite good, not too much sermonizing, and more than enough action to carry it all along and make it all fun. Maybe that’s why he liked the series. Doesn’t much matter. It’s a simple example of where I was completely wrong about matters of taste. It was just pot-boiler romance/mystery/crime stuff. Not exactly high-brow.

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Still, I was completely off in my recommendations. Not just bad, but way wrong. I'm usually a good judge of such matters, what kind of books and authors certain friends will like. Usually. Good judge. Venus? Back-ass-wards? In Scorpio? Guess what? You're going to get caught with a situation just like mine. Doesn't [make sense](#).

Sagittarius: The Mexican culture I live around is gearing up for another three day celebration. The white boys got Halloween, the [Church](#) got All Saints, and there's Dia de los Muertos. However, as I was passing through San Antonio's [downtown square](#), the other day — at lunchtime, I noticed a band playing in the square, I stopped and watched, listened.

Traditional "corriedos," in Spanish. Accordion, minimal drum set, stand-up bass, guitar. All swarthy hispanic-looking gentlemen, sounded good and tight.

Until I got closer. The bass player was white. Anglo. White-boy. With the biggest sombrero of the outfit. He would harmonize in eloquent Spanish, and since it was a live set, it was good. Still, there's just something intrinsically wrong with such a pasty white fellow in with beautiful, ethnic music. Songs and language born out of the land and landscape.

Just wrong. We have Venus Backwards in the sign prior to Sagittarius. My sentiment, I'm not sure everyone will feel this way, but my feelings about how wrong it is for a white musician to participate in a rich, ethnic tradition, just not right? My feelings won't be felt by many. However, Sagittarius? You understand my indignation. We're funny like that, get all up on our high horse about a stupid little issue. The music? The group was good.

Capricorn: The perfect Capricorn costume? There's a few of my fine Capricorn friends who will be amused, and many more might be offended, at least, at first. The suggestion is the best bad guy in recent history, Darth Vader. While he's a wholly fictional character, there's a school of thought that suggests the character represents a serious archetype and therefore, this is valid mythology. I just like the black mask, the black cape, the black boots, the helmet that covers everything. Cool. No one can see in. No one knows what's really going on behind the glossy [black eyes](#). The voice, who was that? Did the first voice? Good stuff. I like black. In various [versions](#) of me, I've worn a lot of black.

Black (in New Age terms) reflects negative energy. With Venus backwards? Need something to reflect away the negative influence of Venus and her inaction. Why





I'm thinking a protective suit, like Darth Vader's get-up, something that encompasses, protects, and might even scare a few people.

Aquarius: "We've been [through this](#), haven't we?" Yes, yes we have. However, it's back, one more time. There's [nothing I can do but read the portents](#), and the symbols are all about a little issue that you avoided. Looks like you just stepped to one side while this issue went flying past, like, getting out of the way of a speeding bicyclist.

The pavement is narrow, and the cyclist was clearly intent on one goal, and pedestrians (Aquarius) weren't really factored in, so, being prudent at the time? You stepped out of the way. The cyclist, or whatever that issue is? You took what you thought was prudent action at the time. Only, now, as it happens again? What's the right course? I'd stand your ground. Sort of a very Ghandi-like attitude. Thought that issues was over with? Maybe not. Solutions? Stand firm, don't waiver, but then, don't be all aggressive, too.

Pisces: There's a coastal town I tend to favor. Little place with bars and bait stands. Relaxed island attitude. One of the restaurants, wasn't open one morning when I stopped by for some grub. Out in front, there was a — I can't make this stuff up — a guard turkey. Like, a free-range big bird that will be a Thanksgiving treat soon. Across the street, a lady laughed at me, "Watch, it's a mean bird."

It's okay, I didn't try to cross that guard turkey because, at his size, that old tom would be a very mean bird, I'm sure. Which just points to the idiosyncrasies that enhance that Texas Gulf Coast flavor. Sense. The salt in the air and the addled brains. And some fishing, but this isn't about fishing. It's about the guard turkey. What to watch out for.

Watch out for a mean old tom. Or [similar](#) guard.

Aries: When I look at astrological patterns, I've found what's really helpful is to ask, "Where were you [X number of years ago](#)?" The X-factor? Has to do with various cycles in astrological terms. Patterns. The one I was looking at? Best guess would be three years ago. What was happening then?

There's a shot at some of this coming back. Was it good or bad? Bad? Then what can you do to correct the situation? Good? What can you do to entice it to stay? Simple set of questions. Start this next seven-day period with those questions, framed just like that, don't jump around, like, "It was last week, and it was bad," because that yields "bad," no matter what. It also avoids taking this material in order. The period of time was three years ago.





Where were you with your personal development, what books were you reading that you enjoyed, what music? Then, let's make some of that good stuff stick. Or, if it was universally bad for you? Let's look at what you can do to not repeat the process that came apart so badly.

Taurus: I might have [the quote](#) a little wrong, and out of context, but then, that's never bothered me. "If you're not fired with enthusiasm, you'll be fired with enthusiasm." I like my adulterated version of the quote better. I also like the way it succinctly presages and interprets what this week holds for Taurus.

It's a matter of getting up, getting out, and getting into it. I'm not sure what the individual "it" will be, as that varies from person to person, but the idea is that an inordinate level of enthusiasm is called for. Now.

A buddy rolled by to pick me up for a [fishing trip](#). Oh-Dark-Thirty in the morning, a little after 5 AM. "good morning sunshine," he greeted me, and handed me a fresh breakfast taco from down the street. Steaming hot tortilla wrapped around bacon, eggs, and melting cheese. He was cheery. Too cheery. Must've read the Taurus horoscope — but that's how to get through the dark [morning](#) hours. Or the rest of the week. Fired with enthusiasm.

[Gemini](#): When [I've traveled South and West Texas](#), I've noted, on more than one [occasion](#), the presence of working drill rigs. I used to think those were exclusively oil rigs, in the fertile oil fields that lay beneath the barren surface. Turns out, although they look a lot alike, the drilling rigs were frequently searching water wells. For cattle, or crops. Both.

In part, this about a mistaken impression. Also, in part, this is about what we're really looking for. Water or oil? Does it matter? Yes and no. Can I equivocate anymore? Sure. In the short term, the oil is more valuable, and it resonates, just the name alone, it just vibrates with wealth and intrigue. Plus problems, and the cozy green people in Austin love to run away with that one.

It's not about the oil, though, because that's, in a nod to the green people, a long-range perspective is required. The longer I toyed with the symbolism and allegory in the current Gemini astrology world-view? The more I came up with this idea of looking a little further than this week. In the bigger picture, the water is more important. Ask the farmers. There was a run-up as oil prices went up and then down, but water? They still need it for cattle and crops. So, [anyway](#), in Gemini? Have to think long range, like, Xmas vacation kind of long range. Water or oil?



Cancer: I stopped by a buddy's place. He was experiencing some kind of [trouble](#). Household failure. I forget what was the reason I stopped by, but as a Cancer guy, he would work it out, I was sure of that. I get to the front door, and he's got a hammer in his hand, "You do web pages, right?" I nodded, leery. "Good, this has to be an electrical problem, I'm sure you can fix since I can't."

See, in his world view, writing for a web page, and "electrical" are the same thing. Then, too, in his world-view? If it can't be fixed with a hammer and pliers? Then it must be an electrical problem, and, from that logic, I'm the go-to guy.

I'm not a licensed electrician. Not a journeyman carpenter. Not handy at all, except, sometimes, with a keyboard. Even then, my skill set is debatable, at best. The leap from "You do web pages," to "fix my electrical problem" is a bit far, even for me. One of the axioms I've found handy? Don't make this into something that it's not. Don't make a big deal out of a small problem. Which leads me to my Cancer buddy's example of a small problem that had a larger problem just struggling to get out. It got out, apparently.

Since my destination was, I think, like, food and beverage, I flipped the breaker on the breaker box. Temporarily fixed the problem. So I looked like the genius that I might, or might not, be. There was still a problem when we got back, but I just left, my buddy was going to hammer on the breaker box, I think. Is that really the best choice?

[Leo](#): Men at work, part number, oh I forgot, I can't even keep count now. I was waiting, outside a sporting goods store. Chain, really. I'd finished the fishing gear shopping, so I was standing outside. I caught a couple of pictures with my cell phone, because, it was a remarkable event. A lady — I'll be honest — I checked her out in the store — was with two or three younger guys from the store. Rolling a grill. Big-ass BBQ grill. Not just big, huge.

She let down the tailgate of a pickup. One of the kids keyed his walkie-talkie, and three or four more kids spilled out of the store, in uniform. A younger version of the lady sauntered out, as well. Two or three more young male employees followed. I'm not sure who was manning the store. The daughter and the mom conferred, moved something around in the bed of the truck and the grill was lifted, by what looked like almost a dozen young males.

As a Leo, as The Leo? I'm sure you would like that kind of service. Personally, I thought the mom was more attractive, but the daughter had that tan, buxom, willowy look, which, no doubt, accounted for all the assistance. As the Leo, though in this equation? I see you more as the mom, in charge. Not getting as much



attention, but certainly willing to use your daughter for the extra assistance to get that big BBQ grill in the truck. Second place isn't always that bad. You drive.

Virgo: "What's his birthday?" Little girl behind the counter knows my proclivities, Virgo girl, why [she asked](#). "He's Sagittarius," I answered, but I didn't include, "like me." She snorted. "That explains it, he's a pain in my ass." Then you're not doing it right but I didn't bother to add that comment, either.

I know when to shut up and let the kids rant a little. Besides, that Sagittarius? He looks guilty. All the time. Looks like he's up to something, and even in a uniform, he can convey attitude. Can't blame every Sagittarius for Virgo misfortune, but there is a movement afoot to blame me for more than, and [never mind](#). This isn't about tension between coworkers.

There's a tension there, and I'm sure that the little Sagittarius — or someone similar — is insisting he's (or she's) the best thing since whenever. Answer to all the questions, and some chance to feel really good, too. Again, that's not what this really about. It's about Virgo, complaining about, in the example it's another person on the same shift. It could be anybody. Co-worker. Client, supervisor, family member. Bugging you. Bothersome.

The easiest and most expedient way to deal with just this irritation is probably illegal. The manner I would suggest? Gloss over it. Consider that the irritant is the "wrong" star sign and that's their problem. Don't make it your problem after this week.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for 10.7.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on OCTOBER 6, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented.”

Shakespeare’s The Tragedy of [King Richard](#) the Second [V.v.33-4]

Venus turning retrograde in Scorpio. Generic call on this one? Bad time to select a color to paint the living room; however, it is a good time to paint the living room, if you’ve already got a color picked out.

Libra: Lot of my [buddies](#) have dogs. Dogs have this empirical method for testing to see if something is edible or not. Eat it. Throw it up? Not good, probably not food. Digest it? Then it’s food.

With Venus starting a [backward](#) pattern where she is? I was thinking about dog food that is not dog food. Reason I was thinking about this? Unless you’re shirt shopping for me, I’d be hesitant about aesthetic decisions in the next six, eight weeks.

Starts now. The [example](#)? I saw this lovely throw rug. My Libra friend, she thought the design and pattern looked like something the dog threw up. However, were we to revisit that throw rug that looks like, never mind, if we went back, I can’t even recall the store, but should we go back there, sometime in the next six, eight weeks? She’s think that rug was cool, and maybe buy it. Only to discover, a little later, that it looks like a piece of carpet that the dog did his testing on.

[Questions](#) of taste? For now? Skip it.

[Scorpio](#): Real truth. Caller ID is either best or worst thing in the world. Best for avoiding certain unpleasantness, worse for revealing unlisted phone numbers.

Neutral on this subject, though: my sister’s business line.

She has a stage name, a nickname derived from her Christian name, just shortening of a given name. On my cell phone, that nickname comes up. However, on my business line, she was calling for business, her proper name popped up on the caller ID. That was just strange. We don’t call each other by such names, but it illustrates the way this [stuff works](#), my cell phone sees the number and looks it up in the phone’s internal rolodex.

[The business line](#), caller ID was part of the package, that just reads data off the incoming call. The caller ID illustrates the way Scorpio should work. Don’t just rely on your own, internal rolodex. Don’t just work with your own, internal data





points. Use all the available incoming information to tag, ingest and other wise identify sources. Can't rely on just what you think something might be.

Sagittarius: My buddy's doc visit? My buddy? He was stoned as hell; he definitely needed someone to walk, talk, drive, wheel the chair to the curb. Real friends come and drive you home from the colonoscopy. I have no idea, not an experience I've been through myself, so I have no idea what kind of pharmacological haze my buddy was in. I'm unsure if he remembers everything he said; he was babbling. I believe he assured me that he loved me like a brother, but I wouldn't hold him up to that.

For people who aren't really used to heavy narcotics, or folks who have no understanding or tolerance? Good dope like that is a truth serum.

Worse, he won't remember anything he said. Venus turns backwards this week. In Scorpio. The sign in front of Sagittarius. It's either like the colonoscopy, or it's like the dope they used on my buddy. Truth will come out. You've been warned about babbling. Or hiding facts in hard to reach places. Either way. "Hey," he slurred, "they gave me the DVD, you want to watch it?"

Capricorn: Issues aren't going away. Me haranguing you about these issues? Probably not going away, either. You can, if you like just flip to another website and read some happy, hopeful stuff. But be realistic, there's a single problem that's eating your shorts.

There is an avenue you can doggedly pursue to fix this problem. I would point out, though, there are no quick solution to the issue. I'd love to say, "Yeah, there's a shortcut, just do this..." and that would make everything better.

Not going to happen. At the super-big fishing store, they have a "reel winder" that loads a hundred yards of fishing line onto a new fishing reel. Does a quick spin, and the line is all loaded up, ready to fish. And then, first cast? Always gets tangled. For me, for my money, for my time? I'd rather wind that new fishing line on the reel myself. If it's one kind of fishing reel, I have to wind the line one way, and another type? The line has to be fed off the spool just in the right direction or it gets twisted. Which is the problem with the mechanical winder.

The fix? The Capricorn solution? Do it yourself, do it by hand. Less problems further down the road, and you can say you fixed the issue.

Aquarius: I asked a cop, he was supervising some street repair, and it was a late summer's evening, cool enough to be comfortable for a change, and I asked him what was the best excuse he ever heard. Not for credibility, just for entertainment



factor. He talked about a “Lover’s Lane” spot, sort of out in the country, said he was a sheriff at the time.

Had a parked car, him and another unit approached, lights off, got out and walked up to the car, car was empty, but a few meters from the vehicle, there was a couple. Naked. When asked, they calmly explained that there were just looking at the stars. “Yeah, naked,” he added, a second time, to emphasize his point. He rolled his eyes under the cop ball cap. Had to be one of the best excuses for adolescent behavior I’ve ever heard.

It was an inspired [excuse](#), if you ask me. I’ve found, in my [limited](#) experience, that there’s a good way to make excuses. That’s just one example. When the cops arrived on the scene, the couple was looking at the heavens; therefore, we can surmise, there might be some truth in the excuse. That’s what’s important in Aquarius — build on a truth before you embark on [flights](#) of fancy.

[Pisces](#): I’m not sure this can be done with [binoculars](#), but even a small backyard telescope? Even in the city, with its light pollution, even there, just about any kind of viewing device, it’s possible to see the source of the Pisces ire.

Uranus. It’s right next to Jupiter. I think there’s an occultation, I should look that up on the [astronomy](#) sites, it’s like a Jupiter/Uranus eclipse, anyway, I think there’s one of those. Jupiter is the bright star on the eastern horizon, shortly after sunset, and climbs overhead through the evening. Point a viewing device at it, and the planet Uranus might be visible, next to Jupiter.

The two, they do, and don’t, work well together. The trick, and it’s even more important, now that Venus is officially starting a backwards pattern, it’s important to understand how to concentrate on just one task at a moment. Critical. Focus is that critical. One thing at a time. Two planets, intensity. One thing at a time. Leave the multi-tasking to the other signs, like Gemini.

Aries: [Problems](#) and solutions. I’m all about the solutions. All about the easiest way to get from here to there. The problem, I heard this one time when I was out with a buddy. I can’t say for sure it’s true.

According to him, though, he’s one of those married men who cooks? Probably a better cook than her. Don’t get me wrong, nice couple, lovely lady, just not always a cook.

“We were having TexMex one night. I didn’t have any avocados,” he was explaining, “so I mashed up the peas. Threw them in the blender and after I added the other stuff (onions, peppers tomatoes, salt and spices)? No one could tell.”





Artful substitution. Makes me look twice at Guacamole Dip, now. Made me think, too, about Aries and a solution to a problem. Artful substitution. All it takes. Substitute something green for something green.

Taurus: A traditional [approach](#) to this is one that suggests it's not a good time for my little Taurus friends. Life sucks, I believe, would be the short version of a traditional astrological interpretation of Venus (your planet) backwards (retrograde) in Scorpio (opposite you). Not good.

The impact of the Venus position is further heightened? Lessened? Compounded, be my guess, by Mars. See, Mars just takes all that energy and [doubles](#) it. So it's confusing, at first, and then that confusion is doubled by Mars, and consider, too, that Venus is your planet, which is only going to make this feel worse.

Good taste, pleasures of the flesh, sentimental attachments, all of that is impacted, and mostly, not in a good way. Unless you're into that sort of thing. I'm not. I doubt you are, either.

So dealing with the impact means the usual, calm, very-Taurus-like approach doesn't work. A more direct, less pretty way of dealing with matters is called for. Direct. Do not mince words. Be brutally honest. Call it the way it seems to be. While this won't win any friends in the next five weeks, it will eventually serve you in good stead. Eventually. Just be frank, short, concise, direct.

[Gemini](#): Late [September](#), early October, the Reds are usually running. "Reds" are Spot-tail Bass, spotted sea-bass, red drums, or Redfish. Noted for their color, and the single evolutionary spot on the tail. Supposedly, that dot is supposed to resemble an eye, and it gives the birds a good, false target when the Redfish are foraging along the tidal flats. Good eating, big fun to catch, a hearty and [worthy opponent](#).

Fun as both sport and food. The only problem is the big ones have all been caught, or worse, they've all migrated back out to deeper water. I spent one October afternoon, fishing my little heart out, content as could be, but we never boated a full-sized (keeper) Red. All the fish were between 15 and 18 inches in length. Short by two inches. I think, personally, I caught close to two dozen. Would've been some kind of record, only, it's not. It's just frustrating. Or not.

I was using light gear having switched when I could see how this was working out. My ultralight equipment. More fun. More fish, few frustrations. It's not about size, sometimes. Of course it is about size, but when I could see how this was working out? I switched techniques, switched gear, and had me a blast. Just wasn't a lot to



take home at the end of the day. Have fun. Adjust your [expectations](#). Change the gear and it's a blast. I told the fish to "grow up," and then set them free.

Cancer: Fishing buddy was telling me about an early morning run. Or run-in, might be more apt. "We were using a spotlight, and it was early, and we hit this sandbar. Hard-packed sand under water. Boat weighs more than a ton, so we just got out and waded. Had to wait for high tide to float her free."

It's variations on one of my favorite tales, the end result is, "Shut up and fish."

This was a tale, my buddy's story, from inshore (coastal) fishing, But it could be anyplace. Your fine, Cancer boat runs aground. If you wait [long enough](#), high tide will free you up.

No amount of energy is required. My buddy was wade fishing, so, I'd suggest, we all follow his advice.

"Can't do nothing about the boat being stuck," so?

So shut up and fish.

That's what you came out for, the first time, isn't it?

[Leo](#): There's a processional-like, march-like section of Beethoven's 5th (Allegro-Pesto), which, if you ask me, sounds like something from a fancy Italian restaurant. But what do [I know](#)? This isn't about my mix of language and general lack of language skills, it's about the way the planets are arrayed, and what impact that has on your fine Leo self.

The march, or procession, or whatever that mode of music is called? It moves forward, loops back on itself, then moves forward again, and there's, to my unlettered and untutored ear? To me, there's an almost martial beat to that portion of the symphony. Well, almost. It's not a disco rhythm that will have everyone up and dancing, but there seems to be a steady backbeat.

Pauses, theme and musical motif loops back, then moves forward again. All in symphonic, harmonic orchestrated glory. I just think, as The Leo, you're at the front of that orchestra, directing. As Venus slips backwards some times, there will be setbacks. Just keep waving the (Leo) conductor's baton around and keep the beat moving forward. Might seem (symphonically) sluggish at times, but you will move forward.

Virgo: My goal is [simple](#), [inward](#) satisfaction. I'm not talking about some untenable goal, some dream that can be devoutly wished for, yet always appears to escape our grasp. Not what this is about at all.

Simple satisfaction from one task accomplished. One goal.

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Some simple, inward gratification. Maybe it's just a mile marker you make it past. Could be any number of little measuring sticks we all have, and this isn't about outward displays, it's all about the inward, or, as most of the Virgo folks do? It's the "internal critic."

Look, listen, watch, measure and see if you [don't hit](#) some point that, for the briefest of [moments](#), that inward, internal voice, wouldn't it be great? "Wow. That's good. You did a good job. Mission accomplished."

I suppose, as Venus starts sliding backwards, you're [worried](#) about that. Consider the summit that you mount, the minor — this is wholly internal — goal you reach? Remember to acknowledge that (minor) victory. You do win, and for that shining moment? Get the Virgo-like internal monologue to be quiet.





For the week starting 9.30.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on SEPTEMBER 29, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and [drink](#) as friends.”
Shakespeare’s The Taming of the Shrew [I.ii.257-8]

Libra: I have a personal [guideline](#) I try to follow. I’ll pass this along as a thematic element for the next couple of days, in fact, a good set of rules to adhere to.

“If I have to do it, then it should be fun and educational.”

Towards that end, I mean, I do make a serious effort, whether it’s technical aspects of [astrology](#) or [web pages](#), or even how to answer the current generation of “smart” phones, I make a concerted effort to ensure that I find a level of amusement in the tasks.

Make it fun, entertaining, or at least, educational for myself. I like to see how I’m getting something out of the process.

It’s not a one way street, one side of the highway of life and I don’t just go careening down my side of the road with no thought or engagement. There’s got to be some stuff to stop and [gawk at](#), maybe a book to read, or pictures that [mean something](#).

It’s a two-way street. Give and take. I realize it feels a lot more like take instead of give, but find the joy therein. There is pleasure and lesson, and a way to make them easier to chew, if you let yourself find the amusement. One of the biggest troubles I’ve seen with my Libra friends? They all seem to lose track of the joy.

Scorpio: Sage [advice](#) from the [Scorpio corner](#), “Never corner something meaner than [you](#).”

I’d be the first to suggest that there’s nothing meaner than a Scorpio. However, that doesn’t stop someone from setting up a situation wherein you’re going to feel like you’ve been cornered. Won’t be me, trying to corner a Scorpio, that’s for sure. I’m not willing to risk the damage to body, mind and soul.

Think about it, though, as Mars and Venus, New Moon, Saturn — all of that? Let’s just say you’re, no, work it this way, imagine you’re a normal, happy, well-adjusted dog. Then imagine that you’re chasing a car. Don’t see that much any more, but we can all pretend for a moment, that the Scorpio dog is chasing a car. What happens when the car stops? What do you do then?

That’s a variation on the theme of cornering a critter that’s meaner than you. What do you do with it, once you’ve got it? I don’t think you’re going to get cornered,

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that's not it. I think you've got the upper-hand, the better position, but like that dog, what do you do with the car if you do catch it?

Sagittarius: One of my [little buddies](#) was going to the doctor to get some work done. He didn't want me to discuss his procedure on the web since it's kind of embarrassing, for him.

One of those long tubes with a camera at one end, but you didn't hear it from me. We [got to the doctor](#) building and he had to run to the bathroom, one more time. I was standing at the elevators, doctor's office was the sixth floor, so I was waiting. Another person walked over and patiently watched while I toyed with the phone, glancing up at the elevators. I didn't do a thing. Never pushed a button.

Waited for a long time, I was, after all, just waiting on Bubba who was in the can, on the can. Going to the doctor for his can, too, I guess.

Didn't hear it from me.

The part that was fun, for me, I didn't touch the button, I just stood there, waiting on my buddy. The other person stood there, and waited, too. My friend shows up, hobbling and complaining, and I push the elevator button. The other person looked at me. Elevator door popped open.

Didn't hear it from me, but a Sagittarius can't make assumptions this week.

Capricorn: This week has [tone and flavor](#). More than anything else, I'm reminded of the great rock-anthem ballads. The power ballad from the metal set. A heavy metal power ballad.

One of those love songs, tragedy condensed into manic screaming, since, let's be honest, the bulk of the singing on heavy metal can sound like screaming.

There are several components to a good Metal Power Ballad. Story line. Pain, guitar solo. Strong backing drum. All of that. Then there's the epic duration. Pop songs used to last about two-and-a-half minutes. Length grew to three, four and five minutes, but a good [Metal Power Ballad](#)? Minimum is six minutes, while many last much longer, up to ten minutes.

Get one of those jam bands on stage? Yeah, never mind. That's old news. You have a week that's going to stretch out like a heavy metal power ballad. Better bands, usually include one (1) ballad, and if true to form, it's on the third album. This is a [traditional musical element](#) since the 1970's, so it's not that odd, not anymore.

The reason for this week like heavy metal ballad? Time stretches a little too long, the solo, while it's good, it's still too lengthy. The lyrics themselves? A little melodramatic, out of context. Take away one element, and it all looks kind of lame. Leave all the pieces where they are. Works better that way.



Aquarius: Ennio Morricone is [credited](#) with writing the musical score to a number of great “[Spaghetti Westerns](#).” There’s a lonely sound, and what’s more amusing, it’s supposedly an American theme while the movies were filmed with European actors in Spain by an Italian crew, and never mind. I just find that bit of cinema-based trivia greatly amusing.

The theme song for “The Good, the Bad and the Ugly” cycled up on my playlist, as I was looking at your chart. Think about the diverse and really, divergent elements in that music. It’s Western and Central, for that matter, European interpretation of the Western American mythology.

Confused yet? [Should be](#).

The opening credits to any of those [movies](#) would be a good place to start. Lone rider, stretched, against a supposedly “[Nueces Strip](#)” [kind of land](#). Only it’s really Italy, or Spain or something, but never mind that. It’s the feeling, the empty spaces, all alone out there in Aquarius land. You’re not alone, but that doesn’t matter. It’s the feeling of the lone “hombre” with no name, wide-open spaces. Cowboy up, Aquarius — in the best [Spaghetti Western](#) fashion. After all, Clint Eastwood? Gemini.

[Pisces](#): One of [my hidden fears](#), one of those nightmare-like scenarios that plays out in my brain from time to time? Dark nights, cold winter nights, or, just like the other week? I cranked the AC down a lot lower than I should’ve? Way below my usual 80, and it was just a cold night — perfect for these thoughts.

Terrifying scenes, zombies, carnage and destruction, playing over and over in my mind: musical theater. A musical. One of those scenes where the entire cast on stage bursts into song!

For some reason, it’s scary to me. It’s a private fear, one that I wouldn’t make public but can you just imagine, you’re in the market place, in a store, in a hotel lobby and suddenly, staff and guests turn in unison, and break out in song. Song and some choreography.

Just [frightening](#). I’m male, [white](#) and straight. No rhythm and poor fashion choices. That’s me.

Stuck in the middle of a song and dance routine, straight out of a musical staged fifty years ago, or even further back. Private fear made public. I’ve been open about my fear. As a Pisces, this is less about a fear and more about being caught in the middle of song and dance that you don’t know the steps, don’t know the tune, and you’re stuck, wondering, why some really large lady is singing.





Aries: Hold up there. Just hold on a second. Just wait a minute Minute's too long. Wait a second. Thirty seconds, maybe, okay. Just hold up. Hang on for just minute. Give me, like, about thirty seconds, okay?

Pause.

That's what this is all about. The final quarter of the moon phase, the new moon eventually rocking Saturn, all that stuff shooting off in different directions? If you scatter yourself too thin? Nothing will get accomplished. Nothing at all. Hold up.

Pause. Wait one friggin' minute, okay? Just halt. Stop. Chill. Wait.

Pause. Hold on, not quite yet. Close, but not yet. Just hold up there for a second, okay?

You can either pause, or something's going to slow you down. As an Aries, it's much preferably that this is a pause by choice instead of being held up by some [other person](#). So? So hold up there for a second.

Pause.

[Taurus](#): Last place I lived that had a dishwasher, I mean, like a real machine that does the dirty dishes, I don't mean, like a girlfriend who washes the dishes because, let's face facts, that would probably be me washing the dishes, so anyway the last time, it's been decades now, that I lived in place with a [working](#) dishwasher, I remember how it was when some article, like a saucer or the underside indentation on a plastic tumbler, I well [recall](#) how that would always collect a little bit of water, and that's what it's like for our dear Earth Sign (Taurus) because Mars and Venus are poking through in Scorpio, a water sign which is opposite your fine Taurus self, and that's like that little remanent water on the top of the saucer, or it could be that plastic tumbler, but you reach for it, and little drops, a small splash of water gets on you, and it isn't really bad, just a minor annoyance, at least for slob like me, it's no trouble at all, the secret to a successful week, when the water spills over into your life, don't react badly, just reach for a dishcloth and dry yourself off and then dry off the offending dish, and try to say this whole thing in one breath.

[Gemini](#): I'm not a beach person. I don't "do" beaches. Haven't since I was very young. I do like the coast, but that means fishing, usually inshore fishing, as I've found that's the most fun for me, most fishing action for time invested. More bang for the buck. So my collection of beach towels is a little odd as I don't use them at the beach. [However](#), I do use them.

Typically, in the spring, summer, fall, I'll keep a towel draped over my desk chair to keep it dry. Coming in from swimming, hopping out of the shower with a great





idea, all wet activities and all protected by the beach towel. So I don't use it in a standard way, like, [going](#) to the beach and spreading the towel out in the sand and laying there. No, not typical. However, the towel does get used. Often as not, well my office is private, but I consider the colors a useful addition, makes the workspace prettier.

That's what this is all about, too, a simple addition, change, or maybe a non-standard use of a piece of equipment. Like beach towels on office chairs.

Cancer: Old folk wisdom, "Sometimes you get, and sometimes you get got." While I'm loathe to use old-fashioned, home-spun mannerisms like [that quote](#) as astrological advice, there's an element that just fits.

It's about what you're expecting to get out of the next seven days. I can't make this stuff work better. There's much Cardinal Air pressing down on your poor, sweet, kind, gentle Cancer self. Between that and the Scorpio flavors? You can come out ahead, but there's a point where subterfuge is the best way. I'm not saying you have to be overtly sneaky, but moving quietly, that helps.

Maybe not so much about employing stealth as much as just not doing the "Peacock" thing. The male Peacock spreads a huge fan of feathers that really does draw a great deal of attention. So try not drawing attention. Otherwise, you might get "got" this next couple of days.

Leo: If you will be patient, I need about ten days for this, I know, it's a weekly scope, but this one requires ten days. It's a very nice Leo horoscope, provided you follow my advice to the letter. During the next seven days? Keep quiet. Your co-worker, boss, minions, children, friends, one of them, maybe more than one, will start mouthing off.

Watch. Listen. STFU. Shut up.

Whatever [message](#) you need to hear, read or see? Be quiet.

There's a time to make a stand and this isn't the time to make the stand. Next seven days. Now I promised something really, really, really, I mean, really that good?

Yes. That good. Instead of the usual big, huge, "ginormous" Leo-centric production? Stay silent the next seven days? I'm betting, around ten days from now, you get to pop off with the loudest of cracks. Only do so quietly. There are times when our indoor voice, us, being quiet can make more noise than the loud version.

What do you get in ten days if you good for seven days? You get the best of all ripostes, the highest of good, for a mighty Leo. You get to tell someone, "I told you so." However, for the next seven days? Quiet.





Virgo: In Elizabethan England, Theaters weren't allowed to advertise, not in the modern sense of [marketing](#). However, in Shakespeare's era, there was a way around this potential problem. Flags. Black pennant was tragedy, white pennant was comedy, and red was history play. 'Red' meant 'history,' probably because the history plays were so bloody. At [Shakespeare's Globe](#) – Bankside (Southwark, London, UK), they still fly pennants; however, they also have a huge office and staff dedicated to more modern versions of marketing, like the web and other forms of outreach.

As a [Virgo](#), you need to fly a flag, a pennant, [really](#), not even a whole flag, and there's a message that goes with the flag. This isn't, like, a coat of arms, or [hand-lettered message](#) on your flag. I'd follow that Elizabethan model and just use a color. Don't want a tragedy and if history had taught us anything, don't really want to repeat any history.

That leaves a white flag, but that's more modern surrender, so that's out. Green? Blue? What color and what are you [trying](#) to tell the rest of us?

Run it up the flagpole and see who pays attention — better yet — see if anyone pays [admission](#).





For the week starting: 9.23.2010

by KRAMER on SEPTEMBER 22, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Some to war, to try their fortunes there,
Some to discover new islands far away,
Some to the studious universities.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Two Gentlemen of Verona (I.iii.7-10)

This scope really does open on the Fall Equinox (Northern Hemisphere). Sun has just popped into Libra.

Libra: Life is full of “[gray areas](#),” those points where facts collide and sometimes, there’s just no right answer. Hence gray areas. No hard and fast, black and white. However, there’s solid indication, this is a Saturn and the approaching Saturn/Sun conjunction, kind of thing, and anyway, the gray areas? Avoid them.

Saturn is mean, and I know it’s your birthday and all, but still, there’s a sense that there’s a definite right and wrong answer. A correct or incorrect way to handle the situation.

If it were me? I’d go for the wrong answer every time. I have [knack](#) like that. But I’m not a Libra and you are. As a Libra, think about this.

Stop. Right answer, wrong answer. Equivocate? Sure. But the gray area? No, it’s not a gray area, it tends to blend a little in the middle, but this is a time, this is really important, this is a time when the right answer is evident. And you must come up with that right answer, even if it’s a little uncomfortable for some people. Yes, I know, birthdays, it’s just, this is a time when you have to do what is right. Doesn’t always feel good at the moment. However, in days, weeks, months, even years, on down from this point? You will be glad you made the correct choice.

Scorpio: Over or under? Which is better? I’m guessing that I should back up a little here and frame the question in a better light. Imagine that you’re sitting on the toilet. You reach for some paper to finish your business. Does the paper roll off over or does it roll under?

Which one is better? Should the roll of toilet paper have the loose end roll off the top? Or should that be reversed, so it rolls out from the bottom? In many high volume, public restrooms, like in restaurants and [hotel lobbies](#), there’s now a big contraption and that device renders this question moot. However, like, [at home](#)?

Which way is best? There’s also a male/female version, what I’ve read, guys are under and girls [are over](#). I don’t have any empirical evidence to back up this claim,





but someplace, I'm sure, there's a web page devoted to this very debate. Not what this is about, though.

Let's say, you're at home, and the last [occupant](#) put the toilet paper roll on backwards. Backwards from whichever way you think is right, okay? I'm not dumb enough to argue with a Scorpio. Especially not about such a minor topic. Between several influences, most importantly, Venus and Mars, but not limited to those influences? You're going to find yourself stuck someplace. I'm not saying it's your own house, but you notice that something irritates you. Like the toilet roll being on backwards.

Here's a way to fix this so you don't pop a blood vessel: change it yourself. Just fix the little problem. Reverse the roll. It's that simple.

Sagittarius: Wait. [Hold on](#). Just a minute. I'll be right back. Not yet. Almost. No, not yet. I told you to be patient. It's going to work out, just not yet.

Wait. Stop. Hold on. Would you sit still for a minute? Didn't you bring, like, a book to read or something? I told you to do that. Don't you ever listen? I guess not. No, it's not ready yet.

Wait. No. Hold on. Stop. Quit fidgeting. Don't mess your hair up. I told you not to touch that! What's your problem? Can't you just sit still for a few moments? Don't you understand what the term "quiet" means? Did you look it up? I told you to do that.

Wait. No, not that. I swear, some days, I just know, you'll be the death of me. Then what will you do?

Wait. Hold on, just a minute. [Stop](#). Don't do that yet. No, not yet. Hold on.

Wait.

[Capricorn](#): In San Antonio, in front of the [Bexar County Courthouse](#), facing the historic [San Fernando Cathedral](#), there's a square, bordered on the east by the fabled San Antonio River (and [Riverwalk](#)).

Late on an early September evening, I noticed two old men. Playing dominoes. The local term is "mexican," although that term completely misses the rich local heritage, which can include diverse ethnic backgrounds. The church itself? Canary Island Catholics, settled in 1738. Wait, this isn't about the ethnic background and culture mixture, it's about two old guys, in their twilight years, the merry smile as the ivory-colored dominoes were shuffled for one more game.

The white teeth against the darkening twilight. One of them all I could see was a smile. Moon was getting full in the earlier part of the month. The gentle rivalry, and one more game before calling it night, shuffling off to home, or church, or the bar.



This is the time, like those two old men, this is the time to pause and have one more game. One more something. They were playing at a small table, and I'm sure the cops would run them off before too much longer. There was a familiarity between the two players, this was a not a new game, not with the ongoing gentle rebuttals and rejoinders. Shuffle the tiles one more time, play one more hand. Aquarius: "No picture unless you buy a CD," the singer looked up from the merchandise table. He tapped the hand-lettered sign taped to the table. The fan lowered her camera. I was off to the side, just a little to the left. First, if it were me? I'd go ahead and take the picture, just make sure no flash fired. Kind of stealth-like. Or use a phone camera. Stupid [iPhone](#) camera — I left mine with its audio on.

[Strictly speaking](#), I'm no lawyer, but from what I do, or don't, know about the law? That request didn't have to be honored. Public place, public performance, public domain. However, as a marketing tie-in? Brilliant.

Probably sold more CDs that way. A lot more. Then, too, there's the point that the CDs bought there, direct from the artist? Instead of pennies per unit sold? The income is dollars per unit sold. Much better profit. As a working artist, although, in a different medium, I liked that hand-lettered sign. Made a simple, [effective](#) point. Buy a [book](#), a [T-shirt](#), a [bumper sticker](#), something, right? That's what this is about, too, for Aquarius. It's simple, maybe the simplest, of marketing plans. Not [complicated](#). Not difficult. Maybe just a hand-lettered sign.

[Pisces](#): I made a big deal out of the price of a case of bottled water, one year. I watched, as a [hurricane](#) headed towards the Texas Coast? The price of that bottled water doubled, overnight. We're two hundred miles — or more — inland. Not really threatened. Doesn't stop the retail giant from taking advantage of a simple American principle: what will the people pay? Emotionally motivated buying?

I waited until the threat passed then I stocked up on cheap cases of bottle water. Still have some of that, in case there's another hurricane. Need three things: water, pop-tarts, duck tape. Never have figured out what the duck tape is for but whatever. I was considering this because, statistically, no hurricane hit the Texas Gulf Coast after the end of September. By the end of this week? We're pretty much in the clear. No more natural disasters, at least, not now. Means this is good time to pick up on overstocked supplies. I realize that I'm planning for a rainy day that's almost ten months away, next summer's hurricane season, but looking at the Pisces chart? Yes, now is a good time to plan. Besides, some supplies are cheap. Now.

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Aries: There are a few classics in the canon of “Great Literature” that I’ve yet to read. Or finish reading, anyway. Not that I haven’t tried, and when I was in school, one or the other schools, I did manage to work my way through the accepted grouping of epics in literature. Most of them, anyway, usually dead white guys, as they are more commonly called these days.

Because, in its time, the accepted canons were deceased European males. We’re the best at killing trees. There are also some “classics” that I never read. I’m not naming titles because it will offend some people, and others will nod knowingly, “Yeah, that wasn’t really that good of a book,” or, “I never did get it anyway. What was the point?” A dozen years ago, I tackled one of the masterpieces, one of the most influential books of the 20th Century. I’ve read about half of it, so far.

I read it when I can’t sleep, usually works better than any drugs. I travel with it some times, not to look intelligent, but because, if I’m stuck someplace, it’s the perfect book. I have to read it. Still haven’t finished it. Might never. However, I don’t waste time fretting over whether or not I’ll finish reading that “epic of modern fiction” before I die. Are you fretting about something you have no control over? What can you do? What can’t you do, and why try?

Taurus: A girlfriend handed me a phone. An Apple iPhone, “Here, you have one of these, you know how it works, can you fix it? Ringer doesn’t work.”

I looked at the phone, flipped it over, looked at the rhinestone and faux alligator case. I toggled the buttons a few times, messed around with the screen, looked at the call list and saw that she had three calls to that no-good boyfriend.

Not really even a boyfriend, not to hear him talk about her. Not sure how that works. Actually, I am sure how it works, but I wasn’t being paid for a consultation, so I wasn’t offering any free advice. She just wanted her phone to ring again. I looked at the settings. I tapped at a few of the software settings then I turned the phone its side. There’s a mute switch on that model of phone. Turns the ringer off. I flipped the switch to the “on” position. “Too bad about the boyfriend, I can’t fix him, or you, as easy as I can fix the phone.” She thanked me, although, I think she was peeved it was such a simple problem. Too bad about that boyfriend thing, too.

Gemini: “I’m taking a day off, and what I’m going to do, is, like, really clean the trailer. From one end to the other. Yeah, that’s what I’m doing today,” reported one Gemini buddy. “First, man, I need me some Q, what are you up to?”

He asked me. Phone. Which, in true Gemini fashion became a mid-week jaunt through the seamier side of life, with a taco stand for a breakfast taco and a pink T-shirt for some girl, then some cleaning supplies at the local big box store, did you know that wal-mart was the 20th largest county in the world?





Then there was [another stop](#) for South Side BBQ, the original stated goal, then I had to dash over to see a lady about reading, and my buddy dallied in another store, I think he wound up with some music and smoking supplies, but I'm not sure, then it was time for my afternoon coffee, iced coffee in the late September heat, and then it was time to chill and chat since it was now rush hour and he couldn't get anywhere at this point, and now?

And now we pissed away a whole day. No house cleaning, None of his chores got done, other than hanging around me and keep me occupied and interested. Which is what's going to happen, if you don't stick to the task at hand. The stars throw a series of interruptions. Me? I can deal with it. My Gemini buddy? Somehow, I got blamed for his trailer not being cleaned.

Cancer: I'm really good about [picking](#) neighborhoods in transition. I can name three, four cities I've lived in and the locations I've picked, typically inner-city, typically right next to a "bad" side of town? I've managed to predict four out of the last four places that have since — after my departure — become hip, cool, urbane city centers with all the good stuff, the good bars, the cool people, the right stuff to make it a happening place.

Wasn't predictive on my part, though, just happenstance. I picked a place that wasn't too run down and close to the resources I wanted. My pedestrian ways are the stuff of legend. I walk a lot. The problem with transition neighborhoods? I'm just saying, clients tend to look askance. "Can [we meet](#) someplace else?"

Sure. Doesn't bother me, and especially not now, when looking back over the last few places I've been, the cities have grown up nicely around where I was. The question is, just [how brave](#) are you? Feels a little like this week is one of those [transitional neighborhoods](#) I've favored.

Leo: I'm guessing, between seven and eight in the evening, local time, wherever you are? Look to the west. You'll see, a brilliant sunset. Hope you can see, if it's not too cloudy. Then, just as the sun sets, there's Mars and Venus, just headed down, too. They both set, within an hour or so of sunset. I was using that 7 to 8 time frame based on my location in South Texas. Your time might be different. Still, Mars and Venus will be setting in the hours after sunset. So much for an astronomy lesson, right?

In astrological terms, those two planets are in Scorpio, which, as The Leo, we regard Scorpio as one of the "lesser" fixed signs. Water, too. What's up with that element? Water and Fixed doesn't really get along with The Leo too well. That and the Third Quarter Moon cycle? No one is particularly happy, and most of all, The Leo isn't happy.



The Leo is not amused.

I'm not sure what crawled into your slice of the pie to piss you off, but there it is. That's the source of the ire. Look at the spectacular sunset, the two planets floating along next to each other. The tension brought about by those two planets (and the lunar cycle)? Consider its source, Mars and Venus. This is like me arguing with a girlfriend. Even if I win? I still don't win. Easiest solution: look at the planets and realize you don't need to argue about that.

Virgo: I'll spend a portion of the next couple of years playing quiz games with my little Virgo friends. It's about "stuff." The symbolism is from having Saturn in your (solar) Second House. The quiz games will be variations of, "Do you need this or do you want this?"

There's a difference. When I lived on the lake, a huge assortment of specialized fishing poles was a need. I'd have certain pole/reel combinations in duplicate because the set-up was efficient, and I could keep different baits tied on the various poles. If one didn't work, quick, just grab a [duplicate](#) with another kind of bait. I don't live on the lake anymore. I don't need a collection of a dozen lake poles. These days I have "car" poles. I've got some that can go with me when I'm taking a cruise with a girlfriend. Others won't fit in girlfriend-type cars, but fit nicely in the back of Bubba's truck. Again, a good choice. Still don't need 3 that exactly alike, either.

I have a couple of surf rods, a couple of [inshore](#) rods, and the all-purpose car rods. It's a matter of needs versus wants. I'd like to have enough tackle to open my own gear shop, but let's face it, I'm not in position where I get to fish that much. Not so useful. It's matter of what I want versus what I need.

I just a need a few, some for coastal, some for bass, one good "pond" pole, too. Just three or four. One light-weight, one medium-weight, one heavy-weight. And one good coastal bait cast. Four. Really, trim what you need. Like me. You don't need enough gear to stock a tackle store. Not really.



For the week starting: 9.16.2010

by KRAMER on SEPTEMBER 15, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“What is the city but the people?”

Shakespeare’s [Coriolanus](#) [III.i.244]

[Virgo](#): Like a satellite, there’s a warehouse district just shy of downtown. I was walking past one place — I think they make or sell cabinets — two kittens came tumbling out the door, exploring the loading dock. Cutest thing in the world, for the moment those kittens. A very tired, kind of haggard-looking Siamese mom cat slunk over and supervised while the two children played.

One of, the kittens was clearly not Siamese and given the [location](#), I doubt that the mom cat was purebred, other than a good mouse chaser. I paused, reached for my phone to take a picture or two of cat and kittens at play. The kittens were tentatively exploring the loading dock. There was a loud crash in the warehouse, and the two kittens, hair on end in a comical fashion, scurried back inside, legs and paws akimbo.

The mom cat arched her back, to stretch, her swollen teats swinging. She ambled back inside. The kittens, that playful kind of tumble out the door? That tentative exploration? That’s what Virgo looks like to me. Or should look like.

There’s a cautious sense of adventure, a need to explore what some of the outer reaches might contain. However, like the kittens, if there is that loud, or otherwise scary, noise, or [incident](#)? Don’t hesitate to scurry back inside where your Virgo self is safe.

Libra: Next Tuesday, Wednesday, [Libra](#) starts. Fall Equinox. Supposedly, although, around here? I’d be hard pressed to prove this, but supposedly, the amount of day and night is equal at this time. Also means that summer is allegedly over. Not so much. Not around here. However, I’m not really prepared to discuss local weather conditions.

The people who experience earthquakes laugh at those of us who suffer with hurricanes and those with hurricanes laugh at ones with tornados and then, like me and our year-round “summer,” we are perturbed by those with that frozen precipitation, and this becomes a vicious cycle of “mine is better than yours,” or, in some cases, “my misery is more acute than yours,” and to be fair? That’s not a good way to compare.

Your birthdays are coming, and you’re getting cozy with Mr. Saturn. Saturn is, not to equivocate, exasperating, at times. Can’t help that. He’s mean, and he’s here to

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“learn” you a few things. Add to the question the relative placement of a bevy of other planets, and I’d wonder if the message was about getting by with a little less luxury but still seeing some improvement in your quality of life. Less is sometimes more.

Scorpio: Shakespeare’s [Romeo and Juliet](#) is perhaps the best example of how this week works. Or how it doesn’t work. Or what you can do to avoid the tragic ending.

No, seriously, there’s been more than one version of the play, once as an opera, where the script’s been edited to have a happy ending. In the play itself, the two title characters don’t really get much time together. Way it works out, they spend all their days and nights pining away for each other, but not much time together. From what I know about [girlfriends](#), face time is important. From what I know about Scorpio, what with the planets Mars and Venus in your sign? Like star-crossed lovers? You’re all kinds of worked up. Like that play. You’re all kinds of worked up over — what was her name? Rosaline? Oh, now it’s Juliet. Shakespeare’s play opens with the title character bemoaning his love — Rosaline. Typical kid.

Now, in the play, Romeo and Juliet aren’t afforded much face time, at least, not while alive. Think about that. Think about Mars and Venus in Scorpio. Pressure is on. How will you handle it? I’d not follow the script, if that’s possible and I’d start working on getting face time. Keep away from tragic endings.

[Sagittarius](#): I was up rather early the other morning. I stepped outside. It felt, to me, deliciously cool. Like there was fall in the air. A neighbor’s door was open and leaking AC. Cold air, that was why it felt so wonderful, for a glorious moment. The warm, wet wool of summer enveloped me again, shortly thereafter. Our “fall” doesn’t start until, maybe, like, I’m guessing, Thanksgiving? Later than that? Like January? I’ve got one friend from up north who laments the lack of seasons in Texas, and I happily point out, there are distinct seasons here, just the distinctions are more subtle.

This isn’t about local weather, though, it’s about Sagittarius perceptions. In the next few days, thanks to Mars and Venus, we’re going to get ourselves fooled at least once, maybe more. Get worked up? It is an obvious mistake. Besides, Mars and Venus, as they precede us? They’re intent on a little subtle subterfuge at our Sagittarius expense.

It could be something as simple as me mistaking cool air for an atmospheric change. That’s not bad. Announcing that perception? That’s when I start to look a





little goofy. I don't need any help in looking goofy. Neither do you. Maybe, even though we detect changes? Maybe not announcing it might be best.

Capricorn: It's all about moving, like moving from one domicile to another. I've previously [alluded to this](#), but this time, [it was funny](#). Very amusing. The moving crew, the guy running the show, he looked like a roady. Been in the business of moving large, heavy material from one place to another, for what seemed like a long time.

Road dogs are road dogs, [what we are](#). The road leaves its mark on your soul, and some of us can recognize each other. So it was like that, only, he was now moving houses. Domiciles. People and their stuff. He unloaded my friend's place, almost entirely. All that was left on the truck? The Big Screen TV and the mattress. "Time to settle our bill," the roady announced. "But you're not done," I observed. "Yeah, I've found that it moves faster if we're [paid](#) before the last load in," he replied. Clever. Old road dogs, they do know the tricks. He tallied a bill, my [buddy](#) paid, and the new place we set up. I took my leave, chuckling. Pretty good trick. Excellent end-game gambit, [if you ask me](#). Is this important? You did have an end-game gambit, perhaps similar, planned, didn't you? I warned you to think about this stuff.

Aquarius: As Mars and Venus are getting cozy together in [Scorpio](#), I was thinking about a particular [Marcus Aurelius](#) quote. I used it in the [web journal](#) a few days back. Maybe further back than that, but doesn't matter. I grabbed [another copy](#) of the same text, [different translation](#), and I looked up the quote.

Substantially different in texture. The meaning under a strict structural analysis, that would be the same, as I was looking for a better way to say, "Don't fight city hall," or "Don't argue with fixed objects that lie in your pathway," or similar kind of admonishment.

The [quote](#), and now I've looked this up in three different editions, it varies as to tone, but the substance is still the same. I carry one copy of Marcus Aurelius Meditations in my day bag. Another in my overnight bag. Then, there's a [classical translation](#), rather dated, sitting on my desk. I was looking at Book V, chapter 17. Very different tones to all three versions. Still, the message is the same, "Don't argue with fixed objects." Like Mars and Venus, in Scorpio at this moment. Just goes nowhere fast.

Pisces: Really happened. I was driving a girlfriend's car. Come back from a little road trip together. I asked if she had an aspirin in her voluminous purse. Of course





she did. She popped open one of those little pill containers with a couple of enameled slots. She handed me two white tablets, and I choked them down. Kind of bitter, more bitter than usual. Something about a bitter pill to swallow? She looked at me for a second, then back at her pill box. “Kramer, I think you better let me drive.” The aspirin might have been a powerful migraine medicine. Or not. Couldn’t tell. I protested until she explained that usually only took a half when she was head to head with a debilitating headache, so me, taking two? Probably [not a good time to operate heavy machinery](#). Or anything. Next exit, we swapped roles. She drove. About an hour into the trip home, I became animated and talkative.

There are two lessons for Pisces: don’t take drugs from strangers, and sometimes? Aspirin really is just aspirin. However, looking at the Pisces chart? You can’t be too careful, and I really recommend not following me when blindly accepting tablets from strange people. Or even people who might be a familiar, but you’re unsure of the contents? I’m just saying, in my case, it was okay. However, I am a professional.

Aries: Me? Morning coffee. I rounded a corner on a downtown street. Three, obviously hispanic, and obviously, having slept the fall evening on the street, guys. There’s a park nearby, could’ve been there. They looked at me with rummy eyes, one hoisted a can of inexpensive malted beverage, “Mag-um!”

He toasted me. He was also pretty toasted.

I do have a historically accurate [“Magnum PI Hawaiian Print”](#) shirt. Didn’t have it on that morning, though. I think it was, “Mag-um Pee Ay,” in a cheery tone of voice. Not malicious. Not sober, either, at, like 8 in the morning.

While I don’t advocate alcohol in the morning, in my time, I’ve found it to be beneficial. Like that one man out of the three. The other two weren’t as cheery. Might’ve been my shirt, too, but I kind of doubt that.

There are four players in this game. Me, the other three, of which one was cheery while two were less than happy. In the morning, each morning, for the next week, you get to make a very Aries choice. What’s going to be? I’d lift a beverage and toast the guy who looks [like a TV star](#). Either that or beer for breakfast, it’s a choice. I’d toast me. Personally though, I do prefer coffee. But that’s just me. I was headed to a coffee shop that very morning.

Taurus: Bippus was a small township in [Deaf Smith County](#), here in Texas. The area was originally populated about a hundred years ago, on land that once belonged to the [legendary](#) XIT Ranch.





The name of the village is from George Bippus who donated land for a school. The littlest things make the biggest difference, or so it seems. From a mere cross in the road, a true crossroads, there's the legend, the stories, the half-truths, tall tales, and everything else that makes the myth work.

Then there's the real history, too. Mars and Venus are moving into a position that is opposite you, and what you do with this energy, it could stick around for more than a hundred years. Which is why, as George did about this, it's important to weight your (Taurus) choices carefully.

Gemini: North and east of downtown San Antonio, on the road to Austin, there's a small township called "Universal City." So named, because, apparently, its founding parental unit thought that there was a "Universal Appeal" to having an air strip nearby. At one end of Universal City? Randolph Air Force Base. I've sat outside a coffee shop, on a fall afternoon and watched while the planes, pilot training be my guess, would arrive in tight formation, landing, or doing touch and go training exercises. I'm not sure.

I've always marveled at the skill of the pilots, flying so close that the wing tips almost touch — moving in tandem harmony like that, and yet, staying out of each other's way. How do they do it? I don't know.

As a Gemini, though, you understand the ability to move two people as one, cohesive unit. You like the idea. I like the idea of many hours logged training. As long as Mars and Venus are flying like a wingman for each other? Consider doubling up on the Gemini training exercises until those two give you a little distance. The training exercises, in Gemini are good for you and this should last for about another ten days. Or so.

Cancer: I picked a quote from Shakespeare's Coriolanus to open this week's scopes. Meant something at the time, but what it really means? Means I wasn't looking out for my little Cancer friends with that quote selection, I really should've borrowed something heavy and ominous from the Bard's Scottish Play, as it's referenced in the theater.

Heavy and dark, full of foreboding, warning of dire consequences. Some quote that suitably is theatrical enough to follow the meteoric fall from grace in that Scottish Play. When good goes bad and from bad to worse? Careful who you dance with, as you "must always dance with them that brung you."

What happened in that play? The main character, looks like he will win everything? Then it's a quick turn into madness, with the wife not far behind him. Ahead of him. Kind of a race in that play to see who's going to get it first. They're





both crazy. Worth noting? Sure. Most of the action on stage takes place in darkness. Kind of a hint. While everyone else is worried about minute and minor problems, there's a kicker to Cancer.

The point to a good scope, though is how [to point](#) you out of this. Don't go for the darkness, the evil, and don't give in to the temptation. The easy way out? It's usually the not the easiest.

Shortcuts and [witches prophecies](#)? Usual end badly. I'm just saying, for Cancer? Full Moon and all? Darkness and the "dark side" are not your friend.

The [Leo](#): Mars in a fixed sign is like a little irritant. Mars is in Scorpio now. Venus in another fixed sign is an irritant. Venus is in Scorpio right now. Two, relatively, minor players compared to the [grand eloquence](#) and stately majesty that is Leo, right?

Correct.

However, you know I'd have to throw that in, right? Well, see, loathe as I am to point this out, there's a problem or two with the way things are. Two problems, the aforementioned planets in fixed signs. Bad? Hardly. Uncomfortable? To be sure.

On [one web journal](#) I was running, I opened the comments up to the general public. The spam filter started to collect hundreds of clearly automated messages that were designed as some kind of advertising.

Why there's a spam filter and why it works. If there was just an occasional block, that wouldn't be noticeable. However, there was hundred-fold increase in crap. I was annoyed. Choices: shut down the comments, or just deal with the spam filter clogging up every few hours? Minor versus major. That's Mars and Venus. Deal with it. It's not a long-term problem.





For the week starting: 9.9.2010

by KRAMER on SEPTEMBER 8, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“This lord ... wears his wit in his belly and guts in his head ...”

Thersites in [Shakespeare's](#) Troilus and Cressida [II.i.69]

Virgo: I easily realize it's a stereotype. I understand that the concept of perfectly good, if used, household appliances, lining the streets, it's not popular. But there it was. One of the places I walk past.

The first day? Sign said, “Free.”

Next day? Still there, but the sign was gone.

Third day? Since no one is interested in [free stuff](#)? Sign said, “\$50.”

Fourth day? It was gone. I don't know what happened. Says something about the general population. I know this from own [business dealings](#), the terms “Free” carries little value. Folks want it but don't value it.

Now, as the Virgo type, and what with birthdays and a no longer retrograde

Mercury? What's the easiest way to get that old appliance hauled off? It was a stove, you know, perfectly good, electrical stove, just not the latest and greatest.

“Free”? That didn't work. I suppose this is simple psychology, but free carries no value therefore, it isn't worth it. Put a price on it. Watch that sucker disappear.

[Libra](#): I was in a friend's backyard, cool fall breezes stirring the quiet West Texas evening. It was going to get chilly that evening, I remember that.

After Labor Day weather, still hot in the day but cooling at night. There's a bird feeder, a new one, upright at the end of the yard. “I filled that this morning, already down, what an inch?” He asked, pointing at the feeder, “Hey, watch this.” A Mourning Dove landed on the top of the bird feeder, a roughly conical, polished aluminum roof to house the seeds and feeds. The dove gripped once, a second time and then slide right off the edge, taking flight at the same time.

Another dove landed, slipped right off the feeder's roof. I pointed out that if my old cat could catch a Mourning Dove, then the birds, as a species, were none too bright. My buddy agreed. Imagine that you've been playing like that Mourning Dove contingent, landing at my buddy's bird feeder. Slipping right off the roof, no grip.

It affords no purchase. You see fellow Libra type slip right off that roof. There's two options, follow in their footsteps, so to speak, or better yet, just go straight to the feeding tray. Less [dancing](#) around the issue and more direct approach. Whether

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this is about bird seed or some other issue, landing on the edges, like those doves sliding off the top? Time to be more direct.

Scorpio: I got into a discussion about ethnic foodstuffs. Southern Cooking, as opposed to just southern cooking. “Respect the hog,” I was thinking, as a tag-line for most of the better Southern Cooking.

Buddy of mine, his name is, oddly enough, “Bubba,” was talking about a time the truck he was driving broke down in front of a tiny Southern Cooking place. There’s an ethnic component — archetype or stereotype — I’m unwilling to address.

However, the food? Beans, yardbird, BBQ, sausage, cornbread freshly baked and liberally slathered with butter, it was all there. Sweet Tea. The heady aroma of greens with a ham hock floating in the mix. Just good stuff.

Can’t eat it every day. The way he described his situation, truck broke down, he was just going to wait it out until he noticed the food. Small line, small shack, big portions. Not everyone finds comfort and solace in red beans, dirty rice, greens, Sweet Tea, cornbread, baked/fried chicken, grits, and so forth.

Venus and Mars arrive in Scorpio. Might be a delay. Are you close to a source of some kind comfort food? Or succor of some sort? Can you avail yourself of that kind of comfort, be it food — or some other — endearing Scorpio quality?

Sagittarius: In Anthony, Texas, there’s a pink trailer house. Sits on the line. I’m not kidding — it was repainted bright pink. Anthony itself is a weird one, it’s on the line between Texas and New Mexico, and Anthony straddles that line, right on the Interstate, the great, southern juggernaut between Florida and the Left Coast. The trail bends around the southern flank of the Franklin Mountains, the tail-end of the Rockies, really. Then that route curves around the western flank, headed north. Out of El Paso and into New Mexico.

There’s Anthony, TX. Or Anthony, NM.

That trailer park, it’s a famous one — in local lore — for sitting right on the state line. Last time through there? Looked like the pink trailer was right on the line. I might be wrong. I never claimed accuracy in most of my observations. However, like that trailer which appears to sit on a line? Sagittarius is teetering hither and yon, right on the line.

Could go either way, what with first slice of a moon appearing right next to Saturn. It’s a turning point. It’s a tipping point, to use a well-worn metaphor. Which side of the line are you leaning towards? I’d wait until this next few days is past and let the moon fill out just a little before you decide which side of that line you think you want to be on. Might change as more data is incoming.

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Capricorn: Cap Buddy of mine was moving. His company was paying for the move so there were these two huge, burly, largely hispanic gentlemen who showed up with a large truck. Packing material, gloved, dollies, everything. Nice guys. I was there to lend moral support because, you know, I have a bad back or something, when it comes to moving and so forth.

Manual labor doesn't extend to loading heavy furniture. I was making light conversation with the two movers. Cool guys, I think it was the "Two guys with a big truck" company. I asked about the easiest way to move. Pushing out a large piece of furniture, one of the workers said, "Easiest? For us? Just call someone else."

It was comical, in a weird way, he was glad to be working, but then, it was arduous work, at best. That pair of movers? Remarkably efficient and it was clear, from their delicate dance, they had done this, together for a while. One would kick open the door, and the other would catch it with his foot. Tag team. Sort of a modern version of ballet and power-lifting. Or something like that.

This is about working together. Not really about moving. My Cap buddy, he had the luxury of a professional moving team. Hire professionals. It's just much easier. Who would you call? "Someone else, man, be easiest for us."

Aquarius: For years, the promoter I worked with in the El Paso area, he would haul out a "crystal skull," and set it up on display at the event. First off, it's no really a crystal skull. It's carved out of a crystal-like mineral that escapes my mind at the moment. Fluorite, maybe?

That skull was machine cut, just across the border, in a sweat shop in Juarez, I'd guess. An oversized trinket with good marketing behind it. Real psychics that I've worked alongside for years, none of them could pick up anything from that hunk of carved mineral. Doesn't stop the marketing push. The deal was, is, someone is pushing something on you. How much is pure hype, how much is target-specific (Aquarius) marketing, and how much is real?

The crystal skull — from that movie tie-in — generated great traffic. Real?

Imagined? A number of folks still, would gather and fondle the skull, crooning about it's powers. How much is real and how much is wishful thinking? As an Aquarius, you have to ask yourself....

Pisces: It's no secret that I love the American Southwest. East Texas, West Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. When I was in El Paso, which is part of the American





Southwest, sitting on my friends' back patio, under the portico, we watched in the evening's twilight when a late summer storm came whipping through.

Tendrils of rain drifted in from the Pacific, under the clouds, as the storm rolled eastward, rain was falling, but not always hitting the ground. The storm blew over the Rio Grande Valley, and the wind whipped up.

I moved further under the patio's cover. Rain drops slammed into the house, the backyard. Looking out, the rain was falling at a 45 degree angle. Airborne mud, as the dust was swirling up and the reluctant rain was angrily giving up moisture, albeit not without a fight. Further west, this weather is called "monsoon season." The rain didn't last fifteen minutes.

In East Texas, it wouldn't even be called "rain." The smell of the [wet earth](#), that ozone-rich aroma of water in the air permeated the surroundings for a few moments. Jupiter and Uranus are playing tag. It's like that Southwestern rain.

Aries: "Jalapeño poppers" are made and served in a variety of ways. Typically the ones in the store or chain restaurant? Peppers stuffed with cheese, breaded and deep-fried. They're okay. As it's just a skin, though, I find some of the "heat" is missing. Might just be me.

One of my buddy's has a recipe I'll pass along: take the pepper, slice it sideways, scrape out the seeds, stuff the cheese in, then wrap a piece of bacon around it, hold that bacon in place with a toothpick. Some places do this, but it's a labor intensive process. That's just a warning. Most places then slap that popper on the grill. Or on the griddle. Some of the bacon is burned, other parts are raw, or, at least, under-cooked.

However, back to Bubba, his great idea? He popped those poppers in his smoker. He prefers hickory where I would tend to use mesquite, but that's a regional difference. His poppers, out of the smoker? Perfect. There's also my variation, I'd slit the peppers, but leave the seeds in, to add fuel and flavor. Again, regional and personal preferences.

Ten years and a little innovation has gone into this recipe. And it's still open to interpretation. But smoking, instead of frying, that's kind of the secret.

Fast cooking? Works for some.

Aries? [Not so](#) much.

[Slow](#), smoked goodness is the secret to what's going on.

Taurus: We. Are. Adding. Punctuation. Not exactly grammatically correct, but then, grammar's never been a long suit here, either.



Worried? As [Mercury](#) unlimbers from an apparent retrograde pattern and as Mars and Venus move towards a position that's opposite you? I kept thinking about Mars and Venus as superfluous punctuation. Added for emphasis.

Added. For. Emphasis.

Not exactly [required](#), but then, not exactly unwelcome. It's that extra, kind of showy, perhaps a bit towards going "over the top," but then again, not quite. But almost. A good grammar person will recoil in horror. That's the point. That's what's up. That's the point. Mars and Venus are gong to trigger some reaction from you. Deal with it. Instead of turning this into an obstacle, though? Instead of making his more difficult than it needs to be?

Consider these interruption, consider the influence of Mars and Venus as punctuation. Maybe extra stops, maybe a comma that's out of place, but still. Stop and assess instead of blindly erasing the bad grammar marks.

Gemini: "Please Use Other Door," what the sign said. [Arrow, underneath the lettering](#), pointed to the right. It was a [commercial](#) building and I needed in, but I looked at the sign, and just turned to the right.

A guy behind me, another potential customer, he went up to the door, read the sign, and then reached out and gave the handle a good pull. Had to try, [anyway](#).

Due to the clarity of the glass on the door I could easily see that the door handle on he inside was removed, and I was guessing, accurately, that the door was locked.

"Ain't rocket surgery," as I'm inclined to observe.

The next entrance down? Worked just fine. There was a harried employee there, muttering about locksmiths, and I would guess, them darn kids. Point is, my fine Gemini friend, are you going to heed the signs? It's simple detour. Not more than fifteen paces out of your way. A [clearly labelled sign](#) suggests that the door [isn't working](#).

Get the clue? Doesn't work. Isn't going to work. Can't get through here. Are you still going to try the handle, anyway? Your choice. I'm telling you it won't work, and allow for that detour. Got it?

Cancer: In Austin the typical street musician will have a guitar. Maybe some other instrument like a drum or tambourine. I watched, I was on the South side of [San Antonio](#), and the street musicians were "Picking and pulling." Old School Conjunto. That's what they called it. Picking? Guitar. Pulling? Accordion. Squeezebox. German instrument that's now a mainstay of Mexican music. It's all about what's ["normal" wherever](#) you are. I was touched by the conjunto buskers. I paused, unzipped from the iPod, and I listened to the banter. The songs.





The high, keening vocal harmony, slightly off. For all my wandering, I'd never been exposed to "picking and pulling," although, as it turns out, it's a fairly common musical type.

Above the Nueces Strip, below Austin. A no-man's musical land. With roots that stretch from South America to Northern Europe, it's no wonder that there's a small disconnect from reality as to [actual sources](#). Maybe this is all about music. Maybe about local busking. Maybe, though, and here's what I was hoping to get across, as Mercury uncoils from its [tightly-wound](#) position? Maybe this more about [pausing long enough](#) to listen to street performances, wherever you are.

[The Leo](#): There's always an element of confusion associated with Mercury being backwards. That lingers on through this next week.

Bad? Or just amusing. I tend to find this amusing, but that's me.

While I also tend to stay away from names, my buddy's name, well, his name is "Bubba," but his Christian name is Ken. His wife, one of my friends, introduced him to an aging grandmother. According to Ken, that grandmother, she knew his name. She was, at the time, a little hard of hearing. So's Bubba, but that's not the question.

He explained how the grandmother kept saying his name, "Ken." Not really, what she was saying? "Quien?" Border patois for "Who?" As a useless piece of trivia, one of the names from TV's golden era? Quien Sabe? Some might remember as the name Kemosabe. Never mind, useless trivia. Has nothing to do with the confusion left by Bubba's other name, Ken. Which is what this is all about.

It's not a deal-breaking piece of [confusion](#). In context, it was both cute and endearing because the grandmother was shouting, "Who," while the English speakers assumed it was just Bubba (Ken). Good for a laugh. [Unless](#), of course, you're name is Ken and no one seems to know your name — might be a problem.

"Ken."

"Quien?"





Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 9.2.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on SEPTEMBER 1, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“A peace about all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.”

Shakespeare’s Henry VIII (All that is true) [III.ii.452-3]

[Jupiter](#) and Uranus are conjoined at 29 degrees of Pisces this week. Mercury is [retrograde](#). On September 12, 1897, 21 [Sikh](#) infantry held off a reputed 10,000 Afghans. While not commemorated in history like Thermopylae, the Battle of Saragarhi is a similar tale of valor. Never underestimate true devotion and the undertaking of a few armed with faith.

No diluted, [product proliferation](#) here.

[Virgo](#): It happened to be an airport, the Austin airport, to be exact, but this could be anywhere. The [Austin airport](#) is little weirder — in keeping with its namesake and reflecting local sentiments.

I was passing through, [traveling someplace](#), and I watched, after making it through the security layer, there was a guy — cowboy — with his kid. The kid was between the ages of two and four, as a guess, and the kid was dressed “western,” as was his apparent dad. The kid was tied with a real lariat around his waist.

[Perfect](#). How many parents wish they could/would use a rope to handle the kids? Watching how that guy handled the rope, I’m sure, if need be, he could hog-tie the kid in less than 6 seconds. Just a guess.

Before I catch any abuse about perceptions of abuse, in the setting, it appeared that it was a safe and loving arrangement. Besides, anyone who’s spent time around kids in that age range? Yeah, the lasso and lariat, that’s looking like a good idea.

The idea I that [Mercury](#) is like 2 to 4 year-old male child. Rambunctious. Rowdy.

[Easiest](#) way to keep one from getting lost? Tie a rope around his waist. This is either figurative, or literal, doesn’t much matter. Lasso that problem, and hold onto it. One way or another.

Libra: Place I like to frequent, a little [coastal kind of place](#), they used to have the best cinnamon rolls. Big, huge, big as your face, dripping with frosty icing that’s so sweet, I can just feel my teeth rotting under the sugary excess. It’s down in one of the fishing towns I like. Good break from the [coastal flats fishing](#).

We wandered in the other morning, and asked about the legendary cinnamon rolls.

“Too hot. We won’t be baking again until the winter.” The waitress/cook scurried off with our breakfast order. Bummer. I’m not sure where you’re at, but in South Texas, along the Coastal Bend? It’s still very “summer-like” in respect to the

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temperature. Going to be a [little longer](#) before that kitchen can stand the heat. Is it worth the wait?

I'd like to think so. Besides, about the time [Mercury](#) is no longer [Retrograde](#), about the time Libra starts, about the time the fall really arrives? Then it will be cool enough for those mammoth and sweet piles of confectionary baked goodness. Between now and then? Can't stand the heat? Then don't bake in the kitchen, as a sideways, mercurial spin on the old expression.

Scorpio: Predictably, we were headed someplace to fish. I was riding, not driving, so I offered to pay for some gas. We pulled into — this place should be an archetype — an older gas station that doubled as a coffee shop and grocery store, beer stop and maybe some live worms for bait.

The structure is an [aged gas station](#), but the bays were used for the grocery and fry cook. As we climbed back into the truck, I noticed movement out of the corner of my eye, and my fishing buddy, not named Bubba, he sighed.

I chuckled, but I didn't have a camera ready so I missed the shot. There was a rooster, pecking at dirt, around the side of the building. Not in a yard or anything, just loose on the gravel. I'm of the opinion that this just doesn't happen in other parts of the country, or even in most third-world countries.

Yard birds, right there, pecking in the gravel. [Rooster](#), to be sure. Maybe this isn't a big revelation. Or maybe, there's a point in here that needs to be made.

It's about stuff like [roosters](#) in the yard. [Mercury](#) may indeed, be backwards, but that's not going to stop the [weird observations](#). Make note, make note, but don't be too obvious. My buddy, gunned the engine, and we were [back on the highway](#).

Sagittarius: "You mind if I have some of your tasty beverage to wash this down?"

The line is from [Pulp Fiction](#), a true classic film in and of its own. The speaker, the actor, he was in local franchise chain store, another usual stop for me.

I eschew such places, usually, but it's convenient, and I like the staff. One of the little girls behind the counter was gushing. "OMG, OMG, he was here, you know." Turns out the actor was doing a benefit golf charity event and just stopped in the store to get an afternoon libation. He was just being himself and didn't see any need to make a big production. The entire staff recognized him. He got an ice cold coffee drink, took a sip and uttered his famous line. Nod and wink.

That's it?

Yes. Nod and wink.





[Capricorn](#): The joy of apartment living, huh. I think living in a trailer was much, much easier. [“Moving”](#) had a completely different notion. There’s also the “landlord karma” I’ve run into from time to time. With real estate prices on a genuinely frightening roller coaster ride, and a long, downward slide, just makes me wonder. Makes me glad to be a renter and not a landlord.

While [Mercury](#) is still backwards, look, I seriously doubt that one-twelfth of the population — all the Capricorns — are moving, there’s sense that something’s up. Like a move. Besides, this isn’t a good time to move. However, it’s a good time to think about some of the action associated with moving. Like boxing up stuff that needs to be hauled off. Clearing out some clutter. Maybe not all at once, go slow and easy. But think about that, too.

If you were going [to move](#), who, in his or her right mind, would move during the hottest time of the year? Never mind that. It’s time to think, loosely, about moving. Or moving stuff around.

Aquarius: Ghost appear in four Shakespeare plays. Which plays? Be a good trivia question. I know what [you’re thinking](#), too.

The ghosts tend to be theatrical or rhetorical devices when something “otherworldly” is required to move the plot along. Sometimes a harbinger, sometimes hastens, but the ghosts aren’t usually a good thing. Good role, though, if you ask me. Less speaking.

[Mercury](#), backwards in its current position? Consider a ghostly role. Or ghost player, one who has no speaking lines. Better yet, what four plays and what character were the Shakespeare ghosts? Does it really matter? Not really, and there is no award for the right answer. However, it could keep you from focusing on some details that really don’t require your focus. Or voice.

[Pisces](#): I was watching a couple of local musicians. They were playing a lunchtime set in the park. I didn’t see an obvious [tip jar](#), nor, for that matters, did I see the usual box of CDs on sale. Just a couple of guys, might’ve been paid by the park service. Might be just playing, too.

[Mercury](#), backwards. [What happens](#)? Halfway through a song about a dog? The PA stopped working, the amp for one of the two guitars, it just stopped. The guy kept playing, and I was close enough, I was treated a half acoustic set.

The other guy was doing just fine, so he merely shrugged his shoulders and kept strumming. The guy with the dead amp, he unplugged his guitar, strummed, plugged it back in, strummed, reached and fiddled with the knobs, strummed and eventually, he hit the right combination, and power was restored.



I think it was a knob on the front of the cabinet that did it. The whole time, though, the musician kept playing music, albeit, not as loud nor as much, due to the various interruptions. But still. The show must go on.

Aries: The [image](#), it's me, with a fishing pole in my hand, and I'm on the south shore, facing north, sitting, standing, actually, on a dock. I cast out. I'm slowly reeling the line back in. I take a puff on a cigar, and my face then my whole head, it seems to be engulfed in cigar smoke.

There's the flutter of wings and single squawk. A mid-sized heron settles on the dock, a few paces from me. The bird, with its long beak, looks out into the water I'm fishing. We look at each other. It's a summer twilight, and we both think about it. Fortunately we're not fishing for the same kind of quarry or there might be trouble as I tend to hunt game fish that are little larger, or a lot larger, than the food stuff that bird was looking for.

Although, to be honest, we were both foraging, him for a meal and me for a metaphor. I puffed on the cigar, and looked at the fish. Mars was just appearing in a his glory, following the setting sun. Another puff. I'd like to think I made a good picture, me, the smoke, heron, the fishing pole. Would've been more fun if there had been a fish that evening. The Yellow Crested Night Heron isn't really that large, just majestic looking with his crest and all. Not ore than a couple of feet tall. However, on that summer's eve?

Taurus: "Stand clear of hazard areas while engine is running." It was on the side of a jet engine's cowling. Stenciled. Amusing, at best. You'd think, I'd think, for sure, that any technician working on the ramp would know to stay from the powerful intake of a running jet motor. "You'd think," is the catch phrase. I would think that. Doesn't mean that someone can't sue the airplane company (either maker or operator) if some technician wandered in front of the motor as it revved up. Instant puree, be my guess.

In the increasing litigious nature of the world, this is a problem, which is why I noticed the sign, in the first place. The [original](#), and I haven't seen it a long time, was "Wet Fuel: do not remove." Wing of older 737's, used by the regional carrier [I tended to favor](#).

Spawned a whole new section of the website, called "The Fine Print," which eventually became incorporated as the legal stuff, and the site's Fine Print has taken a life of its own. This is about inspiration. Not about legalese and [Terms of Service](#), wonky End User License Agreements, and so on. Where it shows up. How





it shows up. I bounced from a wing-side observation to legally binding documents to poetry. Do the same. [Mercury, backwards](#), in a really weird place for Taurus.

Gemini: School's back. Will be. Should be, anyway. [Made me think](#), and I won't name names, but there's [one town](#), in Texas, and the High School? It was originally designed to be a jail. High School, remember when it was like a forever jail sentence? Imagine having to go to a real jail building. I won't go into the details, search it out on that inter-web thing you've got, if you're really curious. For real. Jail. High School building was intended to be a jail.

Not that there's much difference, especially in this day and age, there really isn't. This [Mercury Retrograde](#)? It's like a jail sentence. Or the beginning of the high school year. Long, hard, an eternity that seems to stretch forever into the distant horizon with no hope for any way out ever. At all. Get it?

It's almost over, Mercury and the Sun swap positions this week. We're over the worst of this. It still feels like you're in High School, facing another long year, and summer break was too short. Can't be fixed. You're back to school, [Gemini school](#), one way or another.

[Cancer](#): I saw a CAPTCHA on a prayer portal. (Completely Automated test To tell Computers and Humans Apart.) Brings whole new level of meaning to computers, computing and the inter-web thing. Church had to have a protective layer between the "prayer line" and the answers.

I suppose that's a variation on a [medieval](#) theme, getting someone else to handle the supplications. You know, like getting someone else to pray for your penance? That's the idea.

Get the computer to hit the prayer portal, time and again, just to make sure. I'd have my computer just remind me rather than have the computer do the penance, although, come to think of it, if I could get the computer to do the patter-nostrums? Wouldn't that be better? Get the computer to automatically count them beads while saying a rosary? I don't know, not my faith, I've just observed, but from what I've seen, I think the protective layer on the web-page prayer-portal creates an unnecessary barrier between the Church and the Web.

Some boundaries, some barriers are necessary, though. Which ones are, and for that matter, which ones seem a tad excessive, like that CAPTCHA on a prayer request website? Too many (protective) layers, Cancer?

Leo: I've got one client who is a "soccer dad." Like a soccer mom, only, well, obviously, a different gender. A single parent. Nice daughter. She's Leo. I predicted





that she would win a tournament, or the game, or whatever it was in her little sports league.

Dad called me to bitch. Sideline coach. “They won, she kicked the only goal, but they played like crap.” So the Leo, The Leo, she won the game. Didn’t look good doing it, but [her score](#) won the game. Team didn’t play well with each other and certainly barely eked out a win. With the single, winning goal, made by The Leo. Now, that dad, he’s all about sportsmanship, teamwork, that sort of stuff. He’s not a Leo. His daughter is. To hear her version of the story? She took a pass from her team’s goalie and dribbled the ball the hundred yards to the other goal and kicked it in with no assistance from her team mates.

I wasn’t there, I don’t know. I would tend to believe the little Leo more than the dad, though, for a more accurate portrayal of facts. But [that’s me](#).

The [message](#) I tried to impart to the dad, and what the Leo message should be? It doesn’t matter whether you win or lose, it’s how you play the game? Wrong answer. Some days, winning is most important.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting: 8.26.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on AUGUST 25, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“He us white-livered and red faced; by the means whereof a’ faces it out, but fights not.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) Henry V [III.ii.29]

(A young soldier — about Bardolph.)

Complete with scientifically engineered binaural beat technology, this short musical meditation is a few minutes of relief from Mercury Retrograde mayhem.

Download the sublime suggestions [here](#) – in handy, portable mp3 format. Free.

[Virgo](#): The way I heard it? “The difference between the rich and the poor? The rich hire hands to do the dirty work whereas the poor use their own hands to do the dirty work.” Might have that wrong, but I think it was a feminist author. I’d like to point out, contrary to what popular myth might suggest, I do all my own work. That much should be self-evident.

Two clues? Punctuation and spelling. There’s something to be said for handling all your own work, too. Less people to blame, true, but there’s also the satisfaction of handling all the problems by ourselves. “Satisfaction?” Sure. We handle it. Done by our own hands. No one to blame but ourselves.

Mercury is ferociously [retrograde](#) in Virgo. Heinously. There is [no substitute](#) to doing it all yourself. Ourselves. One last final check, one last look over, one last time? No one but ourselves. Can’t trust anyone else with our work. Whatever it is, the assistant, the editor, the support people? We have to handle the details ourselves. No one but our Virgo selves has a vested interest in the outcome. Doesn’t matter to them, matters to us. We’re like those poor people, in the definition, we do it ourselves. With [Mercury like this](#), though, it’s a better way.

Libra: Sign, in a local restaurant: [Place all orders to go at the front counter](#). Makes sense, I’m sure, especially since the place tends to be a busy lunch stop for uniformed people. Downtown hotel workers, cops, even, two or there times a week, fire trucks.

I’m not that fond of the place [as I knew](#) a better spot that’s cheaper, just a little south of there. Looks a little rougher on the outside, which might be part of the reason for being less popular. However, this isn’t about popularity or quality, it’s about an obvious point. The sign, “Place all to go orders at the front counter.

Which should be obvious. Am I right, no? The problem being, I guess, people wander in during the height of the lunch hour and demand a to go order. Waitress,

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she doesn't get tipped for that. Not always, and she'll make more off a four-top. So that makes sense. There's a girl at the counter, anyway, so it makes sense that the order should be done there. Cash register transaction.

I'm at [a loss to explain](#) the reason for the sign, when I'm being rational. These aren't rational times. That's the problem. No easy solution. I'd suggest you think about a sign for Libra. A symbolic little post it note. A small desk-top variation of the sign with removable letters. Something to get your point across. Folks are going to be coming up to you with weird [questions](#), answers, and orders. How to deal with the stuff that doesn't make sense? Point to the bumper sticker and explain that the offenders need to follow the posted instructions.

[Scorpio](#): There's one big box store, a warehouse place, where I've been known to shop. Some grocery items are just cheaper and easier when buying by the pallet. One particular store I got to like because there was a local bakery and there was always this one woman, attractive, middle-aged lady with the "earth-muffin" vibe. The "big-hip, hairy-leg, tree-hugger" thing going on. She was nice. The bakery would have selections of their breads out. The pumpkin bread was very close to a cake in consistency.

That one demo sales girl? She was friendly, even nice to me. "Here, have another piece, oh you have to try this the raisin bread..." Or the caramel apple bread, again a slice of that was more like cake to me. Free, too.

Never, ever turn down a chance to pee or free food.

Got so I'd frequent that one store, just to catch her and the [free bread samples](#). I was in another store, another time, and the same bakery had samples out. The attending sales demo girl, she wasn't nice. She let me pick one flavor, then handed it to me on a napkin, and then? She covered up the rest of the samples.

Tight-fisted, mean woman. (Ex-wife joke here.) Part of this is about expectations. Like, I was expecting her to be nice, friendly, succumb to my obvious charm and wit, and I was planning for free food. Didn't happen. My expectations were dashed. The other part of this, though, is about counting on something free.

Kindness of strangers is good, but we have to be prepared.

No free lunch this week.

[Sagittarius](#): The wee-early summer mornings have a certain delicious kind of flavor. Dawn is still right around six in the AM here. First light is a little earlier. Out in the pre-dawn light, it's a fisherman's favorite time.

There's a special feeling, a sense that all is right in the world. The local lakes, most of them are reservoirs, and as such, levels are low, and the water is tepid, at best.

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Still, there's a sense right then, before anyone else is out, a sense that there's still beauty and the day has hope. By even as early as nine? Summer's heat is still on us and oppressive as hell. The wind doesn't stir much and there's the inherent lake-area humidity, only it's a little more sticky and listless. Just remember that it felt almost cool in the pre-dawn twilight. Recall how comfortable it was, then.

There is a time when the magic is still there. For [me](#)? For [Sagittarius](#)? I'd put that right before the sun peaks over the horizon in the morning. Times vary from person to person, you might like it better a little later in the day. Adjust as need be for your personal tastes.

Capricorn: There is the shining moment, maybe an arc across the night's sky like a shooting star? Then it's gone. What to do?

As a good Capricorn, you're not inclined [to jump on](#) the first shooting star. You're not inclined to heed a moment's notice. You tend to be more studied, more deliberate and less likely to jump on the first "thing."

My [suggestion](#)? Throw caution to the wind.

You see that brilliant arc in the night's sky? Jump. Grab. Wish. [Act without thinking](#) and analyzing. Here's the problem: you're probably going to do it wrong. It will probably not go well. But if you pause, stop, consider, reconsider, plot and plug away, you're still not going to harness that single, brilliant flash. Use what little resources you have and take a stab at it.

The odds are one in ten that you succeed if you take that first opportunity without thinking it through. The odds are one in a hundred if you pause, stop, and think about it. In the end? You're going to do it anyway, so go ahead, take it when it first pops up. Over.

[Aquarius](#): Yard art [fascinates me](#). There's a kind of folk-art feeling to some of the better yard art. In some cases, too, the art isn't intended as "yard art," just works out that way. There's one kind that I'm loathe to see, though, that's the ubiquitous backside of a his and her "farmer," looks like they're rooting in the garden together. Not particularly attractive. Not good yard art, not part of the question. What I came across was a giant, maybe not "giant," but an oversized fork. Planted in the front yard? [Tines up](#)? Is the symbolism any more clear? It's a fork in the road. Where you're at. Which way is best for you?

That [I can help with](#), but I'm [a little suspect](#), I'd suggest to the left, but because I suggested to the left, you might go to the right, but then, because I knew that you might go the opposite way from what I suggested?



Maybe I meant for you to go right so I suggested left. Then, too, knowing this about me, you might be anticipating that I'd suggest one way because you might go the other. Stop analyzing this. Pick. You might take the wrong fork, but at least you made a decision.

Pisces: Name read, 'Mary Lou's Cocina Mexicana,' and to me? Just [doesn't work](#). Does work, but not in the way I think it was intended. Sure, where I live there's a huge Mexican/Latin/Hispanic influence. Before it was annexed by the United States of America, it was part of Mexico (under a despotic ruler), but that's a whole other question.

The "latin" influence isn't unusual. The name, though, suggests that there might be a small amount of adopted style. "Mary Lou." while a good Southern name, it doesn't exactly evoke the correct familial lineage. I'm just saying, if it was named differently, I'd be more inclined to try it. Something a little more "Mexican" sounding would endear.

It's like an Italian place with a German name. In restaurant lore, there is the tradition, which states, if a place is successful, the don't change the name. Only problem with Mary Lou's? New place. Catfish or fried chicken. Sure. This isn't really about naming conventions, though, it's about labels. Correct labels and [mis-labeled products](#). Naming conventions are important. As Uranus backs into your sign for a brief, shining moment? Think about making sure it's the right name. Right label, anyway.

[Aries](#): I'd like to think, [as an author](#), that I'm productive, even when I procrastinate. That's not always how this works. I can spend hours poking around on the web, looking at sites, and I can pretend that this action qualifies as research. It doesn't.

I can suggest that time spent leafing through a magazine, or hours spent sorting through a Sunday paper, that's arguably research. It's not.

Pointless procrastination is merely putting off what I don't want to do. Some task, some errand, some unsavory job that requires my attention so I'll do some research, instead.

What this amounts to you've been busted, at work, doing something you ought not be doing. Probably a [website](#), like [one](#) of [mine](#), and probably [not approved](#). Probably got you in trouble. Or it will, soon enough.

The line, "I'm productive even when I procrastinate?" Doesn't really work. Not now. Especially not now. At least, like me, pretend to be working. Mars/Venus/Saturn? Opposite you? Don't get caught. Better yet, stick to the job.





Taurus: Brainstorming is an effective use of time. Start with the most outlandish ideas and let the good ones percolate up from there. Eventually, you'll get some excellent material out of this.

Buddy of mine was shooting (photography) at a big event. He used up both his [little memory](#) chips. Got home, started to download on the chips, and it turned out that the chip was bad. [Or something](#). I'm not sure, details, like the focus, were a little fuzzy. Somewhere between photo and photographer, camera and (digital) film, there was a problem. It prompted him to dig back through his other images, all on file.

Two chips back, or maybe it was three memory sticks ago, he found some material that he'd shot — and forgotten about. Never [“developed”](#) the [pictures](#). If the new chip hadn't gone bad he wouldn't have looked at the older stuff, which, in turn, had some salable material on it. All backwards, and yet, like I suggested, it is a good time to [brainstorm](#).

However, [have to be careful](#), no “blame storming.”

[Gemini](#): A friend of mine, client, followed my [Lunar Advice](#) and applied to Law School. Got in. That's the good news. “Or the bad news,” she said. It's an opening. Just means a few more years of school, then a few years as a drone then, maybe, the big bucks. Maybe, maybe not. Depends on how well that client follows through [on the advice](#).

I was wondering, though, the long term stuff, and Mercury backwards at the beginning of the school year — how does that affect law school? Two year school, only, not unlike my own checkered college careers, it might take longer than anticipated. Might take another year, instead of the usual two. It is two years, isn't it? I don't really know.

At least one of [my degrees](#) is honorary. Cost \$20 on the inter-web. Worth every penny, but for a different reason than you think.

Stop, this isn't about [my pieces of paper](#), nor, really, is it about Law School. It is about big undertakings that might take longer than you anticipate. Even in your best Gemini mind, did you allow for other people to drag their collective feet, other problems to pop up, and occasional equipment failures to cause delays? It could happen. Or, like my law school applicant, what happens when accepted?

[Cancer](#): Here's a fun fact, the term “mayday,” as an emergency call? It originated as an international call sign, second to SOS, from the French term, “m'aidez.” Pronounced Mayday, it translates to English as “Help Me.” With [Mercury](#)





[backwards in Virgo](#), and with the phase of the Moon completed, I'd worry about you sending out a false "May Day" message.

Do you really need help? Is it an actual emergency? Is this a [critical](#) situation that warrants flashing lights, sirens and emergency personnel? If it is an actual emergency? Call 9-1-1. Before you call, though, before you send up a flare, or before you even get out the flare gun?

Stop.

Think.

Is this an actual emergency, or is just an emergency to me? I ran out of coffee. Emergency worthy of a real 911 call? Or is it something I can fix without the distress call? No coffee is a real emergency, but hardly of the caliber that would really require the fire truck. Hyperbole aside, I mean, really.

Leo: I've got to stop going to the movie theaters early. Or just on time. They have those stupid trivia questions?

"A 'walla-walla' scene is one where the extras mill around in the [background](#), saying, 'Walla-walla,' pretending to have a conversation." Don't know how true that is, not anymore, since the lip readers I know try to figure out what people are saying. I get hung up with details, too, like guessing the background.

There's also a need for accurate location material, and that's one I'm a stickler for. One show was set in Austin, but other than a handful of aerial shots, the scenery wasn't Austin. No streets, not even a hotel. Nothing other than suggestions and scripts. No real location material. Probably done on a back lot in LA. Easy enough, too.

This is about [polite fiction](#) and background noise. You can be a stickler like me, and doing so makes you seem, like me, petty and slightly anal retentive. Or, instead of reading the lips of the people in the background? Instead scouring the background of the scene for local clues? Just look at the big picture. There's some [background noise](#). Don't pay attention to Mercury's rumblings and ramblings. Walla-walla.





Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 8.19.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on AUGUST 18, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Take him and cut him out in little stars
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night.”

[Shakespeare's](#) The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet [III.ii.24-6]

Source for Shakespeare's version of Romeo and Juliet? It's probably based on Arthur Brooke's 1562 poem, “The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet” — a tale of two lovers who died in each others' arms, in Verona. Italy, 1303.

Mercury — the planet — not the character in Romeo and Juliet — moves into apparent retrograde motion. Although, it could be noted, that the character does move backwards onto the blade of a sword. In the play.

To honor and offer assistance to the ‘Mercury is Retrograde’ time, there's a 4-minute music meditation. Available [here](#), for a free [download](#). (Scientifically engineered with binaural beat technology to enhance the effect. “Beat” Mercury Retrograde.)

[Leo](#): There's a small house, older farm house, I pass almost every day when I'm in town. I'll even pass it twice, once going and once coming. Varies. I tend to vary my route pretty much, to [keep me entertained](#). I passed this one farm house, though, and I noticed that it had a new front porch.

For a place that could be close to a hundred years old, I doubt that the porch snuck in there overnight. I was marveling at the place, though, trying to guess why I never saw the porch before. Closer examination revealed a large tree trunk, fresh cut, and from the girth of the stump? I never saw the porch because it was hidden.

The house is now being renovated. [Mercury is in its retrograde pattern](#). How bad is it? How bad do you want it to be? Could be something as simple as me noticing a previously hidden architectural feature. Could also be the act of removing that tree, age, about to fall on the house, and similar issues, I'm sure.

Can go a lot of ways. All depends. When I started out to [use this example](#), I was thinking, Mercury was starting a retrograde pattern, there was a feature to the house I'd never noticed. Tree was in the way. Mercury backwards? Does it have to be bad? Could just be a new way of seeing something. A different perception.

Virgo: I traveled [westward](#), like, a lot. Bit of useless local lore? In Mesilla, NM, in 1871 – August 27, 1871, there was a political rally — two rallies. One for the





Republicans and one for Democrats. Got rowdy. It was the Old West, back then. Gunfire erupted.

When the smoke cleared and the riot was finally stopped — by the intervention of Federal troops — 8 people were dead. That's some fireworks at a clash of political ideologies. My "blue door" [picture](#) was taken in Mesilla, NM. Part of that Southern NM, "Southwestern" flavor I tend to favor. Or evoke.

I'm just thinking, what with the planets like they are? I just hope, planets the way they are? You don't belong at a political rally like that one, in Mesilla, the kind of rally that starts with an open and frank discussion of "issues," and ends in a firefight. No need to repeat historical precedents.

Libra: The term is "SERE." Alternatively, it's an acronym, S.E.R.E. Stands for Survival, Evasion, Resistance, Escape. It's a kind of military training that evolved as a result of the Korean War. At least, that's what I was told. There are several levels of SERE training. However, I think the acronym itself should be good enough for the illustration process.

Never give in. Libra survival is dependent upon that idea. Never [give up](#). If you can't evade capture? Then it's your job to resist.

Don't be helpful to the enemy. Resist. Eventually? Escape. That's the goal, evade the capture in and do so in a way that causes as much consternation for the enemy. Now, as a good Libra, you're reading this so you're a good Libra, it helps to think along the lines of that acronym. No, I don't think you're going to parachute into hostile country where you have to fight for your life. But there is a situation where, in order to survive, you can make the enemy as uncomfortable as possible.

Scorpio: The Texas Rangers (Law Enforcement Officials) have a long and storied history. Some fact, perhaps a leavening of myth is scattered into the mix, as well.

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The story is, one Texas Ranger was sent to stop a riot. When that solitary ranger stepped off the train, the mayor said, "One Ranger, that's all?" The ranger —

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allegedly — drawled, “Ya’ll only have one riot.” Might be a little more myth and maybe small amount of mirth, but that’s the story.

Careful about [fact and fiction](#). Mercury in apparent retrograde motion, that can confuse fact and fictions. Causes friction. Then, too, there are tales that apocryphal in nature, accepted as gospel but lacking [verifiable resources](#).

Finally, there’s one other problem. Toy with the Great State’s myths? That can cause ire to even question any of the Texas heritage that is accepted as fact. Even if it might be a little bit of myth, maybe more myth than fact? “One riot, one Ranger.”

[Sagittarius](#): A Burmese Python, the kind commonly sold in pet stores? Makes a great pet, I’m sure. As long as the critter is kept in the house. In the wild? They can grow up to 20 feet long. It’s one of those guys who grows as big as its environment will let it. As either escapees, runaways, or voluntarily freed? Those non-native snakes do well in the American South. The swamps and bayou counties (and parishes) that border the Gulf of Mexico make a wonderful habitat for Burmese Python.

The biggest [problem](#), though, isn’t the snakes could, conceivably eat a small child, nor is the problem that they could, conceivably, get to be large enough to be a serious threat, no, that’s not the problem. It’s an invasive species, and it’s a problem in the Florida Everglades. For real. Couple of years ago, there were some photoshop examples of those Burmese Pythons versus Alligators, and [neither species](#) was a clear winner.

I wouldn’t want to tangle with either, just as a matter of form. I’m not going to debate the authenticity of the images wherein the two species fight out, reptile to reptile. Nor is this really about invasive or non-native creatures. This is about stuff that doesn’t belong one place and the calamity that can ensue. Although, when dealing with invasive species, not all results are comical. Ask the alligators and Florida park rangers.

Capricorn: Mercury is heading backwards in the Capricorn (solar) 9th (ninth) house. Looks like you’re going to have to relearn some issue that you’ve already been through. Instead of thinking this as “Painfully acquiring knowledge a second time around,” think about this as a puzzle that you’ve worked before.

It’s like the back of the discarded newspaper at a coffee shop. Maybe the newspaper is a day old, but someone has half-finished the crossword puzzle. You pick up the paper and start working on the rest of the answers.



It's a perfect [Mercury Retrograde](#) action. Better yet, imagine that it's the back of a magazine with a puzzle, and someone has erased all the answers. The puzzle was worked once, but it's been cleared and ready to work a second time.

Going over stuff that you've already gone over. Is it any less fun? Depends on how porous your memory is, how well you learned the material last time, and how you deal with the clues. Also depends — a lot — on how you approach that puzzle that you worked, once. Time to work it gain. Is this comic in some way? You be the judge, but I think finding the humor makes the situation a great deal more palatable.

Aquarius: I've thought about this before, but it came up again prompted by a client's comment. I should start my own religion. Or cult, really. All the trappings of a religious cult, maybe. I could be a good cult leader. As an Aquarius, think about what you need. A good pitch, a good selling point, a simple message that's not harmful, maybe hopeful, maybe a good title to a [self-help book](#), that kind of tag line.

I wasn't thinking about any kind of heinous cult-like cult, more along the lines of some of the more innocuous new age groups I've seen. Meet on Wednesday night. Or maybe just biweekly? The message? It's got to be generic enough to not offend any particular group. Hope, has to contain an element of hope.

The central charismatic character? Has to claim that he/she is just a vessel of voice for the message, not the message itself. Make sure that the line between what's being said, and the speaker, make sure that the line is clear.

As [Leo](#) closes and [Virgo](#) opens, as the [Moon gets full](#)? The line between the [message](#) and the messenger? Very important to make sure that the charismatic cult leader doesn't assume that god-like role. That's when cults get a bad name. No need for that to happen.

Pisces: I've been "flying solo" for so long? I doubt I can take on anyone to assist me. Just the way I'm wired.

"That's how we roll," I guess, would be the correct expression — only, it's not. I roll solo. Been doing it for myself for so long I'm not sure I'm prepared for offices and business partners and cohorts and hanging out around the water cooler. Or having a water cooler. I've got some bottled water in the ice box, a case of hurricane water in the closet, and that's as close as I'm going to get to a water cooler.

This isn't about [water](#), or [water](#) coolers, or even [water signs](#).





It's about being personally responsible for your own [Pisces](#) actions. There's something that needs doing. Some action is required. Sometimes? It's good to get the Pisces minions to do your bidding. This week? If it's meant to be then it's up to me. You. If you want something to happen? Make it happen. Take action.

Aries: Captain John Coffee "Jack" Hays (Aquarius) — Hays County? Named after him? Hero of the Texas Rangers? Anyway, in the "Indian Wars," the fierce Comanche referred to Capt. Jack as "He who fights with the devils all on his side." It's a really long "Indian" name. Could be, "Fights with many devils at his side as aiding and abetting the wild one."

The story is, it was his ferocity in the face of the Comanche dangers that showed his prowess. As an Aries, do you have a long [Indian name](#) like that? What would it be? Capt. Jack was a colorful bit of Texana Trivia I happened upon, and he is the namesake for that little county just south of Austin. It was the long and unwieldily Indian name that got me interested in Capt. Jack's history.

Long name, [short meaning](#). Ferocious enemy. As Mercury starts messing with you? Are you going to have that long name? It would befit an Aries like yourself, but I'm not sure you should claim that type of name. Too long. Like Captain John Coffee "Jack" Hays eventually got shortened to Capt. Jack? Think short version, not the longer, although I find it more evocative, "The one who fits with the assistance of the devils of many along his sides."

Taurus: My kid [sister](#) lived in Oakland (California) for a long time. I liked her place there. I liked the town. It had that laid back feel — like Austin — revolutionary and evolutionary. Lifestyles mixed with ease, no judgement. Sister moved, eventually, to a tony, tawny place. Yeah, nicer neighborhood, I suppose, but I wasn't motivated to visit as often. Too nice. Too polite, too quiet, too clean. I need a little inner-city dirt and grime to feel at home in a large, metropolitan area. When I got around to digging up that Texas Rangers' historical note, see the preceding horoscope, I found another connection to Oakland, CA: it was founded by Capt. Jack (Hays).

Texas Ranger. When he settled the West, as defined by Texas, he followed gold to California. Never struck it rich with gold, but he did find a way to make money by real estate. And founding Oakland. Just another example of why California should be more appreciative.

Jumping to conclusions? With Mercury backwards in Virgo? Talk about a perfect world order that is rent asunder? My fine Taurus friend, the Texas/California



connection? Pause. The recriminations and back-stabbing? Careful. History has a way of sneaking up on us right now.

Gemini: There is a [Gemini](#) well of reserve. Deep well. Most “Gemini” descriptions, some of my observations included, tend towards flighty as the simple moniker. “Shallow” comes to mind. A brilliant mind that skates across the topics, sometimes that mind appears lacking depth. However, this little [Mercury Retrograde](#)?

It’s going to cause your Gemini brain to discover untapped depths of will, [resolve](#), and the littlest planet? It will prompt and elicit the Gemini’s true depth. Going to take some thinking, plotting, planning, then work-around planning, to deal with what’s happening. If these were [normal](#) times, which they are not, then this wouldn’t be a pressure point. However, the obstacles and apparent problems in the coming week? Those merely serve as launching points for new ideas. Clue: the first work around idea? It’s good. Not your finest brainchild, but good. However, because of the Mercury influence and so on? First try might not work out. Don’t hesitate to re-think the solution then think about the answer to the solution. I’m just suggesting, the way I see it? We have to do something. Make a change. Makes a difference.

[Cancer](#): In the next couple of days, you, as a [Cancer](#) (sun) [sign person](#), you’re going to be faced with an “inevitable” decision. One of those points that you must render a decision, even though, as we all know, [Mercury is in its apparent retrograde pattern](#).

“But you said I shouldn’t make such a momentous choice until later, right?” What I said. What you’re going to do? Think about this. You have to sign that piece of paper, you have to enter into a contract, you have to negotiate the deal, you have [something](#) you have to do.

Can’t be avoided. Here’s what I [see will](#) happen. Last time I went to the coast, I read and heard that, “new penny shrimp,” an artificial bait, was more effective than live bait. I took a package with me. Didn’t catch a single fish on those baits. Bought some shrimp. Worked just fine. The idea, what you start with? Like me, starting with that “best bait in the world?” Yeah, just realize that you might change tactics, strategies, or renegotiate the deal, at some later date.





For the week starting: 8.12.2010

by KRAMER on AUGUST 11, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Crack the lawyer’s voice,
That he may never more false title plead.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) Timon of Athens [IV.iii.155]

Uranus slips [back](#) into [Pisces](#). Discussing the implications on a global scale, at least one astrologer-buddy, nameless, predicted the end of the world. “I’d be like [the Hermit](#), on the major arcana in the tarot deck, with a lantern, seeking a path.” I’m thinking he’d look like a homeless guy with a sandwich board, [“The End is Near!”](#)

[Leo](#): For years, I’ve referred to you as “The Leo.” It’s your birthday time, and once again, I’m referring to you as “The Leo.” In front of any of the other signs, the lesser eleven? There’s a single letter, the letter A. Well, except with [Aries and Aquarius](#), then there’s the two letters, “An.”

But for [Leo](#)?

The Leo. It’s the smallest of changes, the slightest of tweaks and makes the smallest, [tiniest](#) amount of difference in the grand scheme of life. However, as a small, tiny adjustment? Makes all the difference. I’m making sure that the title is there, the correct article. “A” and “an” are indefinite articles. “The” is a definite article.

With all the loose ends crashing down on other signs? How much are you going to get into it? How much are you going to let the smallest of changes, the slightest of infractions, the tiniest mistake? How much are you going to let that get to you?

[Me](#)? I know what’s important. Look at how I sign you. The Leo.

Virgo: With July 4th behind us? Next big festival here? Maybe in a couple of months. At least one retail giant is already rolling out “back to school” crap, and if I were school-age (in years, not mind set), I’d protest that. I’d refuse to buy. Not what this is about though. I was looking over the notes from the last festival, outdoor, “mystery meat on a stick,” and rides that make me puke up that festival food?

There was a local delicacy called “Mexican Cucumbers.” It was cool cuke slices in a little plastic drink cup, and the slices were sprinkled with cayenne, chili powder and lemon pepper. The cool cucumber, fresh and the crunch, almost watery and succulent? The piquant spice as a poignant pointer? Refreshing and spicy, sort of the best of both worlds? Good stuff. Besides that, it was the absolute cheapest of

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the festival foods. Might've been healthy, too. Healthy, tasty, zesty, and, most important, cheap. Just what the Virgo ordered.

Libra: Disc brakes, originally, were solid platters of iron. Calipers then pneumatically operated on the brake platters. Over time, engineers discovered that drilling holes in the discs would reduce weight, help cool the disc faster, and improve the performance on more than one area. It's an example of less being more.

"Less is more," is the watch phrase for the moment. It's not about lots of stuff, it's about small, but significant, reduction. My interest was strictly from the perspective of unsprung weight on a [motorcycle](#).

The holes reduced the amount of weight that the suspension had to deal with. It's a simple engineering [move](#). There was one buddy, back n the day, and he went a little crazy with drilling holes in a disc, and there the resultant "swiss cheese" effect? When that brake rotor was installed? It shattered under the first heavy application of stopping power. More like the third or fourth, but still, it shattered in a relatively quick fashion.

As might be expected, there's a good story, a funny tale about having only the steering brake to work with, the back brake, and a harrowing close call, and never let [the facts](#) interfere with the tale? That's not what this is about. [Subtraction](#) is a form of addition. Just don't take away too much. Like my buddy.

Scorpio: "[Beer Bait Ammo](#) Softball." I was unsure, as I didn't want to stare at the guy's chest which was mighty broad as it was a double X L t-shirt, stretched taught against his skin. So I wasn't quite sure where the punctuation should be.

There was a symbolic "mud flap" girl and an equally symbolic [crossed baseball bats](#). Softball, in all truth, but I wasn't sure, and I was just a tad too timid to ask.

Early on Saturday morning, and I was going someplace for work, and he was headed out, I'll guess, for beer and softball.

I can't figure out how to work the bait or ammo in a softball game. I might, also, demonstrate a relative lack of knowledge about the sport. Maybe beer softball does involve bait and ammo. It could happen.

I spent a good portion of my afternoon, [trying to figure out](#) how to work all of those elements into a coherent pattern that made sense to me. Beer and softball? Sure. [Beer bait and ammo](#)? Sure, like the song of the same title.

But beer, bait, ammo and softball? With a mud flap girl, too? Couldn't tie them all together, not all at once. Which might be my failing as a Scorpio. And, I'm sure at least one Scorpio will [set me straight](#) and explain how all of that can be tied





together. I'm at loss, myself. Which is what this is all about. Two or three items in list of four or five? Couple of them can be connected. Connect them all? Can't be done, and as a good Scorpio? Save yourself the trouble.

Sagittarius: I rolled over, I mean, I'm usually not the kind of guy who thrashes around in his sleep, but I rolled over and took a sticky summer sheet with me. Then I rolled again, and I got thoroughly tangled in the sheets. Wrapped up like a cocoon. As a Sagittarius, the idea of confinement — restrictions — is abhorrent. I've been known to refuse succor just because the concomitant restrictions were too much. The very thought of being restrained in some manner is repulsive. Instead of fighting against this? The quickest way out? Just unroll. Roll back in the opposite direction and let the sheets untangle themselves. Think I would do that? Think you can do that? This week? Stuck, wrapped up in sticky summer sheet? The ceiling fan was gently blowing warm air, but the sweat, that, "I'm Sagittarius and trapped" sweat? Started to cool off. Stuck. Tucked in a cocoon of my own making. Easiest way out? Stop thrashing. The more I struggled, the worse it got. Stop struggling. Stop thrashing around, unless, of course, you're into that kind of thing. I'm not. Stop thrashing and wait. The sheets cool off, the sweat dries, and I can unravel myself, with ease. Unroll.

Capricorn: I am, by no means, an expert on gradations and variation with the ubiquitous salsa that makes up an integral portion of local cuisine. However, I was in one place, when the switch was made, from "day" salsa to "night" salsa. The day variation was typical fresh pico de gallo from the blender, fresh tomato, cilantro, peppers, onions, lime juice. The typical fare. The waiter (Capricorn, why I thought of this) brought out the night variation. It was the smoking, darker red in color, with the roasted pepper flavor, although, I'm pretty sure, the ingredients were about the same except for the chipotle pepper switch. Slightly more tang but not a lot more kick, and its flavor depended on the smokey essence of the different kind of peppers used. Daytime and nighttime versions. Some kind of a difference there. Until, I've been there many times in the last few years, but until I was there at the magic sunset hour? I never knew the difference. Day Capricorn and Night Capricorn. Don't get them confused.

Aquarius: Think about five places you've lived. I'll give you an example. I've lived in Albuquerque, NM, Tempe, AZ, Dallas, Austin, and San Antonio, TX. I've lived all over the American Southwest. Desert, mountains, lush sub-tropical



paradise. Can't say I've lived on the coast, but I've been there a lot. The last three places, that leaves a distinct line, an image, a direction in mind.

Which is what this is about.

Picking directions that make sense. Or make sense of directions. Look at the list of Aquarius places you've lived. The last three on my list? Dallas, Austin, San Antonio? Look at them on a map. All along the interstate, I-35, that concrete ribbon — runs from Oklahoma and points north on down to Laredo. The course, though, that I was plotting? I'm headed to the coast. The Texas Gulf Coast. Logical procession from mountains to desert to that corridor, headed south.

Look at your own list of five places you've lived. Might not be a clear line like me, but there is a progression. The last three stops on my list? Makes it very clear. I'm sure, for you, there's a clear line. Just have to figure it out. Start by looking at the last five places you've lived.

Pisces: I like to catalog [the strange](#), [the absurd](#), the [irrational](#). I tend to gather up little inconsistencies and idiosyncrasies as examples. Found one, the other morning, having breakfast at a vegetarian place close to me. "Migas" are a fine example of true TexMex fusion cuisine.

Originally, I'm sure, the dish was kitchen and table scraps, scrambled with eggs. Not exactly the healthiest of meals, peppers, eggs, cheese and the actual ingredients vary from location to location, but the principal parts include fried eggs and corn chips.

So this one place? The side dish was a very healthy bowl of steel-cut oats oatmeal. Tasty, toasty, healthy. Doesn't match up with cholesterol-laden fried eggs and cheese, scrambled with fried tortilla chips. Something didn't add up. It was like the oatmeal, fresh and organic, steel-cut oats, the really good stuff? That would offset the bad cholesterol in the eggs, grease, and fried corn chips.

Doesn't make it wash, but it did make some of the patrons, and, for example, my dining companion? For them, it was okay. No problem. One counteracts the other. One Pisces I know? She'll go, "Sure. I can see that." The rest of the Pisces? Think? Does it change everything by pairing (delicious) unhealthy food with healthy food. Do the benefits outweigh the [detriments](#)?

Aries: Fresh perspective is important. No more so than now. You can really use a little outside, unbiased, opinions on that issue. What issue? Imagine, it's like me, dressed in my usual, casual attire. Summer time in [Texas](#), shorts are the rule. Maybe a nice shirt, maybe a tank top, maybe a tattered t-shirt. Something. Not much of anything, though.





However, let's say I have an appointment with a potential client. Big money situation. Should I be allowed to dress myself? As an Aries, I hope you're getting the image. It's not matter of whether you have good tastes, we all know I don't have the best tastes. But I'm comfortable with my lack of good taste. I don't have a problem asking if the outfit is good, or looks good. However, I'm not an Aries, and what I'm suggesting is that you ask for [assistance](#).

Just another [set of eyes](#) on the problem. Issue. Whatever it is. Just get a second, outside opinion. With Mars and Venus, in cahoots across the wheel from your sign? Doesn't hurt to get a second, unbiased, opinion.

Taurus: I'm too young to recall the real Roy Rogers except in myth and [snippets](#) on the computer. I never watched him on the old black and white (cathode) TV screens. Those things were oval, so I've been led to believe.

I'm not of an age where Roy Rogers was anything of [serious value](#). I do know that I've seen, in thrift shops, at Goodwill, and even on eBay, Roy Rogers material that is now worth quite a bit. So it would seem. From trash to treasures. What makes the difference? I'm not sure. I have one buddy, older than me, and he was waxing eloquent about a childhood memory.

Do the math on that one, he's older than me, so he can remember a Roy Rogers bedroom set, of which, he found a passing example for sale, some where on the inter-web. In 2010 dollars, it was high. And compared to whenever it was really made? If it was truly an original? I have to wonder about the value and comparison, but more important? Trying to relive something from the past, is it worth the effort?

Some fads, some phases in our lives, in the [Taurus life](#), stuff that's in the past? Might want to leave it there. Especially now. You can always find a facsimile on the inter-tubes, someplace. Is that really what it was like, then?

[Gemini](#): I rode down to the coast for a day's worth of fishing. First thing in the morning? Quiet. Solitude. A little good-natured ribbing about the minimalist food choices on the road to the coast, in the summer's pre-dawn twilight. We hit it before 5 AM. Normal grumbling. However, as the day wore on, boat, fishing, see the images on the website someplace, and while in the midst of fishing, stalking the redfish in the shallows, there was a different attitude.

No talking. No noise. Quiet.

The silence is important. The vibrations of human voice can, in theory be transmitted to the water. Not sure how that works, but there it is. So silence was





understood, even necessary. The silence was observed. Don't interrupt me, I'm fishing.

Unwritten [rule in certain situations](#). Compare that to the boat ride back and all the fun and games. The ribald jokes, the manly comments and the suggestive banter? Time and place.

Gemini: there's a time when a little silence should be observed. As the moon fills out? As the Sun [courses](#) through [Leo](#) while Mars, Venus and Saturn bounce through Libra? Think about us fishing, a time to talk and joke, and time to be quiet. Probably a good week to be quiet. Like the fishing. A time when even the vibration of your lovely Gemini voice might scare away a good meal ticket.

[Cancer](#): I'm always curious, where does doctors' offices' artwork come from? Is it [bad art](#) from a specific source? Some place where real artists send rejects? Or a framing school where prints from masters are butchered?

One office, sort of a low-brow, old time kind of doctor, he has old travel posters, badly framed. Didn't spend much of his resources on office decor. Wall art, awful stuff.

Where do they come up with this material I suppose, just a guess, but I'd suggest that the artwork is chosen for its none-intrusive qualities. Supposedly healing colors. Non-confrontational art? Just a guess. In some cases, I wonder if the blank walls would be better.

The blank walls, [sometimes](#), rather than bad art, and the taste in artwork? Might be highly subjective, and me? I'm hardly an [objective critic](#). I found those travel posters oddly comforting, the first time, or two. After that? Boring. Maybe a large, digital display would be better, with a rotating source of artwork? Or better yet? How about not going to the doctor more than once a year for an annual check-up? Less time looking at stupid artwork.





Horoscopes starting 8.5.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on AUGUST 4, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-rose, and wild eglantine.”

[Shakespeare's](#) A Midsummer-Night's Dream [II.i.259-62]

Venus [joins Mars and Saturn in Libra](#). Dark Moon in Leo.

[T-shirt edition](#) –

[Leo](#): “Everything is bigger in Texas.” It is. We have more usable land mass than any other state and if we were to secede, we’d be one of the largest oil-producing countries in the world. Along with our sizable resources, and along with our claim that everything is bigger, like the T-shirt said, we have larger egos than any other state. Larger pride, too. Which is why that was a perfect shirt for what’s happening in Leo.

[Leo](#) is the best of the best, that’s not the question but like that shirt said? Everything is bigger? That also means that egos and its little buddy pride? That gets larger too, which is a problem. It’s okay the let [everyone else](#) talk about how you’re greater.

It’s not a good week to be bragging yourself. Or bragging about yourself. You may be better, like here in Texas, we’re bigger? But just because you’re better doesn’t mean you should revel in that. So my first suggestion is to leave the “Everything is bigger in Texas” t-shirt at home. The second point? Maybe don’t be rubbing our collective noses in the fact that you are The Leo, and therefore, better.

[Virgo](#): I’ve linked and photographed the t-shirt, more than once. Used it one year as a greeting for [Austin’s SXSW ugly crowds](#).

The shirt’s front has, in large letters, “Tu eres un pendejo.” Underneath, in smaller print, or brackets, or something, it is translated, “You are my friend.” That’s not the literal translation. Which is what makes it funny. Funnier.

Even my friends who don’t speak much Spanish, much less the border patois we get here in Texas? The message is clearly something that is different from the proffered translation.

If you’re in Texas, or anywhere in the [American Southwest](#), I’m sure you’re familiar with the expression or, at least salient portions of the expression. Not

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familiar with it? Don't ask. It's not polite. I mean, it's polite to ask, it's just the answer might not be polite. Hence the problem.

As your week winds up or winds down, or basically [unravels](#)? Be wary of fraudulent translation, and be wary of primary sources that aren't so primary as more satirical in nature. I'm not saying that someone will out and out lie to you this week, but I'd double check some of the facts.

Libra: I haven't seen this t-shirt in years. Maybe decades, although I'm sure as soon as I print that comment, someone will [shoot me a current image](#) of just such an item.

"I'm with stupid," reads one t-shirt, and it's companion, the shirt's companion? "I'm stupid."

I'll guess, judging by the arrow on the front, the guy is supposed to walk on the right side. It's scary, in its own way. This speaks to a depth of pathology not witnessed before. Just very scary. Maybe it's because "stupid" got fed up with being referred to as such. There's a corollary that accompanies this, and that's the "couples" shirts. His and hers. Hers and his?

Both wearing the same shirt. Same color, same design, identical. Sort of shouts, "We're together." Not all that bad, but then, there are times when this isn't something one wants announced. Not emblazoned on the front of a t-shirt. This is one of the times you don't want to wear the "I'm stupid" shirt. Or the other one, with the arrow. Neither is attractive. With the planets where they are? Strive to be original. Not "with" someone.

Scorpio: I have yet to figure out how to address this particular point. I was grabbing a cup of caffeine in the afternoon, really, just getting some ice tea. It's summer and it's hot. I'll refill that cup with ice and homemade ice tea several times in the afternoon, but while I was out, it was just something I needed.

The child — to me — behind the counter, couldn't be much more than 16 or 20 years old, certainly not old enough to legally drink alcohol, that kid was wearing a Pink Floyd shirt. Granted, Pink Floyd is one of the greatest and most innovative musical groups in recent history, but still.

The band quite playing gigs and started to die off long before that kid was ever born. Not the only time I've seen this kind of anomaly. A youngster was wearing a Sex Pistols shirt one afternoon. Same deal. Band was gone before the kid wearing the shirt was conceived. The original art on the T-shirts, and I've seen





variation on this repeated over and over, but the idea is that the artwork on the t-shirt itself lives on.

Scorpio, what will live on? Is that really the message you want to leave behind?

Sagittarius: For a while, I sold the best stealth T-shirt design ever. It was a [basic black T-shirt](#). On the front and the back, in white bold stencil print, it had a simple word. Single word. “Security.” All it said. Maybe I had a logo or my web site’s URL but the part that stood out in the design? That single word. That works better than just about anything else as a way to bluff past the “security” at various events. For many years, I just used the standard line, “I’m in the band.” Then the security t-shirt. Either one works. It’s also possible to manufacture your own “security” t-shirt. Just gets some stencils and can of white spray paint. Black t-shirt. [Good](#) to go.

With times being what they are? We need some kind of break. Since we’re not getting a break these days, what we have to do is manufacture a break. Like that t-shirt. Are we really posing as security? Us? Sagittarius? Hardly. That’s not the question. It’s how we can get ourselves a little break. I like the t-shirt idea. No label, no claims, nothing illegal. It’s all about how you bluff.

Capricorn: I’ve written about this before, but it came up again. I was with a buddy of mine, a thoroughly Irish Texan. Irish first name, Irish last name, drinks like an Irishman, drinks Irish whiskey and Irish beer and the filter? Between his [brain](#) and mouth? Like a good drunken Irishman, that goes away when he drinks.

So we were in a bar on the south side of town, and there was a large, bigger than both of us, Latin gentleman with a simple T-shirt. Grey cotton (blend) with what were once bright green hems at the neck and sleeves, and a single word in green, trimmed with gold, on the front. “Irish.”

Those hems on the arms? Stretched taught by large muscles. Bigger than my legs. My pseudo Irish buddy, he is of direct Irish decent, he got a little labial about the “Big Mexican in the Irish T-shirt.” I didn’t want to try and back him up in fight, not my buddy, and I didn’t want trouble that would eventually involve police and a possible trip to ER. Probable. All over a single word on a T-shirt.

I know one former girlfriend, she was “Mexican Vanilla” in my thinking (and my pet name), since she was half Scotch-Irish, half Mexican (by her own words).

I wasn’t going to fight with the big guy about a slogan on a T-shirt. Are you? [My buddy](#)? That afternoon? If I hadn’t hustled him out of that bar? Might have said something offensive.





Aquarius: One time, with one of the “make your own t-shirt” [website](#), I did a version of my own legalese ([EULA, ToS, Privacy Policy &c.](#))

I did a computer graphic of all the rules and then had that material printed on a t-shirt. On the back. Biggest piece of T-shirt real-estate. Billboard size. A friend’s daughter got one of the shirts. Fetching young lass, expected proportions, and so on. She was a little upset, though, since the shirt was worn frequently for a period of time, the fine print on the back garnered the bulk of the attention. Not what my friend’s daughter wanted.

She wanted people interested in her front. Boys, in particular. She didn’t like the guys reading her back, not even admiring the view or nothing. Which is our problem.

[What is the message](#) you’re trying to send and what is the [message](#) that’s getting sent? Void where prohibited by law.

[Pisces](#): One of my buddies had new T-shirt the other afternoon. The shirt showed a cartoon fish with a fin-grip on a small net. In the net was a caricature and cartoon fisherman. Appropriate [message](#), who has who hooked?

Short caricature. Life imitates art, and in this example, some would find it bad art, but art, nonetheless. It refers to the central problem and point with what is going on in the Pisces arena, just who is driving? Who is in charge? Or what, in some situations. There’s a kind of carefree abandon, and adopting that kind of attitude will go a long way in making life better. Maybe not better, but easier for Pisces. There’s a sense that there needs to be something accomplished, only, the harder you try to reach that goal? The more you work towards landing that big fish in a net? The more likely you wind up just like the fisherman on the front of my buddy’s t-shirt.

Aries: T-shirt I’ve seen here, a lot? “I am Mexican. Not Latin, not Hispanic, Latin is from Italy, Hispanic is from Hispanola.” Variation on theme. Same message, usually an Emlio Zapata caricature growling the message, or glaring, at the very least.

Think I’ve got pictures of this one t-shirt, someplace. There’s another shirt, sold alongside it, equally amusing, to me, “Hey Gringo be all you can be, ride with Pancho Villa’s Army!” No self-respecting Mexican calls us a gringo. I might be called many things, a pale, skinny white kid, but not “gringo.”

Means that the t-shirt was made by a gringo. Not a Mexican. [Border patois](#) is the clue.





I'm using t-shirt slogans as a warning, but I'm also urging you to look a little deeper than the surface. Like I suggested, no Mexican uses the term gringo. Does this really matter? With Uranus and Jupiter on your doorstep, opposed by Mars/Venus/Saturn? Yes, it matters. Dig. Dig deeper. Get the facts.

Taurus: When I was last in the San Antonio market place, there was this great tourist t-shirt that evoked local pride. "I've got two favorite (basketball) teams: Los Spurs and whoever is playing Dallas."

Speaks to a sentiment that is prevalent in that South Texas town, [San Antonio](#). The Spurs, the local NBA franchise, it's less of a sports team and lot more of a religion. So it would seem. Then, there's the added rivalry with the Dallas team, a vocal and [well-managed](#) franchise.

It's the I-35 battle, since one town is at one end of [Interstate 35](#), and the other straddles the other end. I'll keep my loyalties to myself, as I don't want to offend fans from either stripe. However, that was a very amusing shirt as it captured so much in so little.

It's one of those San Antonio/South Texas things. I'd like to suggest, too, for [Taurus](#): Rather than just rooting for the home group, Team Taurus? Or whatever affiliation there is? There are two groups to cheer for, the home team, and whoever is playing the arch rival. Like the t-shirt suggested.

Gemini: We've all seen them. "My (Sister, brother, father, mother, friend) went to (tourist trap, exotic destination, around the corner from here) and all I got was this T-shirt." You probably received just [such a shirt](#) in the past year. I thank the person for the shirt and send it off to the donation stack immediately. I don't hold onto such items. I'm pretty much [opposed](#) to advertising for anyone on my clothing unless it's a very specific brand, like my own, or if I'm getting paid to do it.

I'm not opposed to such items, but there's a level of [thoughtlessness](#) that seems to be inflicted by just such a choice. It's especially painful when it's a destination that I would love to see for myself, just getting me the t-shirt?

Only irritates the wound — the fact that I didn't go?

Only makes it worse.

As a Gemini, there are two sides of this to think about. The first is giving someone one of those shirts. How thoughtful is that? It's not. The second point to consider, though, if someone, other than me, gives you one of those shirts? Be gracious. Be kind Don't snap. Even though it might be a little irritating that the other person went instead of your Gemini selves? Don't [freak](#) and be [ungracious](#).



Cancer: It was a simple design. The front of the T-shirt had a simple image, and since it was a white t-shirt, the only color was the red stripe and blue field with a single word underneath the image. The image itself was the Lone Star, the State of Texas Flag. Underneath it, a single word appeared: “Home.”

Sends a strong message about place. And this isn't about where you were born, or where I was born, none of that. This isn't about Texist pride (and arrogance), this is about sending a simple and effective message.

Simple packaging, and the way the design incorporated the image of the flag, white t-shirt, white background of the flag, just simple images laced together by a theme. Simple and effective theme. The flag, it's almost universally recognized, the state that was a country before it was a state, and then, the simple word, and even though it's in English, it would be understandable in most language that use the Roman alphabet. Maybe some that don't, as well. Simple and effective with a minimalist approach.





Horoscopes starting 7.29.1010

by KRAMER on JULY 28, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions.”

[Shakespeare’s King Lear](#) [IV.iii.32-3]

Jupiter RX at 3° Aries opposite Mars [Conjunct](#) Saturn at 3° Libra, Square Pluto at 3° Capricorn.

[Leo](#): Best [muse](#), [ever](#)?

Guilt. No, I mean it. What works better than trying to figure out a story to keep from getting in trouble for something that has already happened and the culpable party? Might be ourselves. See what I mean?

Guilt works better than a whole host of positive attributes. Calliope, Erato, Euterpe, Terpsichore, all of those. Even, sometimes, sex. Although, that could be the source of guilt. What were you thinking? Wouldn’t get caught? You’re now warned, either forewarned, or this caught up with you a little too late, but either way, the options for Leo are simple. Either don’t do it — whatever it is that can get you in trouble. Or, simpler? This week? Don’t get caught.

Guilt. If you do get caught, or even if it looks like [you might](#) get caught? You’ll find out just what a great muse Guilt can be.

Virgo: “I don’t know, [Kramer](#), you just always, like, you look like a tourist, not a tourist, but you always have on a Hawaiian shirt.” A worker at a counter where I do frequent business. “You’re always, upbeat, you know, like you don’t care.”

I’m not a Virgo. [She was](#), but that’s not the point. I do worry but I have tendency to appear more upbeat even though there seems to be dark rumblings in the near future. Even now.

The dark rumblings that you’re hearing? While it might have some effect on your life, I’m predicting that it will pass by. Not without some collateral damage, but pretty harmless, mostly. Looking at the Cardinal Cross occurring, looking at the great changes sweeping the infrastructure of business? Looking at the finicky world of Virgo? You’re going to be fine, this week. Try my attitude and upbeat attire to ward off the negative spirits.

Libra: Where I live, I don’t have to look far for inspiration. There’s a clash of cultural bias. Hispanic, Latino, Mestizo, Native, European, Chicano, African-American, just about everything. The heaviest influence, more ways than any

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other, is obviously Mexican. That's where I get the best inspiration, In part, I am a total outsider. No formal training in the language or the social moiré — or any training, for what it's worth. Not that it matters.

The colors are the predominate influence, in my world. There's an earthen, almost ochre, shade, umber, or something similar. It's called "enchilada red," and it's used for [building](#), trim, signs, everywhere. I passed a building the other [afternoon](#), a pale kind of sickly yellow, but the trim was that brilliant "enchilada red." Cheery.

Perked me right up.

A color that no self-respecting Anglo could carry off. Yeah, I'm being slightly judgmental, but that's part of the point, because we all are. Cultural bias, country of origin, background. Some personal point of reference.

As Saturn makes cozy in Libra? Nothing could be more useful than a sense of wonder. Wonder and amazement. Just because it's your home town? Doesn't mean there isn't something new and wonderful to see. Be amazed. Embrace the sense of wonder. Set aside the gentle Libra sense of taste and embrace that wonderment.

[Scorpio](#): I can't make this stuff up. Downtown, there's the local water board. Water services for the city. County, really, I think. Walked by one afternoon, intent on getting a cool iced shot of coffee. Water was bubbling up from a hole in the tarmac. The pavement was beginning to buckle. Water main broke on Main, in front of the water department.

If that's not a [poignant](#) image, fraught with metaphor and imagery.

Water had to be shut off in the main office, I'm sure. I'd complain, but all I could do was chuckle. Didn't affect me. I did have to step around uncharacteristic water puddles in the middle of the downtown street, and I paused once while a truck went through one of the puddles, throwing a spray like a jet-ski.

If I hadn't paused, I'd be soaked with dirty, muddy water. And I'd be pissed.

However, a simple pause, I saw the truck coming, a simple pause, all I did was wait until the puerile driver splashed his way through the puddle. Broken water main on Main in front of the water department. Or soaked by a jerk driving a big truck? Which one?

How about like me, you just pause.

You can see this coming. Pause.

[Sagittarius](#): As much as many folks would think — and say — other wise, I tend to be a quiet observer of humanity. I was in a big store, grocery shopping, or picking up fishing tackle, I don't recall exactly. What I saw — I stayed very quiet so as to not offend. It was a fetching lass, more or less, sun dress, sweet sashay. And five-





o'clock shadow. Either it was heavy beard on a woman, or it was, guessing from the person's apparent age, a young and hirsute male, dressed up.

Middle of the summer. No vacation, no rhyme nor reason, no party that I know of, not a special parade that week. There was a heavy layer of base, pancake, makeup — didn't cover the whiskers. Stubble. I'm all for equal rights and equal presentation, but I was trying not to giggle, gawk and gape. I finally turned my eyes down, to avoid being more of a jerk. I wasn't trying to be difficult, or sarcastic, not judging, just couldn't help myself. I just report what I saw.

This scene came to mind when I was looking at our collective Sagittarius charts. There are times when avoiding a confrontation, even though our Sagittarius selves think a comment is required?

Don't. Eyes down. Suppress the smirk. The caustic little comment? Not a good idea. There's a time and place to enjoy the [funny comments](#). Now isn't one of them.

Capricorn: Real estate terms that haven't changed? Cozy means small. Quaint [means weird](#). Easy access? Right next to a busy thoroughfare. Best one of all? Lots of potential. Means it's tear down only no one has been kind enough to do that. It's important to recall and remember these terms — and they don't just apply to real estate. There's also a similar set of terms used in online [dating](#). Modesty prohibits me from using them as an example, but I'm sure you've seen the references.

These are all polite lies we tell ourselves, or advertising. [Advertising](#) that isn't always, exactly, truthful. I tend to favor that, "Easy access," line. Easy access? How about right underneath a freeway on-ramp? Hope that's easy enough. There are two ways this works. First off, there's the [gullible](#) Capricorn. I know a few. Not many, but a few. You'd buy that advertising, those lame lines that still work. Still would work. More likely, though, I would tend to see you as the predatory Capricorn. Using those lines, that lame advertising, "It's a quaint location, with easy access to many future amenities..." Means it's tiny, cramped, odd layout and "future amenities?" That means a mall is being built right next door. But they haven't broken ground yet.

Which part of this are you on? Can you avoid it altogether? Maybe just be brutally honest.

[Aquarius](#): "Wait," the stoplight intoned, "wait." It was almost eery, except, to me, it's not. It's an intersection, busy one, downtown, and there's speaker box attached



to the “walk” sign. Push the button when the “stop” light is flashing, and the box has this bizarre rhythm, speaking its message, “Wait.”

Two-count, maybe a three count, four if you’re in a hurry, and on a downtown street, who isn’t in a hurry? Me, but I’m a little [different](#).

Hot summer’s day. Busy intersection, the pedestrian light telling me to wait.

Ordering. Commanding. Almost got on my nerves one time. Another time, I thought I should record the voice. The last time? I thought about [Aquarius](#). Sun is in the sign opposite you. Not bad, not good, not anything.

[Wait](#). Like the pedestrian crosswalk light suggests.

[Wait](#). There’s a tremendous amount of pressure building, elsewhere.

[Wait](#). The symbolism is obvious, you can dash across the street against the sign’s wishes, but there are two distinct risks. One, it is illegal and cops do write tickets. Second risk? Far more important — you could get run down by a careless car.

[Wait](#). Like the annoying sign says.

[Pisces](#): Me and the national something-something bureau of weather predictions don’t always agree. To be more honest, they don’t really pay attention to an astrologer like me. Not that it matters. We are in the same business: predictions. Looking at existing trends and extrapolating a possible outcome.

I’d warn you about hurricane season. In the Gulf, that big moon-shaped body of water south of us? In the Gulf of Mexico, hurricane season started in July, and while it goes until the end of November, there’s no record of any Gulf Hurricanes after October. Pretty much done with by Halloween (Samhain). That’s also an indication of what’s ahead — still.

Hurricane season is going to be rough on [Pisces](#). I already have a [hurricane kit](#) and I don’t even live on the coast. I bought a couple of cases of water. Some beef jerky. Granola bars. Left it all in the closet, and I’m ready for a natural disaster.

Are you prepared? Locally, I’ve written about this before, but at the big warehouse stores? Bottled water, as a hurricane draws closer, or just the threat? Bottled water doubles, then triples, in price. Buy ahead of time. Or after the last threat was over, which is what I did. Got it cheap. Prepared, that’s me. As a Pisces, you know that there’s a hurricane-type storm brewing. How prepared are you?

Aries: I can — to this day — recall the howl, cackle and shriek of horror as a friend’s niece took one look at my clothing.

Little girl, the niece, must’ve been about fourteen at the time. All young girl and young girl sensibilities, and that 14 year-old attitude. (If you’re fourteen years old and reading this, you are so right. Adults know nothing.)

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“You went out with him dressed like that?”

The true horror on the kid’s face made it all plain. Poor judgement on my part.

Orange-patterned tropical print shirt and purple plaid shorts, if I recall. Two clothing items that probably don’t belong in the same closet much less on the same person at the same time. Which was why I studiously chose that pairing.

Never underestimate the lack of culpability of an outfit that clashes so well? Never underestimate what that can prevent. Won’t be asked to judge any fashion events, that’s for sure.

What does this have to do with Aries? Lots. Mismatched or poor chosen elements can, instead of advertising my poor taste, they can include a [clown-like sense](#).

That’s how to escape. It is so much better to be offensive rather than offended.

Taurus: I’m a writer. The internal monologue never shuts off. I’ve got a text-editor in my brain, and when I’m walking, or working with a client, or fishing? Or shopping? Grabbing a cup of coffee some place? The ideas and observations don’t stop.

I carry a pencil and paper, a phone, a computer, something I can take notes with, almost all the time. Just for such inspirations. The brain doesn’t stop.

I realize you’d like to catch a break. I’d like you to catch a break. [Vacation](#), something. Can’t make it happen. Matter of fact, borrow a page from one of my [workbooks](#), carry some work with you, [where ever you go](#), in the next couple of days. There’s a point, a concentrated burst of energy, and when that hits the individual Taurus? Be ready to work.

[Gemini](#): I was meeting clients for a lunch date. Nice place. Or nice by my standards. Upscale yet casual. The little hostess (Gemini) greeted me. “One?” she asked. “No, three, me and my two (imaginary) girlfriends,” I said.

“Welcome, come along ladies, you too, Kramer.” She seated me. My dates joined me a few minutes later. Typical Gemini response, my invisible girlfriends? Clearly a non-issue for that Gemini hostess.

Greeted by the [oddball astrologer](#) and his imaginary harem? What are you going to do?

Play along. That’s how we all make it through this week.

Play along. Take it all in [Gemini](#) stride. Just like that hostess. “Sure ladies, this way, please.” Tough planets call for some kind of action. Humoring us? Some times, the non-Gemini people? That’s all we need from a Gemini like yourself, a little humoring.

Play along.

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Cancer: “I trust my dog,” a friend was explaining, “and I like my dog’s method, ‘Eat it.’ If it’s not good? Throw it up.” I can’t suggest that methodology, not exactly. Yet, there’s an indication that the dog has the right idea. Taste, sample, ingest, pick, pop, or otherwise find out if something that looks good? Find out if it is good. Only one real way to handle that, sample it.

I’d [differ](#) from the dog in that I’d suggest small bite at first, but that’s just me, and my delicate sensibilities. I wouldn’t chew up the whole thing and wolf it down. The dog tries it. Hands on, so to speak. That dog just sort of chomps a time or two, then swallows. If the item isn’t digestible? Winds up in the backyard someplace. No harm, no foul.

Nose it, nudge it with your [Cancer](#) snout. Maybe nibble a little, see if it is something that belongs in your mouth. I mean, if it smells bad? We can just assume that you don’t want to follow through with all the dog-like actions. With what’s happening, though? The planets?

A hands-on, or better yet, in-your-face [approach](#) is good. The dog? He’s got the right idea. Just chomp and swallow. If it doesn’t belong? You know [what happens](#). Self-evident.





Horoscopes for the week starting 7.22.2010

by KRAMER on JULY 21, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Thou disputes like an infant.

Go whip thy gig.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Love's Labor's Lost [V.i.60]

Holofernes to Moth. Sun Moves into [Leo](#), Saturn opposes Uranus.

[Leo](#): Happy birthday. The mighty July Leo's, you guys all have birthdays rapidly approaching. Good news. Celebrate, [have fun](#). Got a full moon coming up, party time.

Now, the point that needs to be hammered [home](#)?

Stop.

Making.

This.

Difficult.

The phrase reminded me of a slightly dated yet applicable [Talking Heads album](#), one that was, in its time, a proper album, and not just a CD. Or worse yet, just digital music. Stop Making Sense was both a CD and a [tour movie](#), or live movie, and while the material wasn't exactly ground-breaking, it was pop with a heart. Either the last of the New Wave, or the first of the post-punk genre, the sound was bright and the music was clever. What does a does the title of a pop recording that is 25 years-old have to do with a the Leo making something difficult on his or her self? Made you stop. Made you think. Made you look. Made you pause. Then, the problem that was a problem at that moment? Gone. No longer a problem, except in your Leo mind. Which was the point. Stop making sense. Or? Stop making this difficult.

Virgo: What's your price? Don't be coy, everyone [has a price](#). [For me?](#) I'm kind of hard to get an accurate value, not easy to determine what the rate is, or should, be. One place, the restaurant manager, I suppose [this is a giveaway](#), a telltale clue, but I was bought off with a half rack of pork ribs and couple of slices of brisket.

Hate to be cheap, but now we know. Fortunately, that was [good stuff](#). Another place, I was given a T-shirt as an offering for a mention. Not nearly good enough. It's all about the quality.

My price? If it's good? Pork ribs and brisket, maybe some beans, cole slaw, and potato salad. Got to be good, though. I was wondering while Mercury is in the

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entrance to Virgo, Mars is at the exit, and Venus is somewhere in between, what's the price for a Virgo, [these days](#)?

Libra: I bought one of those [little notebooks](#), the [famous brand](#), and I used it to log miles. Pedestrian miles, for a while, and there's several years of daily hikes, logged by certain landmarks, approximate distance, time, and so forth.

After the first year or so, the [cute](#) and useful elastic strap broke. Came unglued. From that point, onward, I used the elastic strap as a bookmark. While it was still useful, I grew a little leery of that one brand's "trademarked" [notebook design](#) because I experienced a failure. Means I couldn't trust that the little elastic band would hold the notebook shut. Still, it's a cool design, and better yet? Excellent "viral" marketing. However, this also points to another problem. I'll buy a notebook, swear I'm going to [write a diary](#), and it never happens.

I'm too used to the keyboard. I can't even use a standard typewriter. Between the notebook's failure, and the fact I can't work a typewriter, I'm back to where I started.

As Saturn enters Libra with a bang? Instead of doing like I do, and keep on buying blank notebooks I never use? Or typewriters? Stop. I used exactly two of the notebooks I bought. No more. Same for typewriters, but that's a [different tale](#).

Scorpio: You are primed for my favorite kind of shopping. Right now. This week. I tend to favor a single shade in my T-shirt selection: basic black. I've also used a charcoal gray, and the Midnight Black, in addition to the various other stages of black: inky, double-dark, roasted and before-dawn.

By sticking to black, I don't have to worry about what matches what. I don't have to worry about whether or not the color will go with my outfit, or match my [sandals](#), or whatever it is that fashion-conscious people worry about.

I stick to black. Easier for me. Not so good in summer sun, but summer evenings? Just fine. I'd suggest that this is a time to shop for T-shirts, like I do. I was in a sporting goods store, looking at this one fishing rod? It was too expensive, and I'm waiting until that brand of fishing rod goes on sale. I can't see spending that kind of money for fishing gear. However, on my way out of the store? I noticed a pile of T-shirts, "5 for \$10!"

Caught my attention, that's two bucks apiece. That's [a price](#) I can afford. I stocked up. I had to [dig](#), and I'm unsure of how the shirts will hold up. Doesn't much matter, though. Not at that price. For \$2? I don't care. Didn't get what I wanted, but I did get a deal. That's what I mean about it's time for some Scorpio shopping. Deals. Got to be a deal.



[Sagittarius](#): I started in North Texas, drifted around the American Southwest, landed in back in Texas, made a home and [career](#) in Austin, then I started wandering a little bit. Not much, just like flotsam in the river? I've drifted towards the coast.

Fewer shoes, fewer times in long pants. Consider, too, I was drifting, not really pointed in a specific direction, just carried along like [driftwood](#), or other trash, washed up on the beach.

Not exactly rudderless, but certainly appearing so.

Not lost, but appearing that way.

Not bereft of direction, but looking like that.

It's a gradual drift in a southerly direction for me. I like beach. I like fishing, but most of all, I like that beach attitude. [Barefoot](#) on the beach. Shorts and tropical print shirts, sun, sand, surf. Times like this? With the Cardinal Cross really [kicking](#) some serious stuff around?

Times like this require a Sagittarius to have some sense of a direction. I didn't say for sure what the ultimate goal was, not now, but a sense of direction, a gradual shift in a way.

What might appear to be [aimless wandering](#)? Is it really? Is there barely discernible direction? Like me, there seems to be a lot of aimless wandering. That's not what this is about. It's about our apparent gentle drifting towards a goal. Maybe not clear to everyone, but who cares? It is clear to us.

Capricorn: I have skewed perspective. For much of my career, [this career](#), my work week was [Saturday and Sunday](#). Which meant Monday was like my Friday, and then Tuesday was my Sunday and Wednesday-Friday was extra time to spend as I saw fit. Every week was a three day work-week.

Alas, all good things frequently come to an end, and my idyllic schedule contracted and expanded. Besides, I have a hard time turning it on and off. I can't just be expected to show up and do the metaphysical dance, the live readings, without there being some toll on the soul.

I'd like for you to have a two-day work week like I once enjoyed. Probably not going to happen any time too soon. Looks like you're going to be more like my current state where I work on one set of goals during the work week, another project consumes my afternoons, and I still have odd weekends that require [travels and appearances](#). From two-day work weeks to seven-day work weeks? In this time? Is that really so bad?



Aquarius: There's a place on my heel where the skin has dried and split several times. Infected, painful, painless, unnoticed, untreated, and then, from one extreme to the other? I used every type of emollient and unguent I could find. Eventually, what worked best was some stuff I found in a "seed and feed" store: [horse hoof care](#).

Whatever works, right*? The problem being, I've now got, from repeated mistreatment, a small tattoo. The split collected dirt and then healed over, leaving me with a small tattoo. Not on purpose. While I am a big fan of some ink, I never could settle on a particular design. Not a permanent design. True, there's that [lyric from a song](#), but even then, the design?

I'm [mutable](#), choices change. However, I do, inadvertently, have a tattoo. Really just dirt, more like soot, under the skin, but the effect is the same. It's a small, permanent mark, mostly from a lack of care. I suppose, if it worried me, I could get it scraped off and scrubbed out. Energy required for that outweighs the concern that I've got an involuntary tattoo on my foot. You have to ask yourself, is it worth the effort? No, really, is worth the effort to erase one mistake?

*Tastes good too, for those of us inclined to put [our feet in our mouth](#).

Pisces: Technically, there are only two inner planets, Mercury and Venus. However, I tend to include Mars in that mix, as well, since Mars behaves very much the same way, albeit, moving slightly slower.

Mars, Venus and eventually, Mercury all wind up opposite you, in the next seven days. None of that is a big deal, but it does indicate that a total of three little deals could get together and try to make you miserable. You only have to be as miserable as you want to be, though, and that kind of planetary opposition? It's not bad. Put it to good use. Pretend that the planets are urging you to consider a stale situation from an entirely new perspective.

The car, a classic, was up on twin ramps, in the front yard. Dusty front yard. Weren't any chickens in the yard, but there could've been, in fact, there are, a few blocks over. Buddy — not named Bubba — was scooting out from under the front end of the car.

"Think I got it, and we won't have to [drop the transmission](#) to get to it," he said. It was just matter of looking at a leaking gasket from a different [point of view](#).

Aries: Many of my friends are rather conversant with various forms of (personal) armament. Bunch of my friends and neighbors are gun nuts. Makes for interesting conversation when watching a TV show with Hollywood bullets. I counted as an automatic rifle (machine gun) spit out a burst that would empty its magazine — in





real life. Character shooting? Doesn't change magazine, i.e., doesn't reload, just keeps on firing.

My one buddy, he gets all kind of bent out of shape about the reality — or lack of reality — in the [movies](#), on TV.

“Hollywood guns,” he explained, “are different. Holds a lot more ammo. Hits the target more often, too. Better kill shots.”

As an Aries, you're hoping that you have revolver that will hold, maybe, looks like you'll need a dozen bullets to accomplish what you're trying to do. The problem? Is this Aries Land or is this the make-believe world of TV and movies? Celluloid reality, paper bullets? Magical firearms that never run out of ammunition?

[That's the problem.](#)

Here, in the real world, in Aries land? Can't count on that revolver holding anymore than six bullets. Is that enough? Or do you have to pause and reload? Unlike the movies.

Taurus: There's a street corner, not far from here, and the landlord — maybe just a tenant — a long time forgotten — planted roses. The rose bushes are mature. Stately, elegant, and old. Almost like a dense swarm on that one corner. Most of the roses are pink. Variation and shading might exist, but for the most part, the predominate shade was pink.

If I catch that patch at the right time, in the afternoon, the most brilliant of the roses will be backlit. Late afternoon, as the sun arches overhead, started on kind of its downward slide towards sunset — I've tried to catch the image of the backlit pink rose on many occasions, I've been completely unsuccessful in capturing the delicate hues, the subtle shading, the way the single rose, or maybe two of them, the way the sunlight illuminates the scene.

I'm convinced it can't be done. Not that kind of backlit image. I tried again, the other afternoon, with the [cell phone camera](#). Didn't work. Again. Just doesn't capture that essence of the backlit pink rose. That bloom itself will be gone in a day or two, anyway. Very ephemeral. It's an image I'm unable to capture.

Limited by technology, hardware, schedule, timing and place. I can describe the image, you have a mind's eye version of it now, the backlit pink rose. We both now know it can't be [captured on film](#). Or on the digital equivalent that I use. I gave up on capturing that one image. I discovered my limits. Limits can be technological, artistic, emotional, or simply not being at the right corner at the right time. As you explore your limits? Don't be afraid to do like I did: give up on certain images. Or goals — something clearly not obtainable.



Gemini: In our politically correct world? I still don't get why there are pregnancy warnings in the mens' bathrooms. Must've been a bar I was in, I'm not too sure, but I've seen this several places. Bars, restaurants, [one BBQ joint I know](#). The sign, it's in a [bathroom](#) that is clearly intended for males, and the sign admonishes about the health risks of alcohol and pregnancy. Like, "If you're pregnant or breast feeding, you shouldn't drink too much." Or something like that. If you're pregnant or breast feeding, you shouldn't be in a bar's men's bathroom, in the first place.

A good Gemini could come up with a likely scenario that would make it all make sense. I'm [not going](#) to give it a try. Equal right, or something. I have no idea what that kind of warning sign is doing posted in a bathroom that no self-respecting female would ever enter.

I also seriously doubt the efficacy of the warning signs for the males, the potential mates. Coupling, if not pregnancy, might be one of the goals of the alcohol. As a Gemini, what with the heavy influences and oppositions, like Virgo stuff? Careful about posting signs where the damn, fool signs make no sense whatsoever.

Cancer: What little research I've done into this one topic, it's not "gospel," so the data is I'm submitting is suspect. Means I'm not a reliable and verified source for what I'm about posit as a thesis.

Tobacco, particularly cigarettes, has a physical addiction that lasts 48 hours. What I've seen, scientific studies and so forth? The actual addiction to tobacco is gone in 48 hours. The emotional dependency lasts much longer. Lifetimes, or so it would seem. Seems like there's a whole industry to support quitting tobacco.

What's missing is the clue, and that's what I'm all about. The physical dependency? Over in 48 hours. After that, it's just toxins washing out of the system.

Do your own research, and you'll find that you've been as mislead about the cure as you have about the sickness itself. I'm all in favor you doing whatever it is that you need to do to get better. Now is as good a time as any to start looking. But the facts, do you have [all the facts](#)?





Horoscopes for the week starting 7.15.2010

by KRAMER on JULY 14, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“The world’s mine oyster.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) The Merry Wives of Windsor [II.ii.4]

Saturn shifts into Libra, opposing Uranus in Aries. There is at least one school of thought that will suggest the end is near.

[Cancer](#): Happy birthday baby. Last of the extra good Cancer birthdays are now.

This week. Through the end of this scope, [anyway](#).

I learned a valuable lesson from one of my clients. Guy lost his job. Walked in one day and he was downsized. Right-sized, or, secretly, I think he was “RiFFed.”

Reduction in Force. Less work, less hands-on-deck. Or more appropriately, squeezed out.

Now, this one buddy, not named bubba, he was working, albeit, not making as much money, within three days. One, there is work available. It’s not classy, it’s not in an air-conditioned office, and his Spanish is improving daily. On the positive side, it’s outdoor work, and it’s healthy. He’s getting a good tan. With some people being unemployed for up to a year or more? His three days seems pretty much like a record. Because he was turned out of the office job and into the out-of-doors?

We’ll get to [fish in the next week](#) because his current employer, if my buddy doesn’t show up for work one day? He just doesn’t get paid. That’s all.

Opportunity comes in many guises. Take a lesson from my buddy. He got a three-day break, and his is much happier for the time being. He’ll go back to an office job. One day. [Maybe](#).

[Leo](#): The — purportedly — stoic author, [Marcus Aurelius](#), suggested that, “We shrink from change but can anything be done without it?” (Book Seven, chapter 18)

Change [is part](#) of what we do, daily. When you wake up, my Leo friend, you roll out of bed, that’s a change in location. Adding some coffee to the morning diet, that introduces a change in body chemistry, as does various foods. These can be happy changes, too. I love that first cup of coffee in the morning, the hot water, the coffee — the smell of coffee. The warm, brown elixir as it starts to course through my veins. Love it all. The brain snapping to attention, sudden-like. Works wonder. Good stuff.

Change is [brewing](#). Change is underfoot. How much of this change are you going to fight with? How much are you going to say, “I don’t want to change this,” or change that or whatever the deal is? You’ve been in constant state of flux, all your

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Leo life. It just felt like you were standing still. You're not.

Engage. Embrace. Get with the new plan. Get a new plan. I'm not saying that the changes you embrace at this very minute are permanent. That's not the question, not the problem. There is change. [Marcus](#) reminds us about that. Stop arguing, start engaging and embracing.

[Virgo](#): One. [One voice](#). Not what you think of when I say, "One Voice." There's one, lone dissenting [Virgo](#). Loud. Louder than all the others. Drowning them all out, too.

One Virgo is going to make it bad for the rest of you. Therein is our problem. For the rest of you? There's a bit of relief. There is a full moon rapidly approaching, sort of a Mid-Summer's Night's (something). Venus and Mars are the love planets, and they are working through Virgo, even now. Mars is action and Venus isn't. But both are good. Both carry, you know, like, good energy. If used properly. Which, I'm sure, you will use correctly.

Except for one, there's always that single, lone, dissenting voice. A voice in the wilderness. A voice all alone. One voice. Other than that? The rest of you? Enjoy it. Remember that the problem comes from that one voice, and that one voice keeps calling attention to Virgo. Not what you need right now.

Libra: I spent so much time [traveling](#), when I finally settled down to a slightly more [sedate pace](#)? I still have the travel-preparedness genetic encoding. Means I keep a travel bag, several, packed. Ready to roll.

Some [habits](#) I'm not quite willing to give up yet. Organized and ready for travel, thinking in travel terms, always in a state of shift, jump and ready to roll. The ultimate, organized summer travel gear? Has to include a flannel shirt for cold (AC) climates, a laptop, phone, and a book. Maybe two books. To this day, I still carry a copy of [Marcus Aurelius Meditations](#). Stoic philosophy. Then, I need one other book. Airport reading, which is a genre rather than a specific novel, usually implies trashy, sensationalistic, maybe a NYT bestseller. Something. [Depth](#) not required, although, in some of the lighter weight material there is a degree of depth.

However, that's not what this is about, it's about being prepared for delays. Being prepared for unexpected. I doubt you're [stranded](#) in a departure lounge in [West Texas](#), with a delay that lasts longer than the time I could drive home. Not that this has happened to me. Doubt that's the case. However, you are faced with a





momentary delay. The only problem is this momentary delay could last longer if you're not prepared. I start with the Stoic Emperor, then [drift](#) off to a Clancy novel.

[Scorpio](#): I was raised as liberal, non-fundamental Xtian, and these days? I'm basically Pagan or Neo-Pagan to be precise. Which has [nothing](#) to do with the [catholic cathedral](#) I was last in, [just a few days ago](#). The humorists always [make pointed barbs](#) about me being struck down by lightening. Which all gets around to the point I was going to make about fundamental Judaism.

The way they tell that it is night? Observe the sabbath from sundown to sundown? The way that works? It's officially "dark" or night, or whatever, when there isn't enough light to distinguish between a red thread and a black thread.

I may have it wrong, and more recent council by the church might have another ruling, none of these faiths are a particular strong suite with me as I'm one of those guys who is fascinated by all aspects of humanity's religions.

The moon is filling out and making promises. The problem being, not a lot of people can [distinguish](#) between what's an empty, "I'll do this one day" promise and the real promise of a job that can be started and finished in its allotted time. With tangible results. I'm not worried about Scorpio. That's not a problem. Scorpio makes a promise? Scorpio keeps its word.

[Sagittarius](#): How did that parable go? Chicken used to run around and scream the "The sky is falling, the sky is falling!" Got to where no one believed that one character.

In the story, character in the story. The sky isn't falling, but as a Sagittarius and with eternally hopeful outlook? We're running into the those who think the sky is falling. Or the end is nigh. Near, really. But the sign I saw? "The end is nigh!" I can't make that one up. Just report the facts.

So the end isn't near, but it's up to us to make sure that the truth is out there. Make sure people know. Then, too, there is another problem, as the leading indicators plunge yet again.

Think about this. Hurricane season is starting, in earnest. Sooner or later, there will be a trailer park from the Texas Gulf Coast, in the air, swirling around. Then it will land. The sky does seem like it's falling. However, far enough inland? We tend to see this as a windfall.

Capricorn: Malicious glee. That simple. There's a sense of — what is the term? Schadenfreude? I think that's the term. Somebody — not Capricorn — gets what that character deserves. The hardest task for the next couple of days? This even





gets worse as the week gets long and as the full moon gets closer, the biggest problem?

Don't act happy.

While you and I can take inward delight at another's misfortune? Being overtly happy and joyous? That's just bad. Looks bad. I'm just saying, maybe, it's not a good time, maybe, hey? It's good time to practice the poker face.

Show no emotion.

There is a perverse, weird, odd and otherwise just strange payback. Someone else gets what that person so richly deserves. The idea? The point? In as much as you get to enjoy your [malicious glee](#)? Don't let it show.

Payback, you know what they say. Stick to the quiet malicious glee.

[Aquarius](#): I was [listening](#) to the usual litany of complaints and it was just one right after another. I'm used to it, and when I'm being [paid for my time](#), I can listen. As the diatribe went on and on, though, I started thinking about how this particular Aquarius, how this one person was drawing this material, attracting it, along a number of lines, looking for trouble where there wasn't any trouble. Until that one Aquarius, dig deep enough, and even good stuff can be turned into a problem. "It's good," I say. "No, I know there's trouble in there, someplace, just give me a chance to dig it up," says the Aquarius.

Comes a time when it's just a better idea to take [the message](#) on its surface value. It's good. Leave it alone. There might be trouble, but is this an item that you can fix? Is it fixable? By you? I'm not saying that there isn't a small problem here, but if you keep looking for a larger problem to crawl out of that smaller one? Look long enough, look hard enough, and it will happen. Clue? Stop looking for trouble. Trouble will quit finding you.

Pisces: Some years ago, I got on a kick where I was reading the diaries of [Samuel Pepys](#). He was the original [blogger](#). Why more writers haven't figured that out just escapes me.

The diaries are offered in a variety of [formats](#). There's the short and edited version — I've got [a copy](#) — and then there's the unedited, non-expunged, long, total manuscript. The original. I've got a copy. There was a live version where someone was running the Pepys diaries out on a weblog, 300 years later. However, in an odd way, the material was current. It's historical value is so important because it's a snapshot into the lives and actual, inner-workings of life back then.

I was just surprised that none of the current bloggers picked up the idea that this was the [UR-blogger](#), the first one. Details about life, some very insignificant,





others very important? How do you figure out what's the important stuff and what's not so important? In the last three-hundred odd years? Some of the superficial detail is really of great historical value while [personal musings](#), once of great value? Not so much, anymore. Back to the Pisces question, how do you figure out what's important and what's not?

[Aries](#): There's a place (you know the brand) where I stop for coffee, or similar beverage, in the afternoon. One the patrons was gently teasing the guy behind the counter. I looked over, "He giving you trouble? If he is, just smack him around a little, although," and I did the dramatic pause, "he likes that sort of thing." Much hilarity ensued.

That set off a lively debate about crime and punishment, and how the reward has to outweigh the retribution. It was all, to me, harmless fun. Another patron was a passive observer. "You come here a lot?" I knew the signs of the help. I couldn't tell you their names, but I know what's important.

So, I guess, yes, I went there a lot. The excited interchange was amusing to me, and what I left behind was two guys still exchanging ribald ripostes.

As an Aries, that's the goal, drop a verbal bomb, or more like an engaging counterpoint, and then? Leave. Let them fight it out. Just because you started it? Right now? No, you don't have to finish it.

[Taurus](#): People often mistake [a habit](#) I have. Often the mistake is [confusing](#) habit with [hobby](#). I take a lot of pictures, or I have, [over the years](#). It's not a hobby, and I don't do it professionally, so its realm is some place in between. The pictures? They serve a very valid purpose of reminding me what I was thinking at a particular moment. Something I wanted to [remember](#).

The symbolism isn't lost, not on me. However, confusing my passive action, taking a picture or three? Confusing that with some kind of active principal at work? I was gushing about the picture taking because my immediate response to the Taurus chart? I was thinking about the pictures, and just taking digital images.

Silent, not active, no moving images, no video, just still images. Snapshots, only, silently. [Reminds me a cat](#), too. Just there, staring, Eyes, unblinking. Can't tell if the cat is about to pounce, run away, or roll over to be scratched.

Can't tell what Taurus is up to. That's the reason for the digital camera idea.

Consider yourself as a bystander. Watching. Maybe (quietly) taking pictures.

Passive observer. That's how I'd like to suggest you make it through the next few days. Phone has a camera, doesn't it?



Gemini: I was trying to come up with a new way to describe Gemini. I've used the term, "Finely cut gemstone," since every Gemini has many facets, but only one person at its core. I've used several other terms, too. I was answering a questionnaire about dinner engagement, and what I put down? "Kramer plus one." That's me, ever hopeful. I looked over at all that crap in Virgo (Mars, Saturn, Venus), and I thought about gentle Gemini. Then — Gemini — I had a second thought. A new way to describe the typical Gemini? Plus One. I know that there are many facets to the Gemini personality, but the easiest way for a non-Gemini to grasp the idea? Plus one. That's Gemini. The problem being, with all that minor crap in Virgo? The "plus one" isn't happy.

I have a usual date for such events, and my "plus one" was not amused at being referred to as a "plus one" and seeing that, it almost became "Kramer minus one." Tragedy was averted, no doubt due to my ability to smooth over situations. Can your smooth over situations like you usually do? Or are you a little more [fractured](#) than [usual](#)?





For the Week Starting 7.8.2010

by KRAMER on JULY 7, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“You shall perceive how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Timon of Athens [II.ii.178-9]

Timon of Athens, several [distinctions](#). Least performed play of the canon. Probably not scripted entirely by Shakespeare. [And yet?](#)

Cancer: Useless trivia? Yeah, [I'm good](#) for that. Who was it, the cartoon character who sang about being strong to the finish (because he eats his spinach)? That was originally a comic strip. Appeared first in 1931. Spinach consumption, as tracked by growers at the time? Up one-third after the strip appeared.

While I'm [unsure](#) of the academic sources, and whether or not this is factual, taught in “media” classes, it's notable since it's clear evidence that purported entertainment was used to sell — promote — a [product](#). Spinach. Now, spinach is good for us, so we're assured, and it's really tasty with a bacon dressing. I just didn't know that a comic strip, later a cartoon, had a profound influence on the market. Or the marketability of produce.

Clear example of entertainment swaying a retail decision. That's [my warning](#), too. If my advertising here is pretty clear: I want to sell you an [astrology consultation](#). It's how I earn income. The point, though, for the [weekly scope](#)? What is motivating you? Conscious? Or is some cartoon character operating on some unseen level in the Cancer's psyche?

[Leo](#): I was looking at everything happening around you and I was just wondering. What's a [good Leo](#), like yourself, to do?

All this material and none if it impacts you directly. To be sure, Mercury is slipping through your sign, but that just means your a little more curious than usual.

I'd like to think, over the years, you've learned a little bit of caution, too. This is where that caution pays off by the bucketful.

Don't jump.

Don't get startled.

Don't get rattled.

Peacefully accept what gets [tossed around](#). I'm just saying, this doesn't impact you directly. [Calm](#) goes a lot further towards finding a quick and mutually agreeable solution. All about reactions. See: this doesn't affect your sign. Nothing lands on Leo. But there's so much other stuff going on? Doesn't much matter. You only get

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involved if you choose. Step away from the hot stuff. Don't touch: wet paint. Plate is hot, please be careful. [Don't use your bare hands](#).

[Virgo](#): Got a friend, she recommended a specialty product. [“Pancakes in a spray can.”](#) That was followed with, “No, you really got to try it. Just spray them out into a hot griddle, instant pancakes.” Which made me wonder, how many chemicals?

“None! All natural!” Even more suspicious

I thought about it for a while, makes a few pancakes, but then, how long before I'd have to start [experimenting](#). It's a guy thing, you know, squirting the pancake batter straight into an open mouth? Like mine? Skip the cooking, just pancake batter, straight in?

How about cookie dough? Raw [cookie dough](#) is good. Favorite ingredient in ice cream, some days. So if the raw cookie dough is good then maybe the raw pancake batter? In all its yeasty goodness? Sure. Bypass the cooking part of the process, just make it all easier. Might be a good fishing addition, instant pancakes, right into the mouth instead of having to stop for some road food.

It's an [idea](#).

I'll admit, further [examination](#) makes this seem like a bad idea, but I did try. Mars, approaching Saturn, Saturn about to exit and line up against Uranus? Maybe one of the ideas is like mine, maybe it's a good idea. Then again, think a [second time](#)? Maybe not. Unless, we could rig some syrup in a spray can, too.

[Libra](#): There's a kind of fireworks that can graphically capture the essence of what is happening. [As a Libra](#), you get to make a choice. As a Libra, you can opt for one side of this or the other side, it's your choice. Your decision. [Choose](#) wisely. I hope you will.

The firecracker? It's actually a kind of rocket. Pyrotechnical device. Whatever you like to call it. It goes up into the night's sky with a shower of sparks. Then, it bursts into a giant blossom of sparks, showering and cascading downward, like plumes. Then, each petal, looks sort of like a flower, each petal then explodes again. Just when you thought it was all done, the rocket launches individual bursts, high in the evening sky. Very nice effect.

The crowd has already “ooed,” then “awed,” and then there's a final burst of color, a final bit of unexpected explosions, one last time. It's that final burst with this type of skyrocket or firecracker, or pyrotechnic, that's what is fun, but it's also that, “just when your Libra self thought it was safe,” again. Thing. One last “boom.” One last kicker.



There is the other possibility. If you're not warned about this? You might feel like you've been tied to the side of the 4th of July rocket, and you're hurtling through space with no control. I'm just [warning you](#) about that last explosion.

Scorpio: There's a bakery place, not far from home. They make cupcakes. Vegan, no chemicals, karmic and correct. Good stuff. Sell out, no more cupcakes. It's place where they make small batches of cupcakes rather than turning out a ton of food. When a certain type of cupcake sells out for the day? All gone. No more. That's it. I popped in for a dessert one evening. There were a few vanilla with chocolate (vegan) icing. An elvis cupcake, too, just a few of them left, peanut butter and banana cupcakes. That was it. Late in the evening, not much left. "More tomorrow," the cheery and tired counter help explained. He's Virgo. Not Scorpio. However, in his [cheery](#) yet tired attitude? There's a secret. There's some hope. There's a chance. The idea that you operate like that fabulous cupcake place (South First Street in Austin)? When you're out of a Scorpio (something), then you're out until the next day when we all make another batch. This is an easier way of dealing with the supply and demand issue. Instead of making too many? Cut production down to just what you know you can handle. Both input and output. The customers, the late stragglers, like me? I'm not a Scorpio. But the late stragglers? They will either have to get there earlier or go without, like me, or just have to enjoy what's leftover. Too much? Or too little? I'd suggest "too little."

[Sagittarius](#): I had a newspaper habit; I traced it back to years of swimming in Barton Creek in Austin. Can't take electronic things into the creek, and because of that, I developed the "newspaper" habit. I got used to reading a real newspaper, on [certain afternoons](#), a hot afternoon, in the shade of the tree or the cool air conditioned comfort of a certain dining establishment.

[Two-Meat Tuesday](#)

Kramer Wetzel

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To make the paper more interesting, I shied away from local news and I would pick up either a [Dallas](#) or Houston newspaper. Used to be available. To make the paper even more interesting? Especially, at the time, the Houston paper? Believe everything that was printed. Every story — treat it as factual. The headlines alone

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could be scary enough. Treat the newspaper as absolute gospel truth. That makes for a very entertaining, and slightly disturbing, reading.

I would tend to make notes and chuckle at the stories. I've never been able, especially [not now](#), to tell the difference between sensationalist words and tempered, seasoned journalism that was truly objective.

Never tried to be objective myself. But I am [Sagittarius](#), and we aren't noted for being objective. Instead of trying to be objective this next couple of days? This weekend? Next week? Try my advice and read the newspaper — or that website — and treat everything you read as [absolute fact](#). “No, really, I read it on a web page. It must be true.”

Capricorn: The reluctant revolutionary, that's [Capricorn](#). Not a job you want, not a position that you want to fulfill, and it's not even in your particular area of expertise. Not that such a limitation would bother me, but I'm not a Capricorn. You are.

You're needed as a revolutionary hero. The leader of the rebels. Maybe even leader of the pack. Stop me from getting silly about this. I see this less as a full-on revolutionary war, and more like a small skirmish wherein you're elected the head of the opposition. Historically, this isn't safe placement for your [Capricorn](#) self.

I see you as the one with the ideas, the one who can make something happen, and most of all, the one who really doesn't want to be here. There. Wherever it is.

You're really not cut out for being the leader of the rebel faction; however, destiny has tapped you. Or maybe it was Destiny's friend, Fate. Or the girl called Crystal.

Names like that, takes us in a whole new direction. No, this is about Capricorn and the [position](#) you're taking, the mantle you're assuming for the next few days?

Reluctant Revolutionary.

[Aquarius](#): It's the middle of a long, hot summer. Not really the middle, but it sure feels that way from my perspective. Stretches on and on. I'd like to call your Aquarius attention away from play. Away from the pass times you pursue for intellectual amusement and whatever passes for “fun” in the Aquarius world. Put that aside for a moment. Holiday is over. If you're like so many others, you're stuck at work while everyone else seems to be on vacation.

Since I'm solo, I have to stretch my imagination on this one, I just get that image of a mostly vacant cube farm, an office filled with empty desks. Like Dell after the last round of layoffs. Mostly vacant [office space](#). Empty desks. And then, there's the lone Aquarius.





Why be like anyone else? Why take a break when everyone else is gone? The phase of the moon hits a high-point just as the weekend is over, and that means, here's the idea: go to work.

I'm imagining you're just slashing through piles and and piles of files that needed a little clear-cutting. Almost like your fever-driven workhorse. Like there's a maniac inside your head, pushing you onward, harder, further than anyone else. If you will attend to this little drummer boy in your head? You'll get so much more work done, and you can amaze and astound the vacation crew, when they return.

Pisces: There was this TV show and the lawyer was pleading for his client, "Temporary Insanity." TV, should be, "Temporary Inanity." Anyway, in the context, I suppose, on TV, the plea deal could work. In the real world? Not a chance. Diminished capacity?

Only time I've ever seen what truly qualifies as diminished capacity was a Virgo I knew, she ironed her bed sheets. That's insanity.

In the context of the TV plot? That guy (the character) deserved to die. "He needed killing." Doubt that would work as a valid defense, hence the insanity plea. But that's TV. This is the real world. Or as real as it will be.

Have to draw the line between the so-called "real world," and what we see on TV. Not the same. The idea of the insanity plea, that works as a plot device, TV, movie, book. What kind of insanity have you seen? No, I don't want to know, that image of the Virgo ironing bed sheets was enough. While you're tempted to use that ploy yourself, the insanity plea? Doubt that it will work in real life.

Aries: "I don't want to follow the rules of grammar!" Why not stamp your feet for emphasis, too? I don't want to follow the rules, either, but I've found, well, I try to. Most days. Some days. Anyway.

This isn't about my grammar, or my split infinitives and dangling prepositions, and participles that don't participate. Not about me. I make an effort — in good faith — to make sure I follow most of the rules of grammar. I'm not a stickler for the rules, just follow them as guidelines. The little editor and I've gone back forth over several colloquial uses, and I've maintained my integrity — if not the grammatical integrity. Of the sentence.

There's a rule, a simple rule, this isn't complicated, and the simple rule, like subject verb agreement? Something like that. Yeah, and I don't want to follow the rules of grammar myself, however, I've found that it helps elucidation.



[Taurus](#): I was wrestling with how to express the energy I see here in the [Taurus chart](#), and one of my neighbors [popped](#) over.

“Hey, you got a coke?” I offered him a Mexican coke, bottled in Mexico, made with real sugar, not high-fructose corn-syrup. Good stuff. “I hate these, they are always flat,” he complained. I used a church key to open the bottle then I put my thumb over the top. Gave it a shake. Pointed it at him. “Okay, okay, maybe not so flat,” he said.

I went over to the sink and let the pressure off slowly, only a little bit of the syrupy goodness escaped as bubbles and froth. I wiped down the bottle and handed to my neighbor.

I do find the Mexican coke to be better. Tastes better, more refreshing. It’s the original recipe. That pressure though, that I let off slowly and in a controlled fashion? Over the sink? No sugary mess? That’s you. This is either a really messy time, or, if you use care and caution? You can easily defuse the issue. Like I let the pressure off that bottle of coke. You know how messy that stuff is?

Gemini: When the [warning label said](#), “Some clumping may occur,” did you [pay attention](#)? Wouldn’t be much of an issue except that the clumping occurred in some pepper I had. Cayenne Pepper. Capsicum Annuum. Red Pepper. A favorite kitchen ingredient in almost all my foods.

So when I was doctoring some chili, I didn’t bother with the “some clumping may occur,” and my little bowl of chili had a tablespoon or more of cayenne. Stir good, stick in the microwave, heat some more. Get out a fresh bottle of ice tea. Get out a fresh bottle of water, too. I was going to eat my way through my mistake since I like spicy food.

Breaking a sweat over chili is a good thing. Good food sometimes hurts so good. Not enough symmetry, though. I can work with my mistake. I fell for the oldest trick on hand, failure to [read warning labels](#). I did this to myself. Then, when I had a chance to correct it? I just ate my way through the problem, the extra hot chili with a tablespoon — or more — of pepper. I did so knowingly.

I did so because it was my fault for not using a spoon, [ignore at my own peril](#). Ignore the warning labels now? Are you as foolhardy as I am? I happen to have a pitcher of ice tea on hand, to help assuage the pain. I didn’t ignore all the warning labels, just the “clumping may occur” [reminder](#).





Horoscopes for July 1, 2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on JUNE 30, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability ad god-like reason
To fust in is unus’d.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) Hamlet [IV.iv.41-4]

As we [celebrate](#) the [birthday](#) of our country...

[Cancer](#): Happy Birthday, Cancer! It’s going to be a weird year. [Weirder than last year](#)? And is that weird “good” or weird “disaster”? I’m “Mr. Every-Cloud-Has-A-Silver-Lining.” So this weirdness, good or bad? How are you going to play what’s been dealt to you? Carefully, and with a little coaching, guidance, and maybe, a little uncharacteristic action? Might be good. Potentially very good.

Full Moon is way over, and we don’t have that new moon for another few days. We’re [stuck in the middle](#). [Reservoir Dogs](#) allusion here. At least one Cancer will recoil in horror at that mention. I liked the movie but I wouldn’t necessarily watch it again and again. That’s not what this about, though, it’s about taking appropriate action to change one item, one particular aspect, just a single change. I’m not suggesting wholesale change and a scorched earth, no, just one, tiny, almost insignificant item that can be changed.

One. Little. [Change](#).

Probably something you should’ve done a while back, too. Take the big step, it’s your birthday, I’d suggest, with all the parties and stuff? Go ahead. Take the big plunge. Or the little step. Whatever that one item is? Change it. Willingly. Even if it scares you.

[Leo](#): I was in a restaurant, kind of an upscale place. I noticed another patron, next table over. She had a vibrant “sun” tattoo, above her ankle, outside of her leg. She caught [me](#) looking at the tattoo and arched her eyebrows — I assumed it was a quizzical look — and I just asked, “Leo?” She glanced downward, looked back at me, batted her eyes, then nodded.

Leo girls are [so easy](#). No, not “easy,” well, yes, they are that, too, no this is about being easy to detect and compliment. Besides, an obvious clue like the Sun as a tattoo, the only more evident ink I’ve seen is a lion. Should be a Lion King. Especially this next week? As a Leo? You make a rotten poker player. Bluff or do you really hold a good hand? If life is like a poker game, and you’re bluffing?

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You'll give it away. You have many fine qualities. Lying isn't one. No bluffing. Blushing is fine; compliments ring true.

Virgo: I was with a couple of friends and we were [headed home](#). Think it was [a trip to Houston](#). Anyway, the Interstate is wide, smooth, and relatively open on an afternoon. Off in the distance, there was a huge cloud of white smoke. As we got closer, it was obvious that there was a fire, and it looked, as we drew even closer, like the fire was on the highway. It wasn't. Not quite, but almost: the right-of-way caught fire.

I'd guess it was a casual cigarette butt tossed out a [window](#), but I don't know. The dry conditions and tinder-box grown ground made for hasty combustion. The flames licked the edge of the highway; although, the fire wasn't wide, it was hot. We [sailed right on through](#) the [smoke](#), at first, slowing down, but not stopping. It was only after we passed the first wave of flames then we could feel it in an air conditioned truck, only then did the enormity of the problem become clear. The smoke, it wasn't black smoke, just a flash grass fire and the stubble was recently cut, so there wasn't much fuel. But there was smoke, and it got denser after we passed the wall of flame.

Almost brought us to a complete stop. If I was driving, I would've just stopped. And stopping would've risked a rear-end collision with someone too foolish to stop. We made it through okay, though. Part of that was [a guardian angel](#), I'm sure. That driver has one. However, part of it was because we slowed down. As you hit a hazard? Slow it down. Maybe be prepared [to stop](#).

Libra: Thankfully, there's usually a little local precipitation right around the July 4th weekend. Not always, but for years, it was always damp. That lead me to a discovery that the average raindrop falls at (about) seven miles an hour. Useless trivia.

Unless you've seen our version of rain. It's also a kind of rain that's not localized, well, it is, as I've only witnessed this in the American Southwest, but I've been led to understand that it does occur elsewhere. Remember that average raindrop speed? Seems that we get this stuff, not too many raindrops, and the ones that do fall?

Seems like they are heavier. Moving at more like 10 to 14 miles an hour.

Larger, more powerful, and yet, fewer and further between. Big drops, far apart. Seem to fall faster and sting more when they land, yet there seems to be fewer.

Larger, more impact yet fewer. Give you [any ideas](#) on how to handle this week's energy?





Scorpio: Surf fishing is [one of those](#) activities I've never gotten really proficient at. Requires a different set of skills than what I've got. I understand the idea, and I understand the concepts well enough that I could tackle a little surf fishing, at one point, have, in fact. Will probably try it again in the future, too. Just not good at it. The real surf guys have a set of tools, gear, vehicles, everything a little different than what I'm used to. Doesn't make it bad, just [different](#).

I was talking gear with one buddy, and he had some surf gear, but he didn't use it too often, not anymore. I was interested in the long poles used, the approach.

"Wade out, then cast out past the second bar, wade back in and wait."

The [Gulf Coast](#)? This [weekend](#)? Full of people who are doing just that. And surfers. And just general beach traffic, as well as [impetuous](#) youths with alarming firecrackers. Not an inviting time to sit by the water's edge and wait for big fish. While, as a Scorpio, surf fishing is very appealing? Perhaps this isn't the time to undertake such action. Not this week, not this weekend. I'm just suggesting, maybe, in a few weeks, sure?

Sagittarius: There's a restaurant close to me, I like to dine there on occasion. A little pricey, but the food's good. Only, the place is advertised as a "Northern Mexico authentic cuisine." With "Balsamic Vinaigrette" and raspberry salsa? I'm unsure of where the balsamic vinegar is found in Mexico. For that matter, raspberries? Promoted as "Northern Mexico Mexican Food" is fine, but that's more like fusion cuisine to me.

Sort of an upgrade from Tex-Mex, the original fusion cuisine. Perhaps the title refers to California cultured cuisine. Again I see this more as a fusion place, while its spirit is certainly Tex-Mex or Norteño, or whatever, I find the material, the signs and so forth? That's all a little misleading. Good food, don't misunderstand, just not exactly what's advertised. Maybe it's a push for that almighty tourist dollar. Maybe the local populace is less informed than I thought. Or maybe there's an unwritten rule that the naming convention allows the marketing people to call it something that it's clearly not.

Holiday weekend. Don't be upset if the sign, if the advertising, if the symbolism indicated one thing and it turns out differently. Can't say I didn't warn you. Good? It's all good. Just not what is advertised.

Capricorn: There's a song, long-time radio favorite. Local classic rock. Gets lots of airplay to this day. I'd hum a few bars, but the odds are I'd bore you to death with my atonal attempts.





However, as I was working on [the charts for Capricorn](#), what I kept thinking was the drum introduction to that song. It's a quiet, steady beat. Then, for about the space of one set of those little musical bar things? Boom-boom, boom-boom. The guitar swings in, the song rocks and rolls. It's the tappity-tap, quiet-like introduction, then the space while the drum builds speed and then the song cuts loose. Capricorn is like that.

The important ingredient? [Silence](#). Be quiet, there is no guitar, no bass, no keyboard, no [samples](#), nothing, when the drum first starts. Just a strong bass-drum beat. Kicker, whatever that thing is called. Tom-tom. I don't know, I'm not a musician. But I can tell you, rhythmically speaking, pause. Let the drums set the tempo for your week.

[Aquarius](#): We were in a parking lot-like area. Buddy of mine — his name is not Bubba — grabbed a package of bottle rockets. He was launching them, one at a time, from a position in the field that he felt like was a secure post. First dozen or so were gone, and he was opening up a second package.

He let the first one fly, launched from his hand, just as the rocket ignited he would give it a good toss. A shower of harmless sparks, the rocket's trail, and then a satisfactory boom. By the third package, I was guessing, from his cadence, there was something amiss. The rockets would launch, but there wasn't the satisfactory "boom" at the end. He tossed another one in the air. The rocket trailed off with its cascade of fire and sparks. No explosion.

Reminds me of your week. Make a shower of spark, but no bang. Ask yourself, my fine Aquarius, is that really bad? All show and no pop?

Pisces: Firecrackers. Louder, more bang, more dangerous. Just grab some and go blow stuff up. It's 4th of July weekend. There's a local ordinance that reads, "No fireworks within the city limits." Maybe it says, "Fireworks not allowed." You're Pisces. You are allowed. For the time being, and I mean, the next few days?

It's so cool because you got nothing on you. I'd plan on making a big bang out of something. Go down in a blaze of glory? Go out with a bang? Just shoot off some firecrackers? Sure.

Piss off the neighbors, maybe get the cops called on you? Sure.

All in [good fun](#). There's some pent-up energy, that stuff needs to be released.

Fireworks are the easiest method, what comes to my mind, fastest, quickest.

Besides, there's a place, down the road from here? Fireworks? "Buy one, get 12 free!!!" Who can pass up a [deal like that](#)?



Aries: Looks like Uranus, you're going to hear a lot about that planet in the coming years, looks like Uranus is starting to move backwards this week. Doesn't really go backward, but it will move in a direction not consistent with the other planets.

Means Uranus and the Uranian effect? Gradually fade away — for the time being. That, and the benefit of Jupiter in Aries?

“Define ‘benefit,’ [smart guy](#). [Delineate](#) where this is good.”

I can't make tough times any easier, but I can suggest it's lot about how you're looking at this. In short, the planet Uranus makes light where there was once dark. Problem being, it looks like you wanted to keep that secret in the dark, and now? Looks like there's a light on it. What are going to do? I could imitate the action of one cat I once knew, and she would try to cover it up again.

[Taurus](#): One of my buddies is a fishing guide. Not to the stars, like, on the coast. We were cleaning and bagging fish one afternoon and he was extolling the virtues of his favorite recipe for fish, “Garlic, butter...”

I stopped him. What isn't good in garlic and butter? What can't be fixed with garlic, butter, maybe, for me, a few peppers and some onions? How is this bad in any way, shape or form? There are probably some very real problems that can be fixed with a wash of garlic, butter, maybe a squeeze of lemon juice to freshen the flavor. Lots can be fixed that way. Cure for many things. And keep vampires away, too. However, this isn't about a culinary fix to fresh fish. Or any other kind of kitchen assistance.

This about a generic, happy, and [tasty cure-all](#) for the woes you've got. Garlic and butter. I doubt there will be a garlic-butter ice cream, but never can tell what they'll [whip up in Austin](#). Or garlic and butter yogurt. Or even as a sorbet? Doubtful. But you did hear about it first here. Stop.

This about comfort. This is about a generic, easy-to-fix comfort. Not [comfort food](#), although, if that's what [works](#), then that's what works. There's a [relatively](#) easy patch you can apply, and I think that's what the most important? Like garlic and butter. Fixes everything. Should be in your pantry.

Gemini: Meteorologists claim that they are right about 80% of the time. Nice odds, if you believe them. I had to wonder if they were playing fast and lose with the numbers game.

There's one guy, when he says “20% chance of rain?” No rain. “30%” means rain in his language whereas higher numbers don't mean rain. Statistically he predicted rain so he can claim he's accurate. But he's not. He's off by a wide margin, every day. Not unlike some horoscopes — and I'm not exempt from that final comment.





However, [unlike me](#) claiming 80% or 100% or whatever with accuracy, what I know is where the planets are, and what flavor that imparts to Gemini? Subjective, not objective. Last time firecrackers went off unannounced? I jumped. Not much, but a little.

Mars, several [factors](#), but I'd hang it on Mars, makes your Gemini self jumpy. [How you react](#)? That's up to you. With it being July 4th and all? I'd be a little careful about how you react to loud noises. [Loud noises](#) other than ones your Gemini self makes.





Horoscopes for the week 6.24.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on JUNE 23, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“To that [dauntless temper](#) of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.”
Shakespeare’s MacBeth [III.i.58-60]

[Cancer](#): In January, allegedly, January 5, 1914, Pancho Villa made a deal with [Mutual Film Corporation](#) to film battles. In exchange for \$25K in gold, Villa agreed to capture Ojinaga, and his promise was to do so with mostly daylight battles.

First reality star.

Having been on [a reality show](#), and the news? It’s not that big of a deal. Money’s more important. That [money](#) did buy arms and helped overthrow a corrupt dictatorship. Didn’t buy enough good will, though, however, that’s a different question.

Do you want to be a [media star](#)? Do you want to be filmed? Do you want to be paid for a “reality” show that might be, or might not be, staged? Or would you rather just cash out? Personally, but I’m not a Cancer, personally?
I think the cash is better than the fame. Historically? Makes you less of a target.

[Leo](#): Alice Cooper (Aquarius) helped shape [modern music](#) with his version of terror. He’s credited with mixing metal and horror on stage. I was thinking about a single lyric from a 1972 Alice Cooper hit, “School’s Out.” Lyrics, come on, every one knows this one, “School’s out for summer....” That tune cycled up on an iPod. Halfway through, there’s my favorite line, “We can’t even think of word that rhymes.” The meter is correct, just not rhyming. You get a chance to [fill in the blanks](#).

How do you want to fill in the blanks, my dear Leo? I’d suggest that the line from that hit, the line I just used? “We can’t even think of word that rhymes?” That’s the perfect kind of lick to stick in there. You’ve got a similar situation, and a chance to make some kind of history. Or hit. That’s a song that just keeps on going and going. Like a Leo. Like that leonine idea. Doesn’t rhyme. Who cares?

Virgo: “Bitchin’ Camaro,” especially [the live version](#) on the compilation album, the best of? By the [Dead Milkmen](#), it’s just a classic from a forgotten era in musical history.

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That [live version](#), it starts with two minutes of gentle bass and a vocal delivery that sounds like a jazz/spoken word piece. The song ends with typical driven punk 4/4 too fast, “Bitchin Camaro, bitchin Camaro, Hey man, where you headed, Bitchin Camaro, bitchin Camaro, I don’t want unleaded!” It’s a fine example of how this week could turn out, in Virgo land.

First, I start with an [obscure musical reference](#). Although, through the miracle of the inter-web, it’s possible to get that very song sung to you by the original artists. Weird, huh. Anyway, the first half of the song is a sing-song, post/repost, call and response, dry verbal delivery that is a set-up for a minute and half of the punk-style lyrics.

I would call it style rather than actual content because the lyrics are clear. Funny. Ironic, even more ironic when content is compared to delivery. Starts slow, finishes fast. That’s Virgo With a layer of Saturn on top? Just a little bit of humor. Like that song.

Hello Kramer Wetzel,

Looks like your e-mail address is:kramervw@astrofish.net –

and Membership is: Lifetime -

Any problems or questions, [shoot me](#) a note -

Libra: Old bit of cowboy wisdom, “Always saddle your own horse.” Actual source for that quote? I’ll let you do the [research](#) on that one.

The idea, as the planets start to stack up in Virgo? You can’t trust anyone. Not for Libra, not now. I mean, you can trust me with the idea that you can’t trust any else, I mean, anyone other than me.

Besides, like I’ve suggested, there’s an easy to way to prevent this trust issue from being really ugly: saddle your own horse. It’s matter of not taking everyone’s word, not being too trusting, and?

Saddle your own horse. It’s something you should do yourself, anyway. If it breaks, or if it’s too tight? Or, worse, too loose? You know who did it. As long as you’re in charge of taking care of this piece of business?

Saddle your own horse.

Scorpio: We all [have holes](#) in our [education](#). There’s a portion of pop music, or “alt rock,” as it was called at the time, that’s missing from my education. There’s a portion of the pop-history of popular music that I just didn’t listen to, a time and place where, I was full-time in Austin, so “pop” music wasn’t cool.

What was [cool](#)? I can recall a half-dozen local artists and [two of them made it](#) to a larger audience. Not bad odds, but the scene is no longer like that, and for all my

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time spent being [too-Austin-cool](#)? There's a gaping hole in my more traditional pop music [education](#). I realize that, to some, a decade of pop music isn't a major loss.

It wasn't, not really, until I was confronted with question, which was answered by an allusion to pop music. [Pop](#) from a time when I have no working knowledge of what was cool. It's like running into a giant question mark. Me? I'm not a [Scorpio](#). I hit that question mark pretty hard. Bumped into it. Looked a little stupid. I can [help ease](#) your pain, and I can save you some [embarrassment](#). I know about the hole in my education. I'm aware that there is a problem. I know my limits. When you're asked a question, or there's an answer that makes a reference to something you don't know? It's going to happen soon. Just nod. Act as if you understand. You can look up the [reference point](#) later.

[Sagittarius](#): I'm a pretty [normal](#) guy. Normal desires, normal drives, normal feelings. I'd like to think — by Central Texas, South Texas standards — I'm way normal. I don't stand out in a crowd. I don't appear too different from any of [my neighbors](#), in just about every local setting, I'm pretty ordinary. One of my friends thinks I've got a goofy laugh, but then, she's suggested that it's a Sagittarius trait, the oddball cackle for laughter. I think I'm normal, but that's me. Judging by reactions these days, I think I'm pretty much correct about my “normalness.” The rest of this week? This weekend? Starting next week? Celebrate your Sagittarius “normal-ness.” One of our extraordinary qualities is just that were not so out-of-the-ordinary. At least, we'd like to think so. Being ordinary? In extraordinary times like these? That's a quality to be devoutly wished for.

[Capricorn](#): Like many people, I've got a home network with a server, routers, wires, cables, wireless cables, and other stuff floating around. It's not a large network, I think I've got a total of three machines on it. Pretty minimal. Then, too, I'm a minimalist. “Less is more,” in my mind. I've spent over a decade with no car, no vehicle. I spent over a decade, working on the inter-web, with no desktop computer. [Minimalist](#). But this isn't about my minimalist ways, either. This is about that stupid computer network. I had a problem. Simple glitch that spiraled into a huge issue. I spent a few moments with rudimentary diagnostics, then I realized that there was a larger problem at hand. What seemed like a simple problem with a machine that wouldn't login? Soon it became a network-wide “issue,” which got to the point I had to contemplate calling the ISP [tech support](#).





Finally, after [messing](#) with wires and boxes and stuff for a while, I hit on another idea. I reset the power. Power-cycled the whole shebang. Two wireless routers, one back-up server, and two external storage things. Turned them all off. Turned off the network connection, too. Unplugged everything, and here?

That's a rat's nest of crap with wires and old network boxes, and new stuff, all resting on top of each other. Two dead DSL boxes, an [abandoned VOIP box](#), two transformers that I have no idea what they transform. However, half an hour later, with everything unplugged, then plugged back in, and the proper incantation (spell, chant to Mercury, something) — with my hardware, there's a set way everything is supposed to be powered up — it worked again. Peace was restored unto the land. Simple solutions. Not difficult. Don't let tiny, almost insignificant issues turn into larger problems.

[Aquarius](#): There's a [side project](#) I've had fun with. It's not a big deal, not to me, and what's been [so amusing](#), after two, three years? It's got traction, and momentum all of its own. I've done precious little work to advertise and promote the side-project. It was an experiment gone awry. In a good, way, that "gone awry" statement. Didn't plan it, didn't work on it, just had fun and then, over time, I let it grow and did little else to nurture the project.

Time and neglect, the two secret ingredients.

While that's worked as I've become an accidental artist? How's that going to benefit Aquarius? The same approach.

Time and neglect, the two secret ingredients.

You put the pieces in play. You launch the project. You get the parts all assembled. You get stuff in order and then you let it sit there. Let it run all by itself. Don't poke, prod, needle, wheedle or whine. Let it alone. Don't mess with it. Let time, and human curiosity do its job.

Just west of Amarillo (TX), perhaps a hundred meters south of the Interstate, there's the famous ["Cadillac Ranch,"](#) close to dozen Cadillac cars upended in the dirt. Part of the majesty of the art installation, is what's occurred over time, as graffiti and tumbleweeds add to the sculpture.

Time and neglect, all that's needed for Aquarius.

[Pisces](#): "Western Swing" is a, it's like a dietary staple where I'm from. It's part of the background, [Bob Wills](#) and all his [variations](#), [offshoots](#), and the derivative "Americana" moniker.

Variations on themes, the Western Swing influence is evident throughout more modern music. Western Swing was a variation of Big Band and Swing, with a jazz





influence layered on top, and then, there's the "western" portion, and this really can be felt of both sides of the Mississippi River, but out here, we'd like to think it's a Western influence.

The taxonomy, roots and branches of American music? Diverse. I was thinking about the pedal steel guitar, which, properly, was Hawaiian until Bob Wills brought it into the mix. Persuasive, omnipresent, a backbone to the Western Swing ensemble and eventually, a mainstay instrument in all "western" genre material now, the pedal steel was almost the forgotten instrument at one time.

I'm thinking about the pedal steel guitar and Pisces. You're a mainstay and yet, right now, it feels like you're almost passed by. Passed over, ignored. A bystander. Yeah, and Pisces? Like that sidekick on pedal steel guitar? Try having a Western Swing band without you. Doesn't work. You're part of the backbone, the problem? You feel unloved. You're not. Some of us love our Pisces Pedal Steel Guitar. Even if you're not in the spotlight at the moment.

Aries: I was talking to a girlfriend. "[Strawberries](#) are my favorite fruit," she said. I thought I was her favorite fruit. "No, Kramer, you're the biggest fruit. Now, if you were covered in strawberries?"

Favorite fruit versus biggest. I wanted to be that girl's favorite. As it turns out, I need to be covered in strawberries in order to be tasty. However, it is nice to know, I do fit in there with some option, biggest fruit. As an Aries, you can't be everything to everybody. Oh, to be sure, you're going to try. And you're going to fail.

Instead of trying to be everything to everybody, why not just be true to yourself? Much easier. "But I want to be everything to everybody." No, no you don't. That's me, covered in strawberries. Can't be everything to everybody. Settle for one thing. Biggest fruit? Wasn't exactly what I wanted to be, howsoever, it's better than nothing. Or better than being covered in strawberries, no matter what her fantasy was.

Taurus: "Fresh Dead" is the term for [bait](#) that was once live, but isn't. Like the name implies. I was using some "fresh dead" that was mostly shrimp, but a few stray minnows, little croakers, had gotten into the stew. The problem with my fresh dead bait? It was a hot summer's day on the coast, and I was hooking the bait, and after standing on the dock for an hour or so? I'd hook some of that bait, thread it onto the hook, and then, no sooner than hitting the water, that bait would dissolve. I was casting into a strong offshore breeze, so it felt good. But I was pitching bait out there, and sometimes, the bait didn't make it.



It was more dead than fresh dead, and starting to rot, be my guess. I was less fishing and more like “feeding the fish,” which, as a fisher person, that’s what we do some times. However, at one point, I was getting better with the little nibbles, and I [hauled](#) in a few “spec” — [\(Speckled\) Sea Trout](#).

The water’s edge, at that dock, was kind of churned up and the dead bait smell, while not too attractive to me, it seemed to work wonders on those fish. Matter of [dealing](#) with what you’ve got, and even if it’s started to smell bad by our standards? Doesn’t mean you can’t use that aroma to earn some dinner. Fresh speckled trout?

Gemini: I was with friends, and we were in Austin, for fun [and work](#). I forget what popped up, but we were at a friend’s mother’s house. Following this so far? “Use Mom’s computer, it’s the only one with a working printer.” That was the command. I thought it was a little strange, but then, after wards, I realized it only made [sense](#). I’m used to doing things on computers, banking, [astrology charts](#), [writing](#), [image processing](#), [website development](#), and so forth. I spend very little time with printed material. In a household with at least two wireless routers, and computers in most rooms, a working printer shouldn’t be odd. But it was. Only yoked to one machine. Mercury leaves [Gemini](#), and in doing so, creates tension between Uranus then Jupiter, and there’s a bit of Mars and Saturn on top of the blend, as well. While having to print out a document is — to me — to a Gemini — an archaic way of dealing with the situation? If need be, locate the computer that has a printer attached. You’re probably going to need hard evidence, a hard copy, to prove that you are correct.



**Horoscopes for 6.17.2010**by KRAMER WETZEL on JUNE 16, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Action is eloquence.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Coriolanus [III.ii.96]

Gemini: iTunes, and by extension, many of the other avenues for [electronic distribution](#) of music? Something that's searchable? One of the best offshoots of this whole world wide down-home page thing. The inter-web. Them computers and stuff.

I was looking for a very specific title, by a certain artist, and I couldn't think of what to start with. I wound up [typing in](#) “[Plastic Jesus](#),” and of course the song is from a movie, sort of a one-off hit for an artist.

But [the song](#)? It's been covered by a number of other people. Some might be comical. Some might be serious. None of them would I have found if it wasn't for a little bit of poking on a software giant like iTunes. Perfect.

Which is why I suggest you search. Maybe you're not looking for a song with “Plastic Jesus” in its lyrics. Maybe it's something else. A little research? Now? At the close of Gemini? As summer hits full roast?

[Cancer](#): Everyone has a peculiar weakness. Superman has Kryptonite. Batman has Batgirl. Me? Rudy's handmade pork/jalapeño tamales. Rudy's offers several varieties, but the handmade “hot” pork is the best. I've tried the “vegetarian” (bean/cheese), chicken, beef, and so forth. Best is still the pork/jalapeño.

The place, in a seedy neighborhood on the south side of town, next to an abandoned warehouse? Rudy's Mexican Food Products? Yeah, that's the weakness. The peppers are hot, and the lard drips off the tamale, after it's been warmed. Full of flavor. Lean, shredded pork, rough corn flour, and then, the lard. And peppers. I'm sure that there's some portion of this [equation](#) that's just not good for me.

I would suspect it has to do with my [northern European heritage](#) and the high cholesterol in the lard. But it sure is tasty. Rudy's has two varieties, handmade and machine-made. The handmade are larger, meatier, and just taste better. I suspect it's the little mamacitas in the back, folding corn meal around meat and peppers. The trick? Get there early enough to get the hand-made.

As a Cancer Sun Sign (or other points in your chart), you have to ask yourself, sleep late or get there early enough to enjoy the good stuff?



[Leo](#): (The Leo) It's all about presentation. How to present a lure to a fish is the way I usually hear it, but it could be presentation in a number of different avenues.

There are women of a certain age, and how they present themselves is important. It's less about what's wrapped up inside the package and more about how the package — whatever it contains — how that is presented. As a Leo?

As The Leo? Presentation is very important. I spent years learning how to toss [a certain lure](#) so that it landed without too much of a splash. Presentation. The other example? I'm serious. Young women — girls to me — can wear anything and look good. However, there's a studied yet casual appearance that works with women "of a certain age," and it's all about how to package what you got. Now, what I was thinking about? For Leo?

For The Leo? Seriously. It's all about how you wrap it up and present it. I'm not talking about an expensive wrapper, nor does it have to be an expensive lure, to mangle the metaphor. It's how it is presented. Casual, studied, yet properly wrapped. Make sure everything is covered. All about packaging. All about how it looks.

Virgo: It's called the "Caveman Diet," as near as I can surmise. The theory is, what we should eat? Only food that would be available as a Neolithic/Paleolithic person. Only eat food that's available to cave people. Ancestors. That means if it can be gathered, like nuts and fruits, wild grains? That's okay. Hunted? Cool. Fished? Sure. Although, I'm sure the fishing back then was less about sport and more about catching dinner.

If left up to me? I might not be catching any dinner, not with my luck, lately. I might be more like collecting nuts off the ground, way it's been. So BBQ? Good with this diet. Salad? Sure. Only some bread, and no candy, since candy contains, as its primary ingredient, refined sugar. Not available to caveman.

The [caveman diet](#) is an intriguing look at food, what we eat, and what we should eat. Or shouldn't eat. While dairy was available, or might've been available, no, it's not part of the diet. I can live on steak, BBQ, and salad. I'd cheat a little on that diet to include ranch dressing for the salad, but that's me.

As a Virgo, what part of the diet are you good with? Think you could pull off this diet, I mean, for more than a day or two? Would it help? There's some kind of a restriction that will help your Virgo self. I can't say for sure that it is the caveman diet, but that idea does merit further research.

Libra: I once [humorously](#) — at least I hope everyone figures I was joking — spoke about a stock image of an office building with "ASTROFISH.NET" [photoshopped](#)

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across the top sign on the building. Great idea, too much time to actually do it. In other words, great idea, costs too much of my precious time to painstakingly drop my name on the image.

It's a standard trick, though, and I'm sure there's a digital [artist](#) who makes a great deal of money by just changing out the company name on the sign in that stock image. I was considering, there's a really cool, older, kind of run-down building near where I live. I was thinking about that trick, the stock image of a building with different company's banner across the front of the building?

I considered adding my own name to that image of one of the older buildings, or maybe an abandoned church building, or one place that's a shell and wreck of a century-old grocery store. Something like that would be more amusing. This is like a temporary tattoo, those fake-ink things that some people apply to their skin. For looks. For fun. Too chicken to make a permanent statement. Like me and the real estate. I'm loathe to get an office. I like my virtual office, but then, some folks prefer a real office. Does the ends justify the time? Conversely, how [permanent](#) do you want this to be?

[Scorpio](#): Sit and figure it out. That's the instructions for this next few days. Settle in with a cup of tea. For me, I'll make a fresh little press-pot of coffee. Then I'll open up the instruction. I'll punch the play button on a music thing. Then I'll turn the music off. This requires complete Scorpio attention, this little instruction thing. It's really [simple](#), this is like computer instructions. Not the kind that was written in Spanish, translated to Arabic, then to Japanese, and finally back to English, no, this is a set of clear and simple instructions. Fill in this space with this information, do this, spin around backwards, click your heels together three times and close your eyes. Then kiss your sweet Scorpio butt good-bye. No, wait, that's not it. Unless, of course, that's what's on [your set](#) of instructions. There's a simple thing here. It's not all that complicated. There might be an exploded diagram, maybe [a picture](#) or two about how this is supposed to fit together, but the instructions are really simple. Straightforward. Not that arcane. Just matter of figuring it out. Simple.

Now, the biggest challenge? Given that it's the [height](#) of summer? Just follow those simple instructions. Don't get distracted. Why I suggested making a beverage beforehand and getting all the stuff right before you undertake this. Like, turn the distracting music down. Another trick? Turn the ringer off on the phone.



Sagittarius: My peace-loving, pacifist, tree-hugging family in Austin is very much against any further developments within the American Industrial-Military complex. The “military,” to my peaceful Austin family, that’s just evil incarnate.

However, the American Military-Industrial Complex has been responsible for more, and more innovative, research than any other source. [M&Ms are a favorite food](#). Originally? Those tiny candies were designed as fuel for soldiers. A candy that soldiers could eat with no mess on their collective (trigger) fingers.

As Jupiter and Uranus gradually [drift](#) further apart? There will be revelations. I’m not talking about big stuff, I’m just suggesting that there’s a gentle awakening.

Don’t be bantering about claims that are unsupported. Or blaming one area when, in fact, that is a source of goodness.

Capricorn: right now, before Gulf Hurricane Season starts? This is the time to go. Head to the Devil’s Elbow. I know some good spots for surf fishing. Might be the best ticket. Surf fishing uses long, stout, really tall fishing poles. Heavy weight. Stinky bait, live, dead, fresh dead, or artificial. What I found that worked exceptionally well? A [Catfish Ugly Stick](#).

8-foot is a little short for the surf, but that pole works well enough. Not that this is really about what kind of gear to use when surf fishing, this is more about destinations and goals. How to get there? Drive. Fly, drive, walk. Doesn’t much matter, any which way that works for your Capricorn self.

The name, “Devil’s Elbow” dates back more than a hundred years, and it refers to patch of what is now called [the “Texas Coastal Bend.”](#) It’s that curved part, along the coast. When I happened across the title, though, I thought about some surf fishing and down there, along the old wrecks, that’s some good places to hunt for fish. It’s a matter, now, of getting in the last of the good stuff before the hurricane season starts.

For me, it’s a real hurricane season. For Capricorn? Real or figurative. One or the other.

[Aquarius](#): Next week sun shifts into Cancer. Beginning of the summer. The longest day of the year. And shift? Shift happens.

There’s a gradual change that’s occurring. Long-term, and easy. Or as easy as you’ll let it be. There’s a pervasive sense of being lost. Can’t change that. There’s a sense that something is going to be different. Then, too, with the approach of the next Lunar Cycle? Anyway, all of this amounts to “link rot.”





Run a web page as [long as I have](#)? My old files develop a case of “link rot.” I’ve got material that I’ve linked to in the past, perhaps a news item or a photo from a friend’s fishing journal, or who knows what all I’ve [linked](#) to?

What happens, though, over the years, ideas and websites, [grow](#), expand, change hands, shrink, [get abandoned](#). [Updated](#). Out-dated. As technology marches forward? Link rot sets in.

I’ve got a fairly high percentage of link rot in my archives. Way it is. Can’t take too much time to prune the old, dead links. As an Aquarius, though, in this next few days, maybe for a little while this weekend? Think about some kind of pruning, house-keeping, some sort of action that you can take, especially in the electronic format, to help prevent link rot.

Or some similar kind of problem. Know how many images I have in the photo files?

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Pisces: One of the worst experiences I’ve ever had, while fishing? Have an equipment failure. I’ve had fishing line break, right at the boat. Terrible, heart-wrenching feeling. Just when a really big fish is almost within my grasp, just as I’m about to boat a big one? Snap. Line breaks. My ultra-light-weight gear and training? I tend towards a balance point between weight and strength with the emphasis — and my experience — tending towards lighter weight.

Means less strong. Balance point between strength, [durability](#) and fish-ability. Lighter gear, lighter line? I can fish longer. Fish better. More fun per hour. And, of I’m not careful? An occasional equipment failure. I was about to swing a medium Black Bass into the boat. Not even a big one, just a medium-sized one. Line snapped. Old fishing line. I needed to re-spool that line, anyway.

When I fish often enough, a [single loss](#) isn’t a heinous crime. It isn’t a terrible problem. However, it is when I don’t get to fish [as often](#). There’s a going to be an [instance](#), next couple of days, like a line breaking. Not a big killer deal, just a little annoyance. Or, it could be a big deal. Depends on how you want to look at it. Mars & Saturn, far apart, but Mars & Saturn, in Virgo. Opposite you. I’d still go for the lightweight fishing gear. But that’s me.

[Aries](#): Dick Dale is the king, the god, The Man, when it comes to the surf guitar. Find some of that music someplace. The surf guitar, the riffs, the speed, the action,

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the fretwork, the back material, but most important the tone and energy that the sound itself implies.

There's a feeling, a sense, a combination of influences, and then a sound all unto itself. It's perfect for Aries. Right now. [Surf Guitar](#). While [Dick Dale](#) (Taurus) might be in retirement, his music can be coaxed into just about any kind of player, and that stuff helps. That kind of music with it's riffs and rides, and then, the long guitar slide, throat beat picking it's way along. What your Aries self needs, now.

[Taurus](#): With all that's [shaking](#) loose in the heavens? Down here on planet earth, [what](#) does a Taurus need to help cope? I had a brilliant idea, what you could do to help with your Taurus problems: heavy metal stickers.

No, not like radiation, although, that's an idea, too. No, what I was suggesting?

Heavy [Metal](#), like the music? The stickers from bands. Usually white or silver lettering and image on a black or foil background. Usually a lot of black.

Gratuitous use of skulls, bones, guns, lightening bolts, inferred destruction. Noise. Loudest stickers there are. Something like that is the best way to [advertise](#) for Taurus.

I'm not saying you have to assault your eardrums with METAL! Metal should always be all caps followed by an exclamation point. The point is you're trying to convey an image. Maybe not a bumper sticker, but someplace handy, Look mean. Look menacing. Look like you hang out and listen to METAL! All the time. Like your significant other has to wear a spiked dog collar for the shows. A couple of [stickers](#)? You're [good to go](#).

Right on!





Horoscopes for 6.10.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on JUNE 9, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Happy are they that hear their detractors, and can put them to mending.”

Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing [II.iii.90]

Gemini: Which [influence](#) is it? I can’t say. Exactly. I can guess a little, but I’m admitting that it is, at best a guess. What I was working through was an influence in a piece of art I was working on, a banner ad for a website.

Wasn’t big, and the image itself, it’s changed a little over the years, but it’s all pretty minimalistic. A few shapes, a splash of color, that’s about it. The original impetus, as far as I could recall? It was a building that obviously was a certain brand of coffee shop, a national chain, at one time.

Over the years, the deco, or nouveau, or modernist material has changed, as has the ownership. It was a pawn shop for years. The building’s most recent incarnation? Spanish-language church, some kind of Apostle of Juan the Baptista. Or something. There’s also a six-sided star associated with the evangelical nature of this church. One of its symbols.

So I can’t say which influence it is, the coffee shop, the pawn shop, the evangelical Mexican church? Or, as far as I’m concerned, it’s really the underpinning, the architecture that influenced me. Buried under layers of paint and various ownerships, there’s still the original design and its influence. Which iteration affected me? Which one is in Gemini? Nouveau, Deco, Modern, post-modern? Does it matter what the impetus is? Not really. Use the influence as Gemini inspiration — and happy birthday to that one, [special](#) Gemini!

Cancer: I was [reading](#) a magazine article about a certain poet. He was, that magazine claimed, “A poet of the street.” Supposedly, the poet would listen to the vernacular and transcribe all the stories, the prose, the idiom of the local city streets, catch the dialect and so forth. Could also be random thoughts. Then, over time, these bits and pieces were assembled into larger, epic in scope, poems. Some would suggest that’s what my horoscopes are, but this isn’t [about me](#), it’s about poetry of the street, the rhythm and spark that’s underfoot in Cancer. It’s a matter of listening, watching, and catching the fragments of conversation, the hints, the overheard, and — my favorite — what the [signs say](#). I’m not talking about [zodiac signs](#), I’m suggesting the hand-lettered images, sometimes a small business, or place that sells fresh lemonade on a hot summer’s eve.

It’s not the big indication, it’s the little ones.

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It's not a single individual shouting a [message](#) in your face. No, that's certainly not it. It's like that poet, the article was about, about listening to the murmur and the subtext, the eddies and hand-lettered images, all of that points in a different direction. Which is good for you. [If you](#) listen.

[Leo](#): There are a couple of figurines arrayed on my desk, sort of that random crap people accumulate over the years. I've got a "Laughing Buddha" with a small rucksack suspended from a staff. The traveling, happy (fat) Buddha. It's a good luck token, and it's reminder that there is joy in life, no matter where we seek it. That one Buddha, though, he's small, not too tall, he's been dropped in a move, or cleaning, or, probably, I turned around too fast with a fishing pole in hand, sweeping him off the desk. So there's a chip missing from his figure. It's imperfect. Which catches my mood and good luck perfectly.

A single chip, a piece of plastic from a cheesy figurine, that's not, like a big deal. I consider it a way to personalize the ornament. Venus will make a [very complimentary](#) angle to the rolling Uranus/Jupiter conjunction. Use it. Use it wisely. Tons of good energy there. Find a good way to use that. Is the figurine marred because of the chip? Or is it a cool, personal touch? Or, could it be a reminder to be a little more careful when I spin around with a fishing pole in hand?

[Virgo](#): "My son got into the LTD, first time, he looked at the 8-Track, 'Cool Dad, you got a Nintendo in the car.' My son? He's, like, 22." Kind of a scary point of reference, either that a buddy of mine has a 22-year old son, or that other point, about the 8-Track tape.

I was going to make a Virgo point about the 8-track format, sort of the earlier portable music format. Archaic. Antiquated. Old. [Out-of-date](#). Or is it? There's a persuasive "retro" sense to that 8-track. A historical value. Some meaning, and the marketing? Probably what pushed the 8-track's success further along than anything else. Portable music.

We've come a long way in a few years. How do you stack up and how far have you come along, too?

[Libra](#): One of my neighbors is [military](#). Fly-boy. Flies the big, lumbering Galaxy — at least, I think that's the name. Anyway, he's got two daughters, the kids don't live with him, but they were here for the start of summer break. One of the girls, seventeen trying to be 24. And attitude? All attitude. Us adults? We know NOTHING. Obviously clueless.



Then, too, I know that child's age. Just turned seventeen, and looking like that? I've got one buddy, about twice her age, and I'd love to introduce those two. He's bluster and she's just spiteful enough, and never mind, it's illegal. Not to mention the morality at stake therein. I was thinking, though, about what's shaking in Libra and I was thinking about that daughter.

No matter how well-intentioned we are, as adults, we just don't understand. We don't get fashion, language, or, most important? We don't understand what's important. My buddy, every contact point with his daughter? Seemed to be a test of wills. Despite a military bearing, he kept losing. There is a way to win.

First, any good Libra knows this one, acknowledge the opponent. Win that opponent over with a trust and trinkets. Small gestures pave the way for larger actions. Just yelling at each other? That's just proving that the kid is right. I still want to introduce one of my friends to that daughter. I have a malicious side. It would be like watching a dog chase a car that suddenly stops.

Scorpio: I'm pretty sure I don't know how I got lucky and stumbled upon this scene: it was — apparently — a former TV repair shop. Piled outside on a spring afternoon, there were dozens of old console TV sets in various stage of disrepair. Rotting carcasses thrown into the street. I'm completely unsure of any of the details, although, stay tuned, I'm sure I can conjure up some facts. Or fact-like tales.

As a visual image, it was striking, the old consoles were piled three and four deep and up to five feet tall, by the curb. I've always wanted an old console TV with its oblong tube, the odd-shaped older ones. The fine craftsmanship on the old cases, that, in and of itself, is worth something. I don't think I'd really like a black and white cathode ray tube, the concept would be to stick a newer monitor in the case. Maybe a flat screen would slip right in. Only, that would lose the effect of the rounded tube screen. It's an intriguing idea. Nice concept.

The images, one of them is now the cover of the book about Mercury Retrograde, just seemed, somehow, appropriate.

Coincidence or not? Look for the divine in the mundane.

Sagittarius: On the north side of town, just past the first loop? Big office building. Most big cities now have a loop or two around town. This isn't new. There will be a shotgun blast pattern of business buildings around the concrete cloverleaves. And here, there, on the north side? There's one building that has a sign, "Catholic Life Insurance."



Two points come up, one, isn't that [a misnomer](#), because, the way it works, it pays when you're dead. So it's not life insurance, it's death insurance. Just gamble on how long you'll last, I suspect. The other point, that name, itself? Catholic Life Insurance? Isn't that what the whole Catholic Church is about? Eternal Life Insurance? Granted I've got an oblique sense of humor, perfectly perpendicular to good taste and good manners, and I'm [well outside](#) the established "norm." Still, I was tickled by that name. I couldn't shake its name from my mind when I was looking at the [Sagittarius charts](#). We've got a tenacity that isn't normally in our make-up. Arguably, it's [Mars](#), but could be a whole host of factors. The problem? We can get preachy. Wrong time to preach. Have to watch out for that point where we're brow-beating and haranguing an audience instead of being our usual uplifting selves. Pick. Choose. Can't say I didn't warn you about sounding too preachy, though.

Capricorn: Hang around enough "want to be" movie stars, hang around enough TV folks, listen to enough "actors," and there's a common thread. The wise ones, some of whom are actually working? The smart ones? Before they agree to anything? "Let me see a script."

Simple, straightforward. Not research. It's a simple and direct request for further information.

You're like that. You hear a pitch. You get an offer, a solicitation, someone wants you to do something. For pay? Maybe. For a piece of the action? Possibly. Lucrative? Maybe. Standard response? "Let me see a script."

While I doubt that the actor/actress sits through a whole a 120 page script, reading and figuring all the nuances, I'm sure that there's a point that does need to be made. As a Capricorn, [hammered](#) from several angles with astrology "stuff," there's a simple answer to some of the offers, "Let me see the script."

It's that easy. It's a very polite way of telling a person, a salesman, a person pitching, it's an easy way to say "Put up or shut up." However, in keeping with my attitude of trying to make this easy? "Let me see the script" is a far more direct and yet, less offensive than any other way of saying that.

Aquarius: I've got a friend, her parents knew each other for two weeks before they married. 52 years later? Still married. Two weeks! Knew each other two friggin' weeks, and they are still married? Defies logic. Speaks to a tenacity and backbone not found in subsequent generations, too.





That example of a hasty decision, the “love at first sight” kind of energy? While this isn’t an isolated case, in the more modern times, check out the divorce rate, securely at 55%, it’s a fairly uncommon.

I’m all for [long-lasting relationships](#). Just, in my personal experience, it’s better to take a little time and try to figure out some of the details before jumping into a presumably permanent arrangement like marriage. The odds of a “love at first sight” lasting for five decades is increasingly rare. Not unheard of, just more and more rare.

As an Aquarius, I [suggest](#), within the bounds of the current planetary influences, not making such a leap. I didn’t say you wouldn’t be affected with that “love at first sight” type of feeling, I’m just not sure if it’s love, or just one of love’s siblings — lust and desire spring to mind....

Pisces: I started out taking apart your astrology chart for this next week, and my first reaction? Relief, pure and simple. Then I dug a little deeper and I found less good news and few more problem areas. So it depends on how you want to read this, but there’s both good and bad, and it’s up to your Pisces self to deal with the tough stuff.

That problematic energy is mostly Mars — opposite you — in Virgo. There’s the incipient stages of Chiron oppose Saturn. Neither one of these oppositions is overall problematic, but add to the fray the recent exit of Jupiter, and you’ll start to wonder. First blush? Week looks good. After a cursory examination? Have to think twice about that “first blush” statement.

Which is the idea on how to deal with all this energy, good and bad. First glance might not be the best answer. Be willing to dig a little, and then, that’s where the good stuff hides.

[Aries](#): There’s a restaurant chain, just saw an ad — it showed shrimp being tossed with what looked like chili flakes. Ancho Chili was the visual suggestion. What it really was? Probably a type of makeup.

Most shrimp, when cooked, is either naked, in the shell, or battered. Here’s my idea: shrimp in a blanket. Like pigs in a blanket, but instead of using little sausages? Use shrimp. Another form, same dish, exactly, really? Shrimp Kolaches. Kolaches were imported by Czech immigrants, if my local history is right, although, I’d suggest any of the Germanic tribes might’ve brought the idea over. Kolaches, with cheese and peppers, I’m sure that’s a little bit of local fusion cuisine. I’m just trying to push this idea little further along. Shrimp kolaches. Shrimp in a blanket. It could work. With the twin influences of Uranus and Jupiter,





and the Venus kicker this week? Some kind of weird combination. Shrimp in a blanket, I'm telling you, it could work.

Taurus: For the last dozen years or so, the United States has produced more Frisbees than footballs, basketballs and baseballs, combined. Frisbee, the circular spinning disc, more of those than anything else. What an impact. Disc Golf was, at one time, the [highlight](#) of living in Austin (TX).

Might still be, for some of the residents. I'm unclear on the concept. But I never got along with regular golf too well, much less Frisbee golf. I grasp the concept, I'd just rather fish. That's the way I'm wired. What this is all about. How you're wired.

What are you wired for? What is the turn-on for a Taurus? Presumably, it's food and music, but then, that's like judging a sports popularity by the number of units sold. Just because more frisbees are sold each year, does that automatically mean it's a more popular sport than baseball, basketball and football? I left gold out. Not sure how that compares. The question, and the what the Taurus stars are all about? What is it that you like? No, what's the favorite pleasure? What do you like the most?





Horoscopes for the week of 6.3.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on JUNE 2, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Deep malice makes too deep incision.”

Shakespeare’s The Tragedy of Richard the Second [I.i.158]

This week: Mars enters Virgo, Jupiter enters Aries (and Jupiter conjuncts [Uranus](#) — again).

[Gemini](#): Fancy dinner in a fancy place. Advertised as being “Latin Fusion cuisine.” Which [I’m unsure](#) of, because, if I understand words and definitions, that’s exactly what TexMex is, “Latin Fusion Cuisine,” not some kind of high-dollar, fancy-pants place with cool art on the wall, and the superior waiters who sneer at people dressed in shorts and sandals. And a nice Hawaiian shirt.

I look like a tourist. Know how that feels? Look who I’m talking to, Gemini! Of course you know how I feel. So the meal was okay, not quite enough zip, that mystery ingredient (cayenne) to most of the dishes, but the salad dressing, it was a “Mango Ranch Dressing.” That was good.

Sort of a mango-horseradish-jalapeno-honey/mustard (buttermilk ranch) dressing. Appropriate peppery zing. Excellent and smooth. Really made the salad, and for that matter, made most of the meal one-hundred percent acceptable. Something with some zing, a little bite, a rush of blood to the brain (and other parts), the flush that comes with a proper pepper commitment.

I’ve never seen Mango Ranch Dressing in the store. Never even heard of it. That makes it a first. And to call that zippy little dressing “Ranch”? Means the place was a truly [fusion](#) cuisine. As advertised. Sometimes, this is for Gemini, sometimes? Things are what they appear to be. Doesn’t happen often, might take some trial and error, but yeah, sometimes? Just like advertised.

Cancer: She was a gentle and sweet lass. Or so she appeared. She was serving us dinner at a nice place, the other evening. As she reached across to serve my date, I noticed Greek lettering on her wrist. Greek poetry, my first guess.

Not sorority or fraternity kind of Greek. I tried to catch the lettering and then her eye. Finally, a little exasperated, I just asked. (She wasn’t a [Cancer](#), but let’s for the sake of argument, pretend she was.)

“It’s Revelations 22,” she said. There was a verse attached to that, so I don’t know exactly what she was referring to. Although, Revelations, Chapter 22 is pretty short in and of itself. I’m sure that the verse means something to her. Most of the more strict Christian seem to frown upon tattoo as artwork. Or adorning women, but

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don't get me [sidetracked](#). This isn't about content of the tattoo, nor is about the state of churches. This is about how you advertise. Like lettering from 2,000 years ago, a little verse of poetry. Beginning and end.

[Leo](#): Angela Carter, a feminist SF author, is noted for saying, "Sex and socks are not compatible."

I disagree. But only to a point. Get to a certain point in life, and a woman in bed with cold feet is less desirable than a cutie with warm little socks on her feet. There's the added goal of aerobic and acrobatic activity in bed trying to dislodge said socks.

What this might be about. It's June.

[Virgo](#): There's a sample, [an audio clip](#), sampled, in a song from a long time ago. I figure that this song predates some of my clients by as much as a decade. Doesn't make it any less of a song, though.

The clip itself, the sample, and that was a time before samples were called samples, that [auditory](#) notation? It's supposed to be a chainsaw, being ripped alive. Started. The blast of a two-stroke motor and the rattling chain going around, at the same time, the visual impact of a masked man pulling on the chain saw's ripcord to start the motor. Good image for Virgo.

It's — Mars is — like [pulling](#) on the rip cord of a [small](#) motor. I personally like the image of a chain saw. Fun to play with. The image. I really don't want to tinker with a real chain saw. Not my thing. I'm much too [delicate](#) for that.

Mars is frying along in [Virgo](#). Been, like [years](#) getting here. Rip cord. Pull on it. Time to get started. More action, less talk. The noise of that motor should drown out any dissenting voices.

Libra: The President with a PhD? Woodrow Wilson. Started the League of Nation, the precursor to the United Nations, but despite his book smarts, PhD, and being president? Senate didn't ratify the League of Nations thing. The rest, is, as they say, history. Which doesn't make him less bright and doesn't mean any less of the man. Person, I suppose, would be the correct way to call it now. Any less of the person.

Thinking. Woodrow Wilson was a Capricorn. If he were around now, his Sun would be lining up with Pluto, and that's part of what this is all about. Book smarts is one thing. Streets smarts, street cred, whatever one would choose to address the





energy as? That's where the rubber meets the road, to mangle yet another metaphor.

Political power and plain, old-fashioned rhetoric? That's what it takes to win. These are not insurmountable odds for the Libra — but, and it's a big one, there's a certain amount of posturing, playing one foe against another, and just plain old talking the issue out, over and over, in order to win. You can. Win. Win big. Huge, even, but you're going to have to finesse a situation — no amount of book learning can beat a [street fighter](#).

[Scorpio](#): I was playing tourist and I was in an outdoor market place with friends from out-of-town. Visitors. It's like being a fishing guide only for tourists. There was a high-end chocolate shop at this one place, and we stopped; went in. All that chocolate goodness doesn't attract me. However, a single item in a pan, cooling behind the counter did pique my curiosity. It was a single jalapeño, large, plump, ripe, juicy, dipped in chocolate. Hot, spicy, sweet. Perfect. The place is known for dipping just about anything in chocolate. Personally, I'd like to see a thin and warmer Serrano pepper dipped in chocolate. That's an item I might actually sample.

I marveled at the other pepper, the [ingenuity](#) of the idea, and the fact that the pan was almost all sold out. The idea worked. Granted, this is a purely regional dish. Fresh peppers, probably grown in someone's backyard. The chocolate, I don't recall, fancy place, I'm sure there's provenance and lineage. As long we've got Gemini cooking, and the recent planet changes? Take two things and combine them, I've already tossed out two good ideas. See what hot stuff you can come up with, Scorpio.

[Sagittarius](#): [Bougainvilleas](#) blooms almost year-round here. The climbing ornamental plant produces an insignificant flower with persistent petals. Usual color I get to see here? Sort of a “burnt cherry,” too dusky to be rose, but too bright to be brown or magenta. The term “burnt cherry” I swiped from a color that the boot-maker used to describe a similar leather color. That's the usual color. In one corner of a garden plot, a few blocks from home, there's an unusual arrangement. There are two [Bougainvilleas](#) next to each other — one is that “burnt cherry” color and the other is a bright, almost iridescent purple. Like a royal purple, only lighter, more translucent. Two bushes, very distinct and separate colors. Blooming away in the heat of the summer's day. Just going and going, like there was no tomorrow.





It's a good — possibly brilliant — juxtaposition, the two colors of petals next to each other. Make a good point and counterpoint, color-wise. I'd love to get a backlit shot of those two plants, their leaves and petals, anyway, just to illustrate the color. But on a southwest facing corner, the chance of that happening is pretty slim.

I wouldn't want to go rooting around in a neighbor's garden. I did try and catch the image on digital film, and it never conveyed the right message. The brilliant, similar and yet different hues, next to each other. Can't catch some duality. It's Gemini time. [Appreciate](#) the differences, and catching it all? Probably not going to happen.

[Capricorn](#): I [boarded the plane](#), took a window seat, a guy followed me on board and took the aisle seat. Not an issue. Sort hop to Dallas or El Paso, or wherever I was headed.

Flight attendant took my temporary traveling companion's drink order. "2 Rums, one coke." He handed over the drink tickets for two drinks. "Short flight," he said to me. Not being so much of a drinking man these days, the offer of cocktails, I just passed. I listened while he explained what he was doing, and why he needed two short cocktails on a flight that lasted less than an hour. Made sense to him, at the time.

Made sense to me, and if I were in his boots, I'd suggested much the same course of action. But I'm not. However, [for a Capricorn](#) — this doesn't mean two shots of liquor — I'm suggesting you double up on the elixir, the medicine, the coffee, the rum, whatever the problem and solution is.

If it were me? I'd have a double espresso on ice. You? Maybe a double on the rocks — something — whatever works. Double up the efforts, see twice as many rewards, too.

[Aquarius](#): I was trailing along behind a — looked like — a dad and his young son. I halfway listening because, in this situation, their conversation promised to be enlightening.

The dad was patiently explaining something. "Ducks float because they're made of wood." That's something I never knew. I always thought that ducks floated because they presented a neutral buoyancy factor to the surface of the water, although, I have seen ducks dive. The duck meat I've tasted, it's always been superbly rich, with what seems like a lot of fat tissue.

Here I thought the buoyancy was physics. I never knew that duck were just made of wood. Never hurts to listen to our elders, the more wise people in our lives. We





can learn much at the feet of elders. Like why ducks float? Again, I thought it was physics and biology, but I guess not.

Listen up and learn.

Pisces: I bought a bottle of water at a local coffee shop. Not a chain store, not a chain brand. Reason I was willing to pay almost two dollars for a single bottle of water? I wanted marketing information. Who bottled the water, what company printed the store's name, address, and logo on the bottle, and more important, where did they find half-liter (500 ml) — square — bottles? Not just good marketing but excellent marketing.

Probably just local tap water, although, the label did say it was “purified & oxygenated.” Means bubbles and some kind of a filter. Might still be tap water, for all I know. Doesn't matter. I was willing because, in part, I was thirsty, and more important, I figured an investment of less than two dollars might yield good advice. I'd like to market my own brand of water. Tap water, bottled at the source, with a label. Those square bottles? Even better marketing, and then there's the added advantage of the square bottles are much easier to handle. Easier to ship. A smaller case contained more bottle, as they were five across and I didn't count how many deep. But more than a usual case would probably contain. More space by almost a third. Save on shipping and handling.

My two-dollar bottle of water garnered me no information. Store's name, address, and the little “no calories, not a significant source of minerals” label. Can't say I shouldn't have tried, either. I gave it a shot. I was reasonable in my assumption that my two-dollar gamble would pay big. Such gambles, with a huge potential payoff? In Pisces? Go for it. Might fail like I did, but it wasn't that much of a waste. Didn't taste like tap water.

Aries: The average time it takes to turn the basic potato into a bag of potato chips? One hour. From tuber to packaged, salty, flavorful goodness? Doesn't take long at all. Big machines skin, then slice, then fry, salt and package potato chips. About an hour. From a beautiful tuber, a root fruit, to crispy goodness, less than an hour. The miracles of the modern age, never cease to amaze me.

How they do it? Ever think about that? No, you can look this stuff up. About an hour. All it takes. Consider, too, that Aries is like that potato. Scrubbed, sliced, diced, flash fried, frozen, nitrogen packaged?

Doesn't take that long for a such a humongous change. Doesn't take that long for potato chips, anyway. Are you the machine of change, maybe a cook or technician



running the equipment? Or are you the tuber? Caution: some settling may occur, contents sold by weight, not volume.

Taurus: I was rooting around town with one of my buddies. Name's not important, but many refer to him as "Bubba." Not that it matters, he steadfastly refuses to answer to that name. We wandered into a certain chain of coffee shops. I ordered a double on the rocks, and he ordered the most girly drink he could think of, a "Blueberry Mocha Peppermint Frappuccino with whip and sprinkles."

I was almost offended to be drinking coffee in that place with a guy who was ordering a drink like that. The counter help sort of know me, and they would guess that I was male. My buddy? "That's a girly drink, bubba." He went on, at length, to confirm that he drank straight whiskey, like a man, beer, like a man, and everything else, like a man. So he was indulging his feminine side by ordering a girly coffee drink. I think he was just being obnoxious in his own, weird way.

Therein is the clue. Whether your manly, or girly, or somewhere in between, like me, posturing is important. And doing one thing, one action, just something — it could appear to be as silly as a girly coffee drink? Just one. Order up that particularly gruesome-sounding coffee drink. Or eat beef. One step on the wild side. One step away from whatever everyone else assumes is right with you. Just one, but one step like that can make it a very successful week.



Horoscopes for 5.27.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on MAY 26, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“And earthly power doth then show likest God’s
When mercy seasons justice.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) The Merchant of Venice [IV.i.192-3]

Historically, the Merchant of Venice was only performed twice in the 17th century, and both times? For King James I, at the Whitehall Palace, in 1605.

Uranus bumps into Aries, just a taste, just a flavor, not really making that much of a splash.

[Gemini](#): Happy Birthday to that one special [Gemini!](#) [Before we get any more freaky](#) about this, let [me](#) point out a single point: Aquarius is an Air Sign. Like Gemini. All right, things are going to get mighty weird. Soon. Now. Even in the last few minutes, it’s gotten a little more strange.

As a good Gemini, though, strange isn’t really so bad. This sets up a period of time, the last astrological theory I worked with suggested this is the tone for the next year or so, and that’s what we’re looking at. It’s more like a flavor instead of a series of events. More like a smoky allure of BBQ with a hidden hint of the flavor of Mesquite. Less a spicy hot, more like the smoked sultry sweetness of the Chipotle Sauces.

So there’s a weirdness quotient that gets turned up a notch , but it’s not, like, this is really weird. Just sort of weird. Getting weirder, but is that so bad for a Gemini?

The [symbolism](#) is one that suggests there’s a chance for change, in a very positive direction, around the corner. Now, even. Take advantage of the strange events, but remember, this is more like flavor than anything else.

[Cancer](#): In the desert mountains, to the [north](#) and [west](#) of [Albuquerque](#) and [Santa Fe](#), there’s a little Benedictine Monastery. It was originally built in the sixties and seventies by three monks from NYC.

[Christ-in-the-Desert Monastery](#).

Check it out, the monks do have a [web site](#). Of course they do. This is a modern age. The ironic part about the place? It’s open for visitors and overnight guests. No, that’s no ironic. However, there is no electricity or phones. That is ironic — they do have a web page.

I was thinking about that irony, no [electricity](#), no phones, and then to discover a web page for place. Got me thinking that spending a few night in place like that could be very productive. I’d have to pretend I was Catholic because I’d want to

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take communion with them — it's all part of the experience. For that matter, I'd be pretending, but I'm sure their god can forgive a little transgression like in the face of what I would be trying to do.

Spiritual vacation, a time to spend a little time without a cell phone, without electricity, with nothing. Think about that some time. It could be a little too scary for some. Try ditching the [electronic communications](#) stuff for a little while.

Leo: This is an invitation to take a walk on the wild side. This week, this [coming weekend](#), sometime — really soon. Welcome to Leo Land!

This is time for one action that is either daring, brave, risque, or [some combination](#) of all three. Or some other, out-of-place, [Leo-action](#). Doesn't have to be way different, it can be a little different. It's not a matter of confronting the big fears in your life, although, I'm sure, you might have some secret fears, I won't tell, but no, this isn't about taking a broad leap into the [unknown](#).

This is about doing [one thing](#), it's a single action, a simple, single, out-of-the-ordinary (for your Leo self) [step](#). Not too wild, not too far-out. Not too weird. Just a little more bizarre, unusual, different, and so on, than usual.

We're experimenting with known limits, and all I want your excellent [Leo](#) self to do is explore a previously agreed upon boundary. In as much as anything? This is about seeing if a self-imposed limit is really at the best location. In other words, just because you thought you couldn't do it? Might need to change that thinking. Try. No harm in exploring.

Virgo: The "corn dog" is credited with being invented at the Texas State Fair, placing its creation timeline in the fall of 1942. There are several claimants to the title, but the most reliable sources suggest that it was at that State Fair, the original corny dog was introduced.

It's a good, nutritional source of food on-the-fly. It's a hot dog and bun, all as one, with a convenient carrying stick. I like mine plain, or maybe with a single stripe of cheap, yellow mustard along one side. The way it was intended. Good stuff. Hot dog, bun, corn, deep fried. Easy to eat and easy to fix. Between a few [elements](#), I was wondering, there's sort of a relief that you're looking for.

Maybe this isn't as complicated as your [Virgo](#) self makes it out to be. Maybe there is a simple suggestion that will help. Like a corny dog. I'm not saying that this is the ultimate food, or the best comfort food of all time, but as a temporary way to make it through the next week?





Action food is a good idea. Something to eat while on-the-fly. Like a corn dog. Perfect food. For my dollar? I also like think of a corn dog as a kind of comfort food. I know it is for me. There's something about the "state-fair" branded corny dogs that satisfies my soul's hunger. It's more than just food, it's something like salve for the soul. Doesn't have to be a big thing, [either](#).

Libra: "I don't eat anything [orange](#)." Plain and simple, I suppose. "Except Cheat-Toes." Always an exception to the rule, I suppose. Which is what this is about, I suppose.

As the planets continue to [course](#) along in their [preordained](#) orbits? As the march of time keeps pushing forward? There's a hard and fast Libra Rule that I think, might, get bent. Maybe not broken, but toyed with, adjusted, modified, [cursorily customized](#), something. Absolutely broken? Unlikely. Cheated? I suppose. I'm good with that.

Might be a rule that needs to be modified. Might be something that needs to be [adjusted](#), or, the term I'd prefer? Updated. Yes, that's what's happening, it's matter of updating that kind of material. Nothing orange except for, well, something orange. Mostly nothing orange. No oranges, no similar citrus. No orange marmalade, no orange juice. No Al-Pastor. No orange cheese, like cheddar. But maybe, just maybe, a bag of Cheat-Toes. Something about that kind of rule, one that can be bent.

[Scorpio](#): 40 degrees. 40 degrees of separation? No, but not a dissimilar concept. Venus usually is never more than 40 degrees away from the Sun.

Why I was thinking about 40 degrees of separation. In rare occasions, it can be a whole sign away, but usually? Venus is in the same sign or the next sign over from where the Sun is. Like, if the Sun is in Gemini (like now), then Miss Venus is in Cancer, next sign over. Concepts and celestial mechanics are worth noting.

The change with Uranus is going to be felt. As [a Scorpio](#), presumably, this is going to happen in your Sixth Solar House. However, since no two are exactly alike? I'd wonder if this was a more relationship issue. Weird, different and challenging in ways you didn't know you could be challenged. The cool and most important, calm, approach is what will work best for my fine little Scorpio friends.

Sagittarius: "Looks like good bourbon," a buddy was addressing me and my glass of clear, amber nectar, on the rocks, in crystal-like goblet. Really? Cheap plastic tumbler with a fancy heritage.



Things are not what they [appear](#) to be. The clear, amber liquid? Ice tea. Homemade. Sweetened with a spoon-full of agave nectar (organic) and in the pitcher? I sliced an organic lemon, a few center slices floating for color, the two ends squeezed for an acidic citrus tang. Not too sweet, not too strong, a little weak, cool, refreshing on a hot afternoon, that glass sweating in the South Texas humidity.

Things are not what they appear to be. Looked like bourbon. We all have [our vices](#). On a certain afternoon, a glass of tea is all that I need. Really, I can drink about a gallon of the stuff, but I try to limit myself. The Jupiter/Uranus conjunction, then, the transit of Uranus into Aries, just taste? It's like that amber nectar. Bourbon, single mash, single malt Scotch, or just some of my own "micro-brew" ice tea? Reclining and observing, preferably sober for the time being? That's the way to handle this. What I'll do.

Things are not what they [appear](#) to be.

Capricorn: Hatch, NM: home to the most-famous green chili. I'm guessing about that, but their regional legend has it that the stuff is famous world-wide. Hatch, NM and Green Chili. I have clients who work within the industry, here's what I learned: each Hatch NM farmer is required to farm 10 acres, presumably Hatch Green Chili. With that in place? The bulk of the chili export crop is brought in from [Mexico](#), processed in Hatch, and then shipped out with the "Hatch Green Chili" brand.

Again, assuming that it's a seal of approval. Sounds more like a nod and wink, rather than real chili from that one location. Sounds like a bait and switch, although, I'm sure, that there's a local, state and federal regulators who cover this kind of arrangement.

After I learned that? I had to look at the "Old El Paso" brand of "Hatch Green Chili" in the can, and I was wondering, product of Mexico? Who knows, anymore. Not that I have a problem with chili from Mexico, or Mexican produce, that's certainly not my issue. What I was wondering about, truth in advertising.

Capricorn: truth in advertising for Capricorn? Yes, stick the facts, just the [facts](#).

[Aquarius: Symbolism](#), that's what this is about. And the modern glyph for this week? It's highly arcane. It's a package delivery driver (UPS, FedEx, USPS), yawning.

It means something I know it means something, it was a brown uniform, when I saw it, one of those images that sears its way into the brain and memories.





He was hustling, but not quite as much as, like, at Xmas time. Or other package-intensive times. Bored driver. Yawning. Not quite really hot yet, just warm. Wait until Summer arrives, then it will be hot. So the yawn wasn't induced by the ambient temperature. This is one of those images that has meaning. It's the quiet between storms. It's the lull that can lull all of us to a false sense of security. That's what I'd warn you about. False sense of security.

Pisces: Regional food is a specialty for me. Not one that I can prepare, one that I like to sample. Whatever the region, there's always a taste test, a difference, between the way items are prepared.

I'm lucky in that I get to hit El Paso (El Paseo del Norte) couple of times a year. The soft, green New Mexico chile and the hot Old Mexico fire. Makes for some delightful — very — regional cuisine. I ordered up some enchiladas, and when faced with the question, "Red or Green," I asked for both. Sort of like Christmas tamales, only not. Red and Green? Get it? Never mind.

That one place, it was just a "Mexican" diner by the side of the road, down in the Mesilla Valley, and the two sauces next to each other provided the best of both worlds, old Mexico and New Mexico. In Texas.

As Uranus makes a hasty exit from Pisces? Remember the food choice I just suggested, a little of both. Gives you a chance to sample from both sides. New Mexico is Green Chili — from Hatch, usually. Mexico chili is usually red and hot.

Aries: Shaken. Not stirred. Perhaps over ice, be nice. This is an introduction to Uranus and his energy. Won't last that long, and this next month or so gives you a taste of what the next six, eight years could be like. Just a sample, though. Not the real deal, but close enough.

Uranus is exciting, electric, a little eclectic, and just a tad bit odd. Aries isn't usually that odd. Maybe a few quirks, but no, not that odd. However, this is a sampling of what it could be like. From a little odd to really strange. Just sample, though.

Quick (astrophysics) mechanics lesson: Mercury has a north pole and south pole, goes around the sun every 88 days, or so. Venus, north pole, south pole goes around the sun every 260 days. Earth, north pole, south pole, day, night seasons, goes around the sun every 365 days. Mars? Every 22 months. More or less. Jupiter, 12 years, Saturn, the rings, north pole, south pole, orbit the sun every 28 years.

Uranus? It has a north pole that points at the sun — rolling along sideways in the solar system. Basically? 90 degrees off from everything else. That's why it's such an odd influence. Not bad, just weird.



Really, it's closer to 87 degrees, but for now? 90 is much easier to [explain](#). Right angles.

[Taurus](#): There's a popular (local) cleaning solution called "CLR." The initials stand for "Calcium Lime Removal." One of my buddies poured CLR in his coffee maker. The machine. Cleaned out the machine. Got rid of the little lumps of white crud, presumably calcium build-up, from inside his machine. Sort of a rotor-rooter for the coffee machine? I guess.

Cleaned the little plastic pipes just fine — only, yeah, there's always a catch. Didn't work so good. He flushed all that CLR solvent out of the machine, near as we could tell. It was gone. The little brass pipes in the coffee maker looked just find. There was only the faintest lingering aroma that suggested there might be spilled or lurking or left behind cleaning agent. Flushed water through that machine three times. We made coffee. He did. Anyway, and it looked just find, tasted fine, except, when I got to the bottom of the cup? There was a black, leaf-like substance, a tiny dark flake of some kind. [I didn't sample](#) it, although, it was in my coffee cup and I'm known for drinking the grinds that make it into the coffee. Didn't look like something I wanted to sample. Some kind of detritus leftover from the cleansing process. The cautionary tale for Taurus? Think about that cleaning the coffee maker. Then think about the way my buddy undertook the task. Then think the "industrial strength" solvent he used. On a household machine. Not always a good idea to mix industrial with household. There was something leftover. We're not sure if it's harmful, or not. But it's not a risk I was willing to take. Think about that as we go merrily along through the next few days. Maybe try warm, soapy water first. Then something stronger.





Horoscopes for 5.20.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on MAY 19, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings.”

[Shakespeare's](#) Scottish Play [I.iii.149-50]

The Sun enters the Tropical Zodiac Sign of Gemini — it's [Twin Time](#)!

Sidebar: [note of no real importance](#): all the moons of Uranus are named for Shakespeare's characters.

[Gemini](#): I was clicking around on the web. [Avoiding work](#), probably. I [hit an ad](#) for a site that promised to tell me the five most common mistakes that websites make. I clicked through, and it turned into one of those ads for a [subscriber-based service](#), for a single low fee, and the rest of it is merely advertising.

The five most common mistakes? As long as I've been making [websites](#), weblogs, [horoscopes](#), [digital images](#) and [graphics](#)? I think I've found those five mistakes and I figure I've invented a few more mistakes that some people have [never seen](#) before. Nor, after I made the mistake once, do I think I'll ever make the same mistake again. The joy lies in the doing, not the getting.

What are the most five common mistakes that a web page makes? I think it has to do with graphics that load too slow, crap that loads instantly (like [video](#) or [sound files](#), [communication \(e-mail, address, phone, Twitter, FaceBook\)](#), ability to scale the site (across various operating environments), and too many clicks to get to content.

I might have it [wrong](#), but that was a short guide and the information was supposed to be free. I think one of the mistakes was moving graphics, but anymore, that's kind of moot point. Really doesn't matter as bandwidth is cheap.

As I've suggested, I've made a lot more mistakes. [Guidelines are nice](#), but it's your birthday. What mistakes have you made, now that we're rolling into a new Gemini year, what issues don't you want to repeat. Here's how you do that: don't. Since that was too short? Don't repeat the same mistakes. There's a list, about five, you were thinking about it last week? Don't repeat those mistakes.

Books in print: [astrofish.net/book](#)

The instructional video/workshop: [www.BarefootAstrology.com](#)

[Cancer](#): Guilty pleasure. I can explain, I was looking at online video of [Mexican wrestlers](#). Luchadores. Mighty, majestic, accomplished, sleek, flying through the air, acrobatics that seem to defy the very laws of physics, and so much more. The

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masks, the glamor, the pageantry, the elegance of the choreography. To some it might not appear all that elegant, but to me?

It's a guilty pleasure. I can call it "[research](#)" since it's a highly effective manner of learning a third language, or fourth, depends on how you count. Might have an undesirable side-effect though, my pronunciation might make me sound like an announcer with that kind of tone and timing. I'm unsure of how I'd do, for real.

For me, this is merely a [guilty pleasure](#). About ten minutes of that heavy-accented voice telling the story of one masked wrestler pummeling then getting pummeled by another masked wrestler. All good fun. Ten minutes. Three minutes to search through the stock, two minutes on one video that wasn't very good and then, about four minutes on the last video. I couldn't stand the part where the masks get ripped away. Ten minutes of harmless — to me — guilty pleasures. Then I'll roll my Rs all the rest of the day, but who cares? Guilty pleasures. After the mayhem? Take five. Times two, so take a total of ten minutes for guilty pleasures.

It's [official](#), you can do it.

Leo: I'm not an artist. I don't have that creative "thing" that most artists have. As close as I'll get to being an artist? I [lived in Austin](#), and, [I was weird](#).

I am still strange, just not as many people notice these days. I do notice some things, and this was art on a girl's arm. Young lady. It was a rocking chair, then in Gothic script, underneath the image, "Rock!"

I guess that conveys the image as good as a picture of the tattoo. I would hope that there's much more to the message, like being in a rocking chair, or being able to rock out when she's older, or something. Maybe work in a grandparent reference. This week? Mars? Saturn/Uranus opposition? Like the tat said, "Rock," or maybe, "rock!"

Virgo: I was pointing and clicking on [websites](#), trying to find some [allegory](#) that worked. Something that appropriately conveyed what's happening in Virgo-land. Land of the Virgo.

One of those. It was a "Men's Magazine," and it had, in tiny letters, next to its title, the word "beta." I thought I would appropriate that. Not the actual form and display, but something similar. Since, after all, [on the web](#), everything is in a constant state of flux and change.

What was last week's cool new site is now so last week.

Any color in the spectrum, including black, is the new black. It's a fad a moment. A meme will sweep through, a viral video will catch on, and then, just as quickly,

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be extinguished by the next moment's latest and greatest. So it's all "beta," in my mind.

Saturn is back down through the last couple of degrees of Virgo. I'd think about that "beta" sticker. Just like, saying, "It's not etched in stone," because, really? With Saturn? Even if it's just the last few degrees? It usually points to a time of change. Don't get too wedded to a situation, chances are, it's going to change. It's still in "beta" form. Like most [websites](#), but never mind that now.

Libra: One girl — OK, OK, call her a "woman" — one girl I dated? She had this mistaken idea that some day, in the not too distant future, we'd be sitting on the veranda of a big house, sipping martinis. Me, probably with one that was shaken, and maybe dirty, or with a tiny onion, or dry, or whatever. Her with a Gimlet or Gibleet, I'm not sure. Which is part of the problem.

While I'd like to daintily perch on the veranda of a nice house in the suburbs, and recline in splendor, ease and grace that becomes a man of [my stature](#)? Doubt I'll ever be able to afford a house in the suburbs, and if I could? I'd probably buy a fishing boat or another trailer house to park next a body of water, be that the Gulf Coast or lake.

See how this goes? Two sets of dreams and the only common element is that they both involved me. As Libra, you've got some dreams. I can only hope those dreams involve me, or someone like me, but I also hope that you can temper those dreams with a little rational thought.

[Scorpio](#): The right of the Catholic Church to the missions of San Antonio, was passed January 13, 1841, the [Republic of Texas](#) passed an act that the San Antonio Missions and other [specified missions](#), and the [land surrounding](#) them — not to exceed 15 acres — were the property of the present chief pastor of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, in the Republic of Texas for now and forever.

I was doing a little [historical research](#), and that answered the immediate question about the conveyance of title back then. What was even more fun, to me, was that it was a deed between the Republic of Texas and the Holy Roman Church. Gemini just started. Careful, Gemini is an air sign and Gemini is a mutable sign. As a Scorpio, you are neither. Doesn't make you a bad person, it's just that, next a hyper Gemini, you seem so staid and conservative.

I was using my historical research about the titles of lands and deeds to emphasize a point in Scorpio. Careful about what [documents](#) you sign. Careful about what you assume is a "permanent and forever" deal. Once that Sun enters Gemini? Bets are off on how long the deal you just negotiated, no guarantee how long it lasts.

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Sagittarius: Last [week](#), I suggested it was like February 13. Not the February that comes in the middle of my winter, I meant in a way, like the day before [Valentine's Day](#).

There's the big marketing push and then the retail rush. In part this is errant lovers looking for respite, and, in part, it's hopeful suitors, looking to catch a break. If you paid attention, [and paid me](#), you'll notice that last week's missive has hit home, and now is the time reap rewards for your efforts.

If you're late, then it's really too late. There was a little shove from the planets, kind of like, standing there, in line, say at a movie or concert, and the pretty woman in front of you backs into yourself. Or cute guy, whatever it is that you're interested in. The other person takes a step back, and casually rubs you. Rubs you in a good way.

Capricorn: Got a gift card, one of those plastic, credit-card-looking things, to a big sporting goods store. Don't know whether I should buy fishing gear or ammunition. Decisions, decisions. Bullets or new fishing lures? Bullets would just get left behind in a target — I hope.

I mean, I hope I hit the target, wouldn't want to use ammunition for anything but target practice, right? Lures, the way the fishing's been lately? Just get left behind in the lake, too. Rocky bottom, tree stumps, leave plenty of the plastic and hooks behind, too. Both are hopeful activities.

Let's play a game in [Capricorn](#), bullets or fishing lures? Which would you buy? Why? There is one Capricorn I know, he'd buy, without thinking about it, bullets. The end is near, and he wants to go out fighting. Me? I'm not a Capricorn, and if I thought the end was really near, I'd want to go out with a fishing pole in my hand. Makes that decision even more pointed, now doesn't it? Go down firing? Or fishing?

Aquarius: The inscription over the doorway to Mission Concepción de la Purísima de Acuna de la Hasana: "A SU PATRONA, U PRINCESSA/CON ESTAS ARMAS, ATIENDE/ESSTA MISSION, Y DEFTENDE/EL PUNTO DE SU PUREZA" (This [mission](#) honors its patroness and princess and defends with these arms the doctrine of her purity.) The [mission](#) itself has a long history, originating in as an East Texas outpost to guard against the French with Spanish-Catholic education, geo-political and para-military presence wrapped into one package. In 1731, due to decreasing government funding, the mission was moved to its present location, near the confluence of the [San Pedro Creek](#) and the San Antonio



River. The chapel itself, about all that is still standing, is a [simple cathedral](#) with twin Moorish domes, facing almost due west. Still holy ground, or consecrated turf, or whatever they call it.

I was thinking about that, while sitting in the chapel. Warm spring afternoon. Hot, in a cool way. Not yet to summer “roast” settings. 300 years of history, 250 years in the same place. How rooted are you, as an Aquarius, how rooted are you to one spot? To one ideal? That church’s actual, physical structure, it’s been here longer than we’ve been a country. How wedded are you, as your Aquarius self, to that one ideal?

Pisces: I’ve worked with a number of editors, over the years. Some good, some bad. There was one, he had a Virgo Moon, and he was a particularly good one for me. Although, I’m sure your Pisces self will agree, that a Virgo Moon can drive you crazy with the attention to details.

Anyway, one of the first, perhaps most important, items I learned from that one editor? Length. Prior to working with him, I was tailoring my copy, the words in my horoscopes, to fit a certain length. I was writing for page display. Column inches. The message I got was to let the material dictate the length, the content itself will have its own length Don’t edit for space.

That editor pointed out that he could always shrink the type or column or whatever, to make it all fit. That was the lesson.

As Jupiter does his thing, and as the planets continue to roll around on their preordained pattern? Don’t edit your material to fit a certain space. Let the material itself dictate how long it wants to be. Don’t start with a canvas and say, “It’s got to fit on this one 8 X 10 canvas.” That won’t work for the mural you’re working on. And don’t paint yourself in corner by mixing metaphors.

Aries: The term “watch dog” first [appears](#) — in literature, first time — in Shakespeare’s The Tempest. As the Moon goes from halfway full to almost all the way full? Time to get with the program. Plan, you did have a plan, didn’t you? There’s also that term, the ‘watch dog,’ and I’d wonder how that plays out. Is there a watch dog you should worry about? Especially as the Moon gets [fuller and fuller](#)? Or is there a situation wherein your Aries self should be a little more cautious?

Either way, I was thinking about the term, and its antecedents. Plus its source. Anyway, the deal is, the code phrase for the next seven days? “Watch dog.” Either [be on the look out](#), or be on the look out.



Taurus: A decade ago, that was last week, looking back over your shoulder. Important consideration. There was a significant occurrence, about a decade back. Ten is such a weird number, doesn't really show up in nature, we have ten toes, but only eight fingers, OEM. Two thumbs. Seven days to a week, 12 months in year, 13 moon cycles in a year, and I can make a list a mile long, which, again, isn't a "ten" thing. This, however, is a ten years ago moment. That's why I'm digging in here about that issue, whatever it was, ten years ago.

As the Sun's passage through your slice of the sky comes to an end? Birthday's come and are gone?

Time to think about something from a decade ago. It's an important consideration as this plots another ten years ahead. That action, a decade ago? That's like a rudder on a small boat, has a lot to do with your Taurus direction, now. Like that boat's rudder? Bigger impact than thought.





Horoscopes for the week starting 5.13.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on MAY 12, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Knowing I lov’d my [books](#), he furnish’d me,

From mine own library with volumes that

I prize above my dukedom.”

Prospero in [Shakespeare’s](#) The Tempest [I.ii.195-7]

Taurus: Stop. Pause. No, full stop. Complete and dead stop in your tracks, just for a minute. [Please. Just stop.](#)

Where were you, what was happening, what was your situation, ten years ago. To the date. [Ten years back](#). [One decade ago](#)? Planet Earth we use a year as a marker for time, one lap around the sun. Mercury moves a lot faster, closer to three, four times as fast. Venus? About two-thirds, Mars? Maybe two years to our one year. Jupiter? 12 years. Saturn? 28, and so on.

So using the completely arbitrary number of ten? Ten years back. One whole decade ago, where were you? What was the situation? What was happening, who was what and where, and what was important to you?

We have to stop, in Taurus, long enough to look back at a turning point, a time when [everything](#) changed, ten years ago. That’s how we plot a course forward.

Before we can move into what’s happening this week, get a grip on what happened a decade ago.

Books in print: astrofish.net/book

The instructional video/workshop: www.BarefootAstrology.com

Gemini: “Quetzalcoatl” is derived from two words in the indigenous language of Meso-America. It means “Plumed Serpent,” and it refers to [a god](#) of the Aztecs. Azatlan. “Quetzal” is the name for a bird with a long, plumed tail while “Coatl” means snake.

Half serpent, half bird, all deity. Pretty good, two things combined as one. That’s the Gemini goal, now, two as one. Not the reverse. What does some pagan god have to do with Gemini stars? Maybe nothing. Maybe a lot.

“Quetzalcoatl” was the deity who studied the stars and planets, astronomy and astrology. Take two things that are different, like snakes and birds, and combine those two elements, those two things are one. See what kind of deity you can invent. Brings a whole new meaning to the term “For gods’ sakes.”

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Cancer: The Nueces Strip is a barren stretch of desert between the boundary for Mexico (Rio Grande, Rio Bravo) and the Nueces River, or Rio Nueces, sort of that southern tip of Texas.

It was, at one time, hotly contested. Lipan Apache and Kickapoo would easily raid from the Mexico side then retreat back across international boundaries to escape persecution.

Storied and fabled, the Nueces Strip is one barren and bloodied piece of real estate. “No county for old men” accurately portrays the stark landscape, and captures part of the sentiment of place. Strange, though, how such a barren wasteland can be defined by two rivers. That Nueces Strip, besides the real estate contentions, is remote and yet not remote, with sprawling metropolitan sites on either side.

Laredo, San Antonio, Nuevo Laredo, Brownsville, Matamoros, all there.

As defined by water. Cancer, it's a water sign, as defined by your water?

Leo: Execution is as important as presentation. I was in a coffee shop and I will be forever grateful to Starbucks for making this happen, but it was a small coffee shop. The Espresso machine was a huge, affair, with three spigots, bright red machine, all swoopy and curvy and eclectic “modern” looking Almost deco, almost retro.

Ordered up a double shot of whatever you got, and I got a very good shot of espresso. Tasty. Just right, a little thin on the cream on top, but still, a good shot of caffeine. Halfway through that shot, that short cup of magic elixir, my mind was racing. Joy coursed its way through my veins.

I was ready for anything. I listened while a few people talked about the day and time ahead. I looked at the espresso machine, and I thought, “This is a perfect way to deal with Leo and Mars.” A shot of espresso. Stop long enough to take the time to think about it. To look, to listen, don't just go charging ahead. Stop long enough to feel that stuff creeping up on you.

Like me, I was halfway through that diminutive cup before it got into the good part. Had to wait a little while, but I never finished the cup, like Leo, you don't have to drink it all down to feel the effects

Virgo: I was coastal (flats) fishing, not long ago, and it was a little slow at first. Spent almost two hours on the water, three different spots without so much as a nibble. Not even any bait-stealers. Motored into another location on the backside of the island, marsh, coastal reeds and weeds. Set out a few lines with a crab as bait.



Wham! Less than ten minutes, nice, big red. As I fished the hook out of his mouth, I found the bait, still intact. Put that bait back on the hook, dropped the fish on the cooler, flung the line — with that bait — back out. Half hour later, another big fish, same piece of bait, a little chewed up, but still, it was still there.

Another one for the cooler and the bait went back out again. Other end of the boat, they were catching (speckled) trout. I waited. That piece of bait brought in one more [Big Red](#). Amazing that a single piece of bait could stretch that far.

As a Virgo, follow my lead on this, there's a chance, an opportunity to reuse something you've been using, Instead of changing it up just for the sake of change? If it works? Keep using it until it's all used up. Or until you've caught your limit on Big Reds.

Libra: I've lived, off and on, in the [desert](#) of the American Southwest — for almost all of my life. Sometimes along the fringes, like in Austin, which is far more tropical and less desert than most, but still, it's right at the edge, A few hundred miles due west and it's the heart of the the northern terminus of the Chihuahua Desert. Or the Sonoran Desert. Places I've lived at one time or another. Like it just fine. Dry weather suits me okay. Most assuredly, suits my humor. Little hard on the fishing, but it's still okay. It's a climate that I'm used to.

The desert, after a spring shower, blooms. Bursts wide open from a dull brown to a cascading myriad of colors that are impossible versions of green in all its variations. From dark green to light green and all the striations in between that are plainly not imaginable.

These bright spots of color only happen about once every third year. It's happening, now, in Libra. You've got a chance, an opportunity, an option to exercise, and now is the time to do it. It's like that desert in full bloom, something I've seen, a few times, but remember, this is a chance that only occurs once every three years — [or so](#).

[Scorpio](#): Deception. Illusion. Smoke and mirrors. All good [Scorpio qualities](#). Better yet, this week? Use those Scorpio skills. Deception, illusion, sleight-of-hand. All good tools from the old Scorpio tool-box.

I was thinking about this, looking at your chart, and I remembered a [presentation](#) I was forced to sit through. Power-Point-like lecture with the visual clue slides. Awful stuff. Riveting material absolutely ruined by shoddy presentation. If you're presenting? If you're getting ready? Think about the way a magician does it, draws the attention away from the where the eye wants to be, misdirection.



Illusion. Good slides can work that way. Even [bad photography](#) can be good in its intent.

Draw the eye away from your Scorpio self. In that one example, the bad presentation, or good presentation ruined by bad slides? Think about what you can do to utilize the aforementioned smoke and mirrors.

Draw attention away from your Scorpio self. Blend into the background.

Camouflage. The worst thing you can do this next few days? “Hey, look at me!”

Unless, of course, you’re one of my friends, and that’s a not-so-subtle cry and warning. “Watch me do this!” Translated from my buddies? Means “Duck!”

Stick to smoke and mirrors. Deception.

[Sagittarius](#): There’s a key phrase I’d like to introduce to my fine [Sagittarius brothers](#) and sisters.

Think: February 13. Know what that is? It’s the day before an artificial holiday all about “love & romance.” True, I’ve written books about [love & romance](#), but neither is particular big issue with us Sagittarius [types](#). It’s nice, and it’s wonderful, and, oh “whatever!” Feb 13 is usually the time when, in a last minute panic, we’re scrambling for tokens of affection. Hard proof that our love is true. Begs the jokes about my valentines’ cards with bulk mail stamps, addressed to “your name here” and “or current resident.”

All had our laughs about that. Sagittarius love & romance themes. We’re funny like that. Next week? Pay attention, next week, there’s a huge romance thing as Venus opposes Pluto.

As a [Sagittarius](#)? Instead of waiting until next week to have a card, flowers, ballon bouquet, box of her favorite wine, bottle of chocolates ready? Get that this week. Helps to be prepared.

Capricorn: Got a friend, client, works at [City Hall](#). High level mid-management type. Has a problem as of late, with exploding pens. Seems that any pen she swipes from the office? It explodes when she uses it away from city hall. [Messy](#). She’ll pull one out, whip the top off, and starting using until she realizes, or, it happened to me once, that ink was everywhere except the end of the pen.

She’s not a thief, I mean, not intentionally, just sort of happens. Pens walk off. I had to wonder, though since the pens don’t explode until after they leave City Hall? I wonder if there’s a RFID chip in the pens. Only makes sense. Would be another way to cut down on employee theft, right? Most government buildings have metal detector looking things, and the one in City Hall? Bet it triggers the





RFID in the pens, which then triggers the huge pressure differential, which causes an ink explosion.

Just trying to save taxpayers' money. Maybe it's cheaper not to steal. Or maybe, perhaps, it's just a coincidence. Sure, that's it. Or reasons for a Capricorn to be paranoid.

Aquarius: I was out-of-town, [on business](#), astrology business, and it was a very Austin-like restaurant. Loved it — even felt more “Austin” than anyplace in Austin. I used the restroom. When I came out, I asked the Aquarius server if that was an art installation in the men's room. “No,” she said, “we just didn't have a place to leave the ladder, so there it is.”

Which, think about it, a better comeback? Always happens too late, but a [better](#) comeback? “Is that where they left it?” It wasn't art. It wasn't happenstance, it was just what it was, a ladder stored against the wall in the men's room. It could've been a sculpture since the ladder didn't go anyplace discernible, and it was covered with painting dips, perhaps in an artful pattern.

Then, too, the way the ladder's appearance fit with the rest of the space, again, my call wasn't far off. I can't say I was the only person who asked about the ladder; however, I will admit that I wasn't abused over my question. Except by my date, but that's different. She'd a take a shot at anything I said.

The “art” question brings up a couple of different issues. How you choose to deal with them? Remember, it was an Aquarius I asked, and remember, she responded kindly and in an unperturbed manner — might be the best approach. Thoroughly non-committal.

[Pisces](#): There's an expression from Shakespeare's play, the Scottish Play, about the “Seeds of time.” More than two dozen books have since been written, incorporating that phrase as a title. Evocative of a number of emotional components, the phrase is about peering into the seeds of time, to [discern the future](#).

Which is what a [good horoscope](#) is about, correct?

Only, what's more important. It's taking what you've got and putting it to good use for yourself. There are seeds to sow, for Pisces. How you choose to sow those seeds? Only time will tell what will spring forth. This late in the spring? It's almost time for the second [cutting](#).

[Aries](#): The perfect Aries color has got to be a local variation on a theme. It's called “Enchilada Red,” and it's the color of the grease that floats on top of a meaty sauce





layered over a plate of steamy enchiladas at a little tacqueria down the street from here.

There's another place, around the corner, and the grease oozing out of one of the "chorizo y egg" tacos? Same color. Another place, the color is the same as grilled potatoes served with breakfast platters. I suspect, just a suspicion, that the color is a combination of grease, chili powder and various peppers (mostly cayenne if I have anything to do with it).

The color isn't just limited to cooking grease, it's also present in the canyons of the [Desert Southwest](#), I'm think of Arizona Highways kind of canyon [pictures](#). More AZ than NM, too, as [New Mexico](#) tends towards more ochre and umber, and less red, russet and rust colors.

Think about finding your version of this red color. Paint your walls, paint your car, paint your bicycle. Dye your hair. Paint something that color to remind yourself that you are Aries, and change is good for you. Change one thing. Personally I think you should just paint the bedroom, but that's me.





Horoscopes for the Week Starting 5.6.2010

by KRAMER on MAY 5, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Rogue, thou hast lived too long!”

[Shakespeare's](#) Antony & Cleopatra [II.v.74]

That's Cleopatra addressing the messenger with his bad news. Original [source](#) of “Don't kill the messenger.” Might've been a [Mercury Moment](#), as the littlest planet starts to unwind from its [retrograde pattern](#).

Just missed “drinko de gringo.” Not an original term, but it certainly applies around here

Taurus: At the very end of this horoscope, the day it is over? From that point, forward, all good, all the time, in Taurus. From May 13, 2010, onward and upward. The hardest part of the scope of this scope is getting Taurus to that date. While it's warmed up considerably here, there's still an urge to sleep late. Still cool in the morning with the window letting gentle spring dampness saturate the air with, well, it's a wet cold. Good weather to be snuggled up, under that winter blanket, leftover at the foot of the bed, just for the time being.

[Good weather](#) to have a fat cat as a house mate, warm and cuddly, not real interested in getting up at the dawn's earliest light. Much to be said for this. Regrettably, I doubt you can spend the next week hibernating in bed. If you can? I'd suggest it. If you can't? Then use more than the usual amount of caution. Realize that we've got a seven-day window to get through. Then it's good. What can you do between now and then to make sure it's good when it gets here?

[Gemini](#): The University of Texas is credited with having an excellent Business School. I was in a [coffee shop](#), and I noticed a recent UT Business T-shirt. “Business School: No Buses, Bridges or Beakers.” Never thought of that as a selling point, but it did make good advertising. As did his companion's T: “Three letters MBA, BMW.” I liked the first one, better. I liked it a great deal. No Buses, Bridges or Beakers.

I'd adopt a similar mantra for [Gemini](#) as we plow through the waning points of both a lunar phase and Mercury being retrograde. If it requires an engineering degree to develop the plan, probably not a good idea these days. If it requires earth-moving equipment, again, probably not a good task for a Gemini, not yet. And most important? Handling [caustic](#) substances like harsh chemicals? Not good, not in this next seven days.

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While I was just going to mildly mock the Business School T-shirts? Turns out there's nothing to mock and some good advice there. On that one shirt. You know what to avoid, now.

Cancer: Polaroid Cameras were a [technological marvel](#), at one time. Shoot a picture, then peel the photo out of the camera and watch that film develop in minutes. Instant, permanent records. The cameras got smaller and easier to handle to the point that there was just a camera body, a push button, and the glossy photo emerged from the front of the camera.

As I recall, [film](#) is [increasingly](#) difficult to find, and the “gimmick” cameras are now all digital toys. Of which I have several.

Polaroid is long and almost forgotten, a mere footnote in technology's history. I was thinking about a “Polaroid Horoscope” for Cancer. Look through the view finder, click the shutter button, wait a minute and out pops an image. Preserved for the next few years.

Those old photos, though, they do age. Yellow, discolor and eventually fade away, so it's more a memory of the moment, and it's less permanent than previously presumed. That's the problem. The problem you're facing this week? It's not a [real issue](#), it's a Polaroid moment. Won't last forever.

Leo: A valid [sense of the absurd](#) is most important for Leo survival. Now. Not later, not next week, not last week. Varies from person to person, how that will be received and perceived, but that's my story.

A valid sense of the absurd. An appreciation for the seemingly random and [chaotic](#) way the universe seems to be run. Leo Land is like that, for sure. It's been one [untimely](#) event after another, and the problem being? You're just too close to the issue. You can't see the big picture. If you could see the big picture, you'd find this greatly amusing. If this was occurring to anyone else, you'd think it was a joke. Or sick and twisted humor. Or something. Which is why I like the sense of the absurd. I live in a land where the absurdist point-of-view is present every day. Almost quotidian. Quite the accomplishment.

A valid sense of the absurd. That's what you need to make it through the next few days. Seriously, consider how it can all be reduced to an absurdity. Reductio ad absurdum. There, in Latin, you can use [that](#).

Virgo: Shakespeare's The Tempest might have been the last play that that the literary character we call [Shakespeare wrote](#). I call him a literary character rather





than author because, other than his name, there's a relative paucity of hard facts known.

The main guy in the play is a magician named Prospero. At the end of the play, he symbolically breaks his mighty spear, his magic wand. Thus ends the play, thus ends Shakespeare's life. Heavy symbolism and it's all but rote for most traditional Shakespeare criticism. Easy to see how and why.

Big problem: it's unsupported by any outside data source. There are no "author notes," which would contain "I used Prospero breaking his staff like me, breaking my own pen." No notes, not a single clue, other than purely circumstantial. Would never hold up in a court of law. Yet, the myth persists, and there are volumes of Shakespeare Lit Crit to support the idea.

This isn't about a symbolic end to Virgo life as we know, no, this is about making stuff up — with no critical support — at all. Discern between supposition and [verifiable position](#).

[Libra](#): "Everybody said I was crazy. I opened up the day after Thanksgiving," a local pit master was explaining, "sure, crazy. You know how many people flocked in here because they were tired of turkey?" He smiled a toothy, wholesome Libra smile.

While I'm not terribly enamored of his pork ribs, and that's a culinary point with me, I have to admit the rest of his fare is most excellent. Let me recommend the pork shoulder plate. Place looks like an old garage, or gas station, and the yard behind the place is filled with oak. The kind of wood used to smoke BBQ is very important, and the wood's flavor varies from grill to grill.

It was a slow afternoon and customers dribbled in while I observed local humanity at its finest. The Libra had big plans, but he also listened to what the customers wanted. He doubled up on sausage and cut back on beef ribs. Just what the location wanted. Give them what they want. The customers, the market, will drive desires. This [Mercury RX time](#)? Time to get yourself in alignment with market desires. Like my Libra buddy at his BBQ place.

[Scorpio](#): I was [digging around](#), Mercury was retrograde, and I was poking through old family secrets. Recipes. Food. The secret to old family comfort food? Two secrets, really. Sugar and butter. And "fried in shortening," which is, I think, whipped lard. Was, at the time the secret recipe was written in pencil, on paper that is starting to decay.

I'd save some of these, maybe [publish](#) them at some point, but I'm less interested in the recipe itself, as I was looking for a certain mixture. Used to be a beverage,





served in the summer time in a great, sweating, earthen pitcher. The more I dug around, what I finally came up with, these are distant memories, and suitable activity for Scorpio when Mercury is like this, digging through old family secrets, anyway.

Butter, sugar, and honey, all high sugar content items, and molasses, again, another high sugar content item. We all know the perils of butter. And maple syrup. And corn syrup. And Karo syrup. See a [trend](#) here? Everything was sugar. Not sugar-substitute, not sweetener but various raw and refined versions of sugar. The drink? It was just ice tea with fruit juice — and two cups of white sugar.

No wonder, as a kid, this was a source of comfort. All that sugar? Comfort is necessary, but what used to work? Look at what was really there, no wonder it was a comfort. Have to find a new, less debilitating kind of comfort.

[Sagittarius](#): This happens, tail end of a Mercury Retrograde, which, for us [Sagittarius](#) types, it hasn't been that great. Billy Idol's [Greatest Hits](#) popped into rotation. What caught my ear, the first time around, I was listening to music at a friend's place and her iPod had a familiar song by an unfamiliar artist.

Cover song by a distinctive non-cover song voice. Billy Idol, a November Sagittarius, just as a point of reference.

Interesting, we've both survived near-fatal motorcycle accidents. I got that when I looked up Idol's info, just digging around. That greatest hits album turned out to be a real jewel. In a jewel case. (Some jokes don't work once, and the second time? Even more so.)

It's the tail end of the [Mercury retrograde](#) and there's a lingering influence that's sent us digging through old stuff. I've toyed with a greatest hits [book](#). Hasn't happened yet.

Idol's Greatest Hits is a smashing success. Some of the music seems to stand up well over the years, which, I suppose is part of what makes classic, well, classic. That's one of the few CDs that's got enough meat on its bones, it's worth buying instead of just buying a few singles. The Mercury period is officially out of retrograde soon. Unofficially? Like my jokes. Or me hammering on about classic rock.

[Capricorn](#): I was in a coffee shop, local place, downtown. Capricorn girl works there. Voluptuous. Shapely. Flashing dark eyes, smoky allure. A mass of wavy, black curls. Olive skin, Capricorn smooth. Almost like porcelain, only not. Name tag, first name only, obviously Latina. One evening, must've been a Wednesday evening, I was getting a short espresso to go.





I can drink coffee at night, on Wednesday evening, as I like to stay up long enough to supervise the [horoscopes](#), in as much as I have any real say in what happens. I asked that Capricorn for the keys to the bathroom, been a bit of an issue at that place lately. I asked in Spanish, correct local accent. She looked at me, smiled a broad, white tooth smile against her dark complexion, “Huh?” She giggled. “I don’t speak Spanish. What did you want?”

Keys, for the bathroom. Please. Thank you. My misconception, my racial stereotype and my own baggage, all rolled into one. [Mercury backwards](#), while we’re at it. Not that it matters, but my little error, my hasty conclusion based upon observation but no hard facts? Me jumping in with the wrong language, again, my preconceived notion? Not my fault. But it was.

While it was realistic leap of faith on my part? Still wrong. Are you going to use my example of a correct guess that turned out to be wrong, are you going to use that a harbinger of what’s to come in the next few days? Or are you going to do, just like me, and open your Capricorn mouth anyway?

I tried to warn you.

Aquarius: Just a few blocks west of the fabled Alamo, in [downtown San Antonio](#), there’s a hospital, borders on the Riverwalk, again, the stuff of legends. The basement fronts the Riverwalk. Tourist trap. Been there, many times, as a tourist. San Antonio, birthplace of the Texas Revolution, the source for freedom in the western world as we know it?

Anyway, the basement of that hospital building? There’s a bar. How cool is that? A bar in the basement of the hospital. What a good idea. Why didn’t they think of that before? There’s an oddity that’s not odd, but might seem that way. While I’d seen that bar there several times, stopped in once or twice for revels, I just never realized that it was, indeed, the basement of the hospital. Big, downtown hospital. Street-level is different from “Riverwalk” level. There are certain striations in life. Lines that can’t be crossed. Lines not etched in sand, but fixed in stone. Between the Mars thing, the Mercury thing, and the Sun thing, you do realize that sometimes, I know — you’re Aquarius — but sometimes? These line are there for a reason. That bar generates income from space that would be otherwise under-utilized by the hospital. It works well for both. And if the food does cause a heart attack? ER is the next floor up.

Literary equivalent:

“The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center

Observe degree, priority, and place,

Insisture, course, proportions, season, form,

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Office, and custom, in all line of order;”

Ulysses in Shakespeare’s Troilus and Cressida (Act I, scene iii)

Pisces: To hear the [historian](#) explain, I was on tour in [England](#), in 18th Century England, it was possible to buy “Hell” Insurance. I’m not sure I trust the [tour guide](#) as a source of factual data, but that was the claim.

In as much as I’ve traveled there a quite a bit, I do enjoy partaking of tourist activities. Only, being from Texas and all, I have a stout BS detector. Which was going off with big alarms at that comment.

But it might be true. I’m not sure. Perhaps you care to dig around an [get back to me](#) on that? The bit about “Hell Insurance” for the eternal fires and damnation, and all that stuff? Be nice to get it, but I wonder if that kind of insurance can only really come from one of two places, one is church and the other is internal.

Without getting into a [metaphysical discussion](#) about whether we’re in hell on earth and heaven is anything after this? Avoiding that, I was more worried about the BS detector. Get back to me about the Hell Insurance, factual data, if possible. Which reminds me, in the Pisces horoscope, I’ve got to remind you to do your own research these days. Can’t always trust your own BS detector, not under the Mercury/Jupiter/everything else influence.

Aries: Mercury is starting to slow down and starting to [turn around](#). Good news, we hope.

In Aries land, I’m reminded of a [series of images](#) I’ve collected over the years. One of the shots is a little contrived, or not as artfully framed as I would like, and the problem is, for that one image, it’s just a brick wall, but for that one image?

There’s a telephone line guy-wire in the worst possible place. Unless, of course, you’re a telephone pole, then, I suspect that the guy wire is in the correct place — provides support and stabilizes the pole. From an artistic and aesthetic view, though, that’s a wire right in the way. Ruins an otherwise picture-perfect image, texture, bricks, colors, all of that.

One friend, while I was musing about this, one buddy suggested I just [photoshop](#) the wire out. [Relatively easy, no?](#)

No. It’s not easy. Can be done. Just takes time, and let’s face it, I’m too lazy to spend hours with a mouse and keyboard, just to make [one picture](#) slightly more pleasing. Too much work, takes too long, gain isn’t worth it.

Oddly enough, that one image has gathered a lot of attention, but that has nothing to do with me. While it can be done, this next few days, how much effort is it worth? Do the results justify the [expenditure](#) and labor?

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For the week starting 4.29.2010

by KRAMER WETZEL on APRIL 28, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“His complexion is perfect gallows.”

Gonzalo in [Shakespeare's](#) The Tempest [I.i.27]

The comment is even funnier in context of the whole play. Sinking ship. Mercury is retrograde, oh why do I [bother](#)?

[Taurus](#): I was [listening](#) to an iPod, factory earphones, volume low as I was traversing busy downtown streets and I wanted to be careful, not oblivious. The bass response on those isn't that great, and like I said, the volume was down, buds loose in my ears. I heard familiar rim rhythm, the drum's opening lines in [ZZ Top's](#) “[La Grange](#).”

Yes, it's classic rock, and yes, it's been done to death, and yes, it's still good. As a native Texan, I don't have a choice but to respect the Top. The opening licks are more than familiar with anyone born in the last half of the last century. I suspect those refrains will be valued into the future as well. It's a lick we all recognize. That's a “name that song in three bars” type of lick. Riff. Musical phrase, call it what you want.

This isn't about the song itself, though, it's about that opening thirty, maybe forty seconds of music. Guitar, funky little tap-tappity-tap, rimshot kind of rhythm, and the anticipation. The rock and roll is on its way, about to rock out. Blues, garage band from Houston that did well with three chords.

Me? I love the music. But that's not what this is about, it's about the anticipation — like the first 30, 40 seconds of that song? That's going to stretch out all week, the drums beating an expectant beat, expectant Taurus beat.

[Gemini](#): “I am so out of here like a dirt shirt!” Little girl, maybe, middle-school aged, I don't know, she was proudly proclaiming that. Her parental unit corrected her, “It's ‘Off like a dirty shirt,’ honey.” The younger woman protested vehemently, citing examples of dirt shirts, and why that was a preferable expression. I'm good either way.

There was that patient and long-winded explanation that can only come from a travel-worn parent with a hyperactive child. Brings up the question, aren't all kids hyperactive? Isn't that redundant?

I wasn't but then, my mother's memory is not always to be trusted on such topics. I was angelic. Still am. This isn't about me, this is about being off like a dirty shirt.





Over, done with it. Gone. Bye-bye. No more. Stop. Cease and desist. Over and out. Off like a dirty shirt. Thirty. What did thirty stand for? I know the answer on that one, but that's not what this is about. It's about being over, done with, concluded with, whatever. Project, deed, action, reaction. Most of this echoes back to the Mercury situation, but there's also an air finality to this spring's [Mercury Mayhem](#). It's done with. Call it a day. Off like a dirt shirt.

[Cancer](#): One solution for the powerful planets that are playing with us? One way around this? The Full Moon triggers hunger in Cancer. Not a problem, way it is. Mars, although no longer retrograde, squares the Sun, and Mercury is still [retrograde](#), alongside the Sun, in Taurus. Tough stuff. Fixed signs, not making anyone too happy.

I have a solution. It came to me, over a late snack with a girlfriend. We didn't plan to be out, but we were, and there's a little coffee-shop-like place. We stopped, got a snack, then we split a chocolate brownie. Is there really any other kind? I'm not big on the chocolate fudge sinfully delicious thing. When she cracked open that brownie? The aroma of fresh-baked brownie goodness, with all its gooey, chewy, fresh, hot goodness? All the promise of sins being forgiven, and the moment when anything is possible? That came with the smell.

It's a hot fudge brownie smell. Can only come from something fresh out of an oven. Can only come from a brownie, made from scratch, fresh baked. By now, though, the effects of the Full Moon are over, you're no longer hungry, correct? So there's no need to try and find that brownie, as a solution to life's little problems.

Leo: I'd taken an aging aunt to out for her birthday. Old people and me, we are two groups that like to eat early. Catch that earl-bird special, you know, the 2 PM dinner crowd? For one reason or another, we'd gotten off to a late start. Since it was just her birthday, you may correctly assume that my aging, dowager auntie, she isn't a mighty Leo. However, at this one restaurant, they have a tradition that if it's your birthday? You get a huge slab of carrot cake, partially buried under a scoop of vanilla ice cream, and topped with a single candle.

Gratefully, the cast and crew didn't surround us and sing happy birthday. I hate that part. However, as I was escorting her out the door, another elderly man leaned across from his table and wished her a happy birthday. Then two ladies from another table, they also wished her a happy birthday. Then that other guy he got in another happy birthday. Once I had her packed away in the truck?

I started to think about it. That other guy, he was hitting on my aunt. I didn't know whether to be disgusted, amused, or, my final thought? Go back in and give him



her number. [Mercury is backwards](#). Look at the range of emotions I ran through when I figured it out: disgusted, amused, helpful. Helpful isn't an emotion, just a notion.

However, when I asked my auntie for advice, she was amused that I thought he was hitting her. And she was definite, I could give him her number, but she wasn't going to go out with him, no matter what. I just took her home. Easier.

What is the correct course of action?

“Your uncle is the last man I'll ever marry.”

[Virgo](#): I was in a doctor's office for a routine follow-up examination. Normal enough. In the blood-letting room, there was a sign on the wall, “Lab coats must be worn at all times.” Being who I am, I asked if I was supposed to wear a lab-coat, too. “No, silly, that's for employees only,” (Virgo) nurse explained. I was trying to figure out if that meant something deeper.

[TV ruined](#) this, but at one time, the Lab Coat was a symbol of expertise. Guy in a lab coat? Had to be right. He was a scientist, and therefore, the gods of science and technology proved he was correct. She. Used to be just males, but again, TV ruined this. In that doctor's office? The whole crew was female.

I'm not complaining, just observing. What I'm [driving](#) towards? Imagine that I had on a lab coat. A white, mostly cotton lab coat with pockets and maybe medical-looking things poking out of the right-hand pocket. Maybe some latex gloves tucked into another pocket. [My name](#), “Kramer Wetzel,” stitched across the top left pocket. Does that make me an expert? Does a white lab coat make anyone really an expert? Credentials or appearances, which carries the most weight with you?

[Libra](#): Agreeing to shop with a girlfriend is a ticklish affair, at best. The things men do to have some kind of chance? Keep hope alive.

So the question about [accessories](#) came up, again, and I was politely slammed into my place. “Accessories are very important. Look at Wonder Woman. She could kill with hers.” Well, there you have it.

From cartoon wisdom — now we know. There's a comic bit of wisdom that needs to be imparted unto the Libra crowd. I'm not sure what the correct cartoon/comic book/graphic novel character is most appropriate. There is a great deal of misguided (and stubbornly so) energy floating around you. It's not you, but out of the people around you? One — or more — is being stupidly stubborn.

The best way to get your point across is with the joke. The comic book, the cartoon character delivery. Makes and illustrates the point better than any other [medium](#).





Scorpio: I've looked at a number of [promotional](#) items. Fishing lures with my label imprinted was one idea. There's a certain model of fishing lure, a rattle trap, that's the nickname, and those lures work in a wide variety of conditions, and for that matter, on a wide variety of fish. Bass, Striper, and Perch.

Price and quantity was prohibitive on ordering the imprinted lures. Besides, only a handful of those would really reach the water, and after all, isn't that the point? [T-shirts](#) are out. Too much, [inventory](#) is a problem, and while I'm not impressed with the quality, the "Print On Demand" model works well enough.

Then there's the flash drive craze. I came closer to ordering those, a small flash drive with my URL and name on it. Thought that would be the best item, just include on with every readings. Or most readings. Computer savvy crowd would use and appreciate those things. After three or four tries, I finally hit on the right idea. Only, now, the price is way too high. Can't afford it, but it was a great idea. Which means we're right back where we started.

However, you'll notice that this hunt has taken us, Scorpio, all over the place. Into and out of the inner workings of the business. Which is what this next week is all about.

Sagittarius: I have been known, from time to time, to spout apparently random Shakespeare quotes. Unnerved one editor. He put that bit in about how I thought I was Shakespeare in a [past life](#). No truth to that.

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Kramer Wetzel

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My quotes, when I do spout them, they are less random than would appear, although, the connections between the conversation and the meaning of the quote can be a little tedious. Or [arcane](#). Or, maybe, just maybe, there isn't an apparent connection, and it's only in the dark and twisted recesses of the canyons of my mind can I see a connection.

With [Mercury](#) backwards, not quite [opposite](#) us, in Taurus? There's going to be a problem, and you're going to be like me, proffering apparently random and apparently nonsensical verbiage. It does make sense, and it will make sense to me. But I might be the only one. I get it. I'm a Sagittarius — nonsense from another Sagittarius isn't new or nonsense. It's a twisted and arcane Mercury-inspired

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epithet. Aphorism. Something. Not a problem, not for me. However, the rest of the signs you deal with, the other 11? They may not get it. I can get away with it. Can you?

Capricorn: Some years ago, I was looking at buying some land on the Texas Coast. Vacation property, rent it out in the [tourist season](#), go down for the fishing season. Found one place that was, not really in my reach, but I talked to my insurance guy about hurricane insurance.

It's my [personal belief](#), on the Gulf Coast, it's not a question of "if," it's a question of "when." I was trying to sell my insurance guy on the idea that he should give me a really cheap deal. I pointed out that there is historical proof that no hurricane has ever ripped up that portion of the coast. No record, whatsoever.

Other places? Sure, but since there's never been a hurricane right there, should be cheaper insurance? I started to trot out fake numbers and probability points as proof. Didn't work. He just calmly pointed out, like me, he thinks it's not a question of "if," but a question of "when." No question, no discount rate for me, and now, no way to afford a place at the coast because the insurance is too much. The not-so-valid argument I was trying to invoke? I'd suggest that's about all that will work for Capricorn, [Mercury](#) and all, you know.

Aquarius: Late at night, I was in a [motel](#) room west of here. Couldn't sleep. I just finished reading a book, and I wasn't drifting off, so I clicked on the TV. I caught a 1966 Science Fiction movie about a green vampire from outer space. Horrible film. Or good film, taken in context. Plot moved kind of slow for me, and the action, the acting, yeah, well, the special effects? The only part of the film that really worked? Historical noises. I liked the space ship sounds and the space ship special effects and the ham-fisted approach to how a space ship would look landing and taking off.

I think it was the same footage, just reversed. Wasn't a complete waste as the film gives a sense of how much modern technology has advanced in the film-making arena. To me, the film seemed campy with no pretext of being campy. I'd figure, at the time, it was serious film with serious actors doing serious acting, or what passed for serious acting. Good sound editing, from a historical sound effects point of consideration.

Weird, that's how we thought the future would look? As a historical point, though, there's a good deal of evidence in the film, as a document of what we thought our future would look like. No ray guns, no green women from Mars who drink blood,



and no space ships with decidedly phallic allusions. What's the future really hold? We look a lot more like we do now, than ever before.

That's a real glance at [your future](#).

Pisces: There's a taco place, not far from home, and I tend to favor this place. English is spoken, but Mexican is much more common (that's Spanish with a Central/Northern Mexico accent). Having lunch one afternoon, I watched as very little girl, I'm guessing 2-6 years old range, she poured honey, about a half of a squeeze bottle, all over her breakfast taco. Only makes sense, I'm sure. I'm not female, not in that age range, but if I were, it's easy to see how that makes sense. The bacon/eggs breakfast tacos are the stuff of legend. Sometimes more meat than egg, and full of flavor with the hint of the comal, grease, fried meat, eggs, and warm flour tortillas. Sure, I can see how she wanted that bottle of honey on top. I prefer the homemade green salsa, but again, that's me.

I was intrigued by the choice. Looked like grandparents with the kid, and looked like the grandparents were indulging. Which is what should happen with grandparents. Let those kids have whatever they want. As we get into this [Mercury \(retrograde\) pattern](#), we could all use some grandparent kind of spoiling. If you don't have a grandparent figure handy? Use that image of one. Think about a whole squeeze-bottle of honey on a breakfast taco. Whatever it takes to make it through the Mercury period.

Aries: "Here, you want to listen?" Nice enough woman, asked politely, she was offering to let me listen to whatever was piped into her headphones. Looked like a slightly archaic — to me — CD player spinning on battery power. She pulled the headphones away from her ears and I could hear the tinny music, droning on. I smiled my wan smile, nodded and mouthed "no thank you," and paid for my purchases. I think I was getting a hot dog and a diet coke. Road food, as it were. It was a nice offer, just, well, I'm not sure I wanted to share/touch that person. I was nice, but I did keep a little distance.

Polite, kind, but firm. I'd hope I was firm. She smiled a toothy grin and acknowledged me. Likewise, I'm sure. When [Mercury](#) is backwards and everyone is so uptight? Be polite. Stick to your point, stay on topic but do so in a polite manner.

Aries: Be nice.





For the week starting: 4.22.2010

by KRAMER on APRIL 21, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne’er were preached!”

[Shakespeare's](#) Twelfth Night [IV.i.43-4]

Poor Toby Belch, getting reamed.

[Fishing](#) Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 4.22.2010

[Taurus](#): I listened to a riff, [music](#) was on an iPod, routed to [speakers](#), so I reversed the direction of the music and listened to the riff again. I tried to imagine my fingers , making that noise, it was fast, and yet, it sounded casual. Finger tips here, here and here, in rapid succession. The riff sounds deceptively easy, and yet, it's almost impossible to duplicate.

For me, it's not almost, it's very much impossible. I can't even hum the notes that fast, much less play them on a piano, or, for that matter, vocalize the notes in any way, shape or form [that even approximates](#) the tune. Part of a classical piece, just a short section, maybe a handful of notes, and I used the little scroll wheel to slide the tune back and forth. Felt like I was scrubbing the notes, in my vain attempt to figure out the keyboard pattern. Never did.

There are skills I don't have. One of them is musician. I can appreciate the art, I can applaud the effort, but I can't figure out how to do it. Not an issue, either, not with me.

But I know what I can — and can't — do. I spent a few moments marveling at the keyboard skill of that one musician. Keep in mind this was just one riff, not even the whole piece. I didn't give up, I just decided that the effort for me to play music was greater than the reward. I think that's a good idea on how you get around the [Mercury problems](#).

[Gemini](#): I suppose that it is both [cultural](#) and local. I was in the “Feed & Seed” store. South side of town. I didn't really want anything, I was just passing through, there's something homey to me about a “Feed & Seed” store, the smell of fertilizer and fresh oats, all laced with a thin patina of motor oil. Sawdust on the floor, maybe the smell of fresh-cut planks of pine.

There was a flat of [baby chicks](#). That's one I hadn't seen before. The easter thing, I

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think that was the reason there were baby chicks there. I'm not entirely sure. I didn't want to seem like a rustic and ask. So I didn't. I just smiled broadly, and stepped out the door.

I've been meaning to stop at that one store, for that very reason, odd stuff. Which isn't odd, since, in that neighborhood, on my frequent walks, I can hear roosters. Yardbird means what it means, in that place. So the chicks weren't out of place. What's out of place in Gemini land with [Mercury](#)? Or not out of place? Again, this is local and cultural.

Cancer: I was cruising along in the "Whole Paycheck" grocery store. The chain's origins are deeply rooted in "old Austin's culture." I can point to the original location. Before corporate expansion and global domination. The nickname is from a local Austin girl, and for some of us, that moniker has stuck. I was looking at [coffee](#) in the store. Free-range, all-organic, and whatever else is paramount, this week?

I happened across the [oldest trick](#) in the book: name. I found a bag of beans, locally roasted in Washington, TX, and the name of the coffee? "Jet Fuel." How could I pass up a bag of that? Little expensive for my tastes, but still, good stuff. Multi-origin, medium-dark roast. Couple of mornings later, I was pressing up some of that coffee. First sip, tasted like coffee, nothing spectacular. Second cup, tasted fine. And I got a little more motivated. By the third cup? I know from whence the name is derived.

Jet-Fuel. What was nice? That coffee was smooth enough so the kick didn't come with a kick. Sort of eased on up the throttle until I was going really fast without trying. Almost snuck up on me. The problem being is that there's that "fast-burn" association, burns bright, burns out.

Would I buy more "Jet Fuel" [coffee](#)? Probably not. Would I recommend it? Yes, good flavor, excellent kick, smooth. If I'm not buying it, but I am recommending it? Too pricey for me, but that might just be the right amount of smooth kick to get you through this [Mercury](#) Mayhem.

Leo: Some websites pop open with a song and dance routine. I don't mean figuratively, I mean, literally. It's frankly annoying, to me. There's a load time, maybe a cute (and/or bothersome) "website loading" animated bar graph, bit of flash, a song, a dance number, moving graphics.

Tiresome, after the first exposure, and some of it is reused, again kind of boring. "But I paid a lot of money for that flash animation," and I'll say, "It was good. Once."



I worked for hours to produce a [20-second intro bit](#) for my site. It was a simple, “Howdy, welcome to astrofish.net.” I worked with a [producer](#) — quid pro quo — and we came up with a good bit. The right drum, the right screech of guitar, just enough low fidelity to make a funny point. Lot of effort for a 20-second clip that doesn’t get played that often. Last I checked, it was buried on the server. Still there, but not even linked from the [splash pages](#) anymore.

All for the [better](#), if you ask me. Annoying to hear myself every time I opened the page. Fun the first time, but every time after that? Do the math. That clip, the sound clip with background harmony and guitars, drum and bass? Took a while to make an adequate stringer. Lots of work for something that’s only about 20 seconds long. Worth it? For me, as an exercise, it was well worth the effort.

However, from “wise use of time” point? Probably not so much.

Or good use of [professional talent](#)? Again, I might have used that favor in a better spot. But I didn’t. I did learn about audio and the process to get a good sound byte. Sound bite. I know I won’t be a recording engineer — except for my own work — anytime too soon. Learn. Listen and learn. And quit with the funny graphics at the beginning of web pages. Stick to the meat.

Virgo: Saddle up to the phone tree. Or tie up to the phone tree: it can be done.

There is a solution, a way to handle this kind of upset. Just takes time. Time I’d rather spend elsewhere, doing something else, I’m sure, but sooner (or later) my little Virgo friends we’re all going to run into the phone tree problem.

I’ve found, just had this issue myself, I’ve found that a fresh glass of tea, go to the bathroom, then settle down with the web browser open and the phone tucked into one ear. There’s going to be a moment or three of that special [hold music](#). Soft strains of pointless ear candy, what someone thinks is soothing music, and then, it’s the infuriating operator.

Sometimes, English isn’t the native language. I’m not going to pass judgement, they’re just reading from a computer’s screen, same way we are. Only, the phone tree operator is trying to help solve problems. Our problems. That language barrier, that’s just the first step. When I suggested that Virgo get comfortable? Settled in? Glass of tea at hand? The idea is that this is the time for patience to work around the difficulty. My last experience will help. I was polite, firm in my point, but jovial in tone. Transferred a few times. Wound up with a person further up the tree, and my guess was a deep south call center, like the American Deep South.

She tried to hide the accent but some of it leaked out. Not a problem I can “yaw!” with the best of them. All good. Problem eventually solved. It just took [45 minutes](#), not the expected 15. [Mercury](#) multiplies times.

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Libra: I listened while one Libra obsessively worried about a problem until, at the point, the problem became the problem. It was a hypothetical issue before, but after a few hours of worry, that one Libra contrived that there was a “best case” scenario, and there was a “worst case” scenario, and that worst-case scenario was, for sure, the way it would go. No other hope.

Worried it into existence, which, I’m sure, on some metaphysical level, it makes some sort of sense. Think about it long enough, think about it hard enough, and whatever that subject is? We can make it happen. I’m trying to jar you loose from thinking about thinking about this [Mercury Retrograde](#) as a problem, and more as an opportunity.

There’s an issue, a thing, a problem or what [was a problem](#), and there’s new material to look at. New way to see the problem as less of a problem. Way around the issue. Instead of trying to bull your way through? Consider looking for a way around. Go back over the steps you’ve already completed and look again. Be willing to discover new stuff in the old material.

[Scorpio](#): Shakespeare’s 12th Night (this week’s quote) is a great play with a number of comedy high points. It’s all about who is what and what’s going on, and the humor works even better with the lead female playing a male.

Things aren’t what they always [seem](#).

Always a little bit of a homosexual overtone to that last part; although, I’m sure, that’s just a little postmodern angst layered in on top. It’s hard to find players, actors (actresses) who look enough like each other to make all the roles believable. In some of the versions I’ve seen, the characters don’t look at all alike, not off stage, but on stage? Dressed the same? Looks enough like each other that it works. Maybe a little bit of acting is involved in believing that the brother and sister are related, but then, that’s my modern sentiment.

One of the central themes in that play is that people aren’t what they seem to be. A servant boy is really a princess, only she was shipwrecked, and there was no hope otherwise. Anyway, turns out she’s really a princess. Good enough.

Like I said, things aren’t always [what they seem](#). In a reverse of the play’s theme, how about someone representing themselves as royalty, when, in fact, the character in question? Much humbler origins. Which isn’t bad, but don’t try being something that you’re not.

Like me? I don’t try to sing and dance. Not in public, anyway. Careful about what facts you present as factual, and what is clearly, or should be, clearly labelled as fiction.





Sagittarius: Mistakes that cost? Nearly every other year, I trot out the old “editorial” mistake. Perfect Mercury moment, and one we’d all like to forget about. Not going to happen. The mistake was one letter.

“Beatings will continue until the moral improves.” (Sagittarius, 6/12/2000)

Should’ve been, “Beating will continue until the morale improves.” Which is a sign we had hanging here at the office during those formative years.

Perfect, no? Except, when Mercury does this and the editor, unaccustomed to my idiom, left that one letter out. The back and forth on that was amusing. In the rarefied air of New York City, the saying could go either way. Mercury. He can go either way, too. As of this moment, though, he’s kind of backwards, and kind of messing things up. In a big way?

Something as simple as one letter, that wouldn’t change, too much, would it?

Maybe it makes sense in the hallowed halls of (something). Doesn’t make a lot of sense to me, but that’s just me. Hence the problem. Translation, double check your own work, don’t get worked up over little items. Can be costly, but can also be vastly amusing.

Capricorn: It’s a numbers game. Plain and simple. It’s function of quantity, to get to the quality. Numbers, plain and simple.

More numbers, better odds. More spins of the roulette wheel? More chances at winning. More tumbles of the dice? Better chance of a winning roll.

More (something) — better chance of (something).

I mapped this one out, and for lack of better words, get a shovel. Get a truck. Get a truckload. It takes a huge amount to cover the necessary odds. Lots of material? Have to cover a lot of ground to get “there” from “here.”

Can you do it? Yes. Quite simple, really. Just remember that it’s a numbers game. More is better. More means you can sift through what’s left over, later. Plain and simple, it’s a numbers game. More is better. Too much is best.

Aquarius: Modified symbolism is at work. Blame Mercury, blame me, blame the planets. Whatever.

It’s just, like, for me, anyway, for me, a snake isn’t scary. Doesn’t bother me.

Unless I’ve ascertained for sure that the snake isn’t deadly, I still tend to give the snake a little extra room. No need to crowd the snake.

As humankind encroached on the local snakes’ natural habit, drainage ditches and creek bottoms became home to more of the reptiles. There’s a nature about a snake, too, something that I’m familiar with, and that I’m friendly with, which goes





against the traditional Western/Christian interpretation. Which is what this is about. Consider the “biblical” version of the snake. Then think about the snake as more as a symbolism of rebirth, sheds its skin, gets bigger and new, all over again. There’s a very spring-like feeling, it’s not [traditional](#) symbolism, but I think, for now, a new set of symbols is required. Time for a little slithering in a good way. Consider some kind of modified symbolism to fit your lifestyle. Shedding old growth for new stuff, improved stuff.

[Pisces](#): There was an emblem of two fish, sort of a [local water authority’s](#) logo, and I kept thinking of “Pisces Power!” Not the power of Pisces, but “Pisces Power!” The two fish, maybe they glow.

You’re normal power is accentuated, fine-tuned and sharpened. Mr. Jupiter, by Jove, is lending you extra ability. Full Moon, too, more good stuff. Everything is nice. Except for [Mercury being backwards](#). In [Taurus](#). Just bothersome.

But you’ve got “Pisces Power!” The emblematic two fish better than one fish, the ability to leap a tall building in a single bound. I’d prefer to think of more like a fish jumping. The emblem, perhaps it’s a logo, but that two-fish symbolism is kind of the way it works. Two Pisces, together, can overcome whatever [obstacles](#) are there.

Aries: One metaphorical [image](#) I’ve played with is that of pottery. Take clay, which, to me, looks like dirt and water mixed up together, mud, essentially, and fire it in a kiln. Makes hardened pottery, which can be used to store food, cook food, hold cut flowers, any number of uses, both practical and decorative.

[Earth elements](#), fired. With the pottery artists I’ve known, the term is “fired.”

Mercury is a-firing at you right now. Or you, being the [fire sign](#), you’re firing that Mercury, which is in Taurus this next few days. [Retrograde](#), in Taurus.

I’ve only seen the giant kilns the pottery students use, I’ve never handled that kind of material. I’ll assume that, right after the process, the — whatever — was fired? It’s probably hot. Maybe too hot to touch. You’re the fire, and Mr. Mercury is getting heated up.

Instead of rushing in to grab the first piece of the weekly puzzle?

Stop.

Don’t grab anything just yet. Let whatever is Mercury fired at this moment? Let that cool off, first.





Horoscopes starting 4.15.2010

by KRAMER on APRIL 14, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.”

[Shakespeare's](#) King Lear [II.ii.88-90]

It's Kent, trying to explain why he dislikes Oswald, steward to Goneril, Lear's evil daughter.

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 4.15.2010

Mercury starts a [retrograde](#) pattern in Taurus, this next few days.

Aries: Ever watch a series of comedians? One after another? If the show has, say, three in a row, the first one, the warm-up warm-up guy, warm-up person, he's usually got some edge and the least amount of time. The second person, I always like the “Give it up for my good friend, and all-around funny guy, (headliner's name)!” Good friend, always introduced as a “good friend.”

That warm-up act, be it a band, or the example I was [thinking](#) of, a comedy act, it's always amusing to watch how there's nothing but warm welcome, and applause and displays of affection.

I wonder about that. There are a few birthdays left over in Aries, but those are going to wrap by the end of the weekend. This next few days is like that warm-up act, you're just warming up for the headliner. That's [Taurus](#). I know you don't like to be billed as the second, but be grateful you're not the first act, just the last one before the headliner.

Then, too, you're actually funnier than the headliner. Louder, better, whatever the gig is, you're more. The trick? How to handle this week? Use that expression, “Please let's give warm welcome to my good friend,” and introduce your headliner.

[Taurus](#): Yeah, happy birthday coincides with Mr. [Mercury going Retrograde](#) in your sign. Bit of a cosmic joke. Mercury being backwards doesn't spell big trouble. Mercury being backwards — in your sign — spells little trouble.

That's trouble with a small “t.” Not a big “T.” Little troubles aren't so bad, really, and it's not like this [has snuck up on you](#).

The lunar phase is one of growth and positive forward action. The Mercury action just means we're either going to have to take three stabs to get this down, or we're going to have to wait a little longer to see fruits of our efforts.

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I watched as a buddy of mine, his name is really not “[Bubba](#),” and he was counting on his tax return to help pay his rent. This month. Yeah, funny thing, that. With [Mercury](#) now backwards? The good news is the money will get to him. The bad news, for that landlord? Rent’s going to be late. Really late. Like up to three days, three weeks, maybe even a whole six weeks late. Whatever it is, tax return, money owed, rent? Good news? It’s on its way. Bad news? Bubba, it’s going to be up to six weeks’ delay.

[Gemini](#): Newspapers were, almost a hundred years back, the primary source for news and information. Then came radio, top spot for 50 years. Then came TV. In less than 25 years, that [medium](#) took the number one spot. Then came the [inter-web](#), and it supplanted all other forms of media. In a shorter time, more stuff, everywhere. It’s on phones, it’s in the bathroom over the urinal, I mean, everywhere. At [this rate](#), what’s next? Data beamed directly into the cerebral cortex? Just plug a wire directly into the main nerve? I’m not sure I’ll be able to keep up. Then, too, I watched as [my father](#) would page through the two daily newspapers. I have that habit, too, on a quiet [Tuesday afternoon](#), from time to time, I’ll get a newspaper, a local Texas paper, and I’ll sort through the articles.

Always something good and juicy. I believe that the papers are tending and trending towards tabloid style now — more “yellow” journalism. There’s an information overload, and that becomes more apparent when Mercury is heading into a [retrograde pattern](#). So deal with it.

The ability to [filter out information](#), that’s what’s more important than before. However, as an alternative solution? For Gemini? Think: if you can’t filter out what’s good and what’s not? Just throw as much data at the problem as possible. More numbers, more crunchy.

Cancer: As Mercury beings his [retrograde patterns](#), I’m reminded of what happened the other evening. The horoscopes went through the usual editing and vetting process. Then, as I was up late, I was casually reading them myself. Typographical error — an omitted space. Then a “yo” with the “u,” which has to be some kind of joke I can’t figure out right now. There was one other missing word. A simple preposition, but it could have meaning. This all happened a few moments after the scopes went live.

What’s the password to log in here? I couldn’t remember. Eventually, I resorted to a text editor and FTP program to fix what was wrong. Then, the following morning, I ran that set of scopes through a spell checker again. Caught three more



mistakes. No one noticed. Nothing changed, no one alerted me, and maybe, those errors went unnoticed. Are you as lucky as me?

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Leo: One of the unmitigated joys I have in my line of work? I get to try and find new ways to improve [my material](#), each and every day. No time is this more clear than when Mr. Mercury is in apparent retrograde motion. Just means that I will learn new ways to make mistakes, and I'll be using the old textbooks more than usual.

I've got several [grammar guides](#) that I reference from time to time. Look stuff up. Words, definitions, and sometimes, just for kicks, I'll use an obscure reference text to give me a slight edge. Or maybe make me more obtuse.

Dictionaries and grammar books are part of what I use, almost daily, to help me improve the art, artifice, elocution and education of my task. There's a style manual that's been helpful, and there's a grammar book that's proven useful. Two tools. [Basic](#), simple, and yet still useful, and I'm not afraid to admit that I'm using these items.

Same for the dictionaries. I have a British-English dictionary that I've found to be rather useful, as it has that quaint British spelling. Tools. No fear in using these tools. Try to improve. Even if I can only learn one point about grammar, a simple mistake I've made over and over? If I can correct one error, I'm [ahead](#). The joy is always learning. [Hint, Leo](#): always learning.

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Virgo: For a while, one of the Apple computers I've used, it had a built in link to that [Wiki Encyclopedia](#). I used that online resource a few times, but the data is always suspect, and I've found, especially with that source, it never hurts to have a couple of other references to help back up the facts.

Facts, on the inter-web, seems they aren't always facts.

In this day and age, irony pervades a numerous sources. So I'm a little suspicious of some of the material I encounter on the inter-web. Not always a viable source.

That being [noted](#)?

The web is useful for information on appearances, places, items of note, and most important, this week? For a Virgo? Ideas. It's time to go idea shopping. Or idea stealing. Or looking at marketing materials. Or doing whatever you want to call it. I'd like to call it research, but it's less about hard research and more about looking for that spark to ignite the Virgo fire. Be careful though, that's "Virgo Fire," not "Virgo's Ire."

Libra: I was cruising, low and slow, with a buddy. It was a warm, okay hot, spring afternoon. Sun was out. Top was down on the convertible. Rolling through the 'hood, [Social Distortion](#) blaring about a "Ring of Fire." Just another day, two white boys in a neighborhood that's not particularly Anglo-populated. Classic rock on the juke box.

A truck pulled in front of us. "I can't believe you're not [taking a picture](#) of that," he indicated the tailgate of the truck in front of us. I passed.

Live here long enough and the weird isn't so [weird](#). It was a Virgin of Guadalupe across the tailgate with curious details, and perhaps, a few adornments that aren't part of the original myth. Or maybe they are, I don't know, my Mexican Mythology is little weak. I, personally, would love a saint, all she does is open up her robe and there's a world of stars there. All on the back of a truck's tailgate. No, no picture. It's just not that unusual, not anymore. The fantastic is almost mundane. It's matter of being a little jaded. Or, like my buddy, not jaded. Under this type of astrological influence? As a Libra? Be willing to listen to those around you; they offer some good guidance. Unless, of course, you're like me and no longer amused by such.

Scorpio: Right now, even as you're reading this? Mercury is opposite you. Retrograde! Mercury usually opposes about once a year and it's usual for a little less than a month. Only this time? It's going to feel like it stretches on for forever. This all about how [messy](#) the planet can make your communications.

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Normally, a Scorpio is precise.

Normally, a Scorpio is all about concise and precise.

Normally.

This isn't [normal](#).

There's usually a spring day or two when you run into little bumps. I was chatting with a very special Scorpio client. She was out, near as I can tell, walking the dog or something. March breezes. Maybe beach breezes, could've been an incipient tornado, from what I thought it sounded like.

Might not have ruffled that Scorpio's feathers except I kept asking her to repeat what she was saying. Over and over. I could make out about every third word. You will be [chatting](#), maybe [with me](#), maybe with someone else. Hands-free headset? Bluetooth? I don't care what color teeth. The background noise, that's Mercury Retrograde,

[Sagittarius](#): Buddy of mine, used to work in [a record store](#). CD store, actually, but he always called it record store. Why? Traditions that must be honored or something.

We were on the south side of San Antonio, on a street called SouthWest Military. Record store there. He wanted to stop. We did. He started telling me about the two sisters who worked there, how those two girls always made him offers, but since he was dating someone, he couldn't ever take them up on the offers.

But now? I mean, then, he was single. We wander into the store, the sisters, if, they really were sisters, looked up, one chatted amicably with me, the other one, my buddy made a very lame attempt at a pick-up that just didn't fly.

We [eventually](#) sauntered out, but not before I tried to get a picture of a special Cheech y Chong (signed) Big Bambu Album. My buddy? His attempt at making time, in any capacity, with either of the attractive clerks? Failed miserably.

We got on our way again, and he asked what I thought. "Nice girls, are they really sisters? Did you notice, both had purple blouses and black jeans?" "They said they were sisters, and they also claimed that they never intended to dress alike just happened some days...." His voice trailed off. How good is your [Sagittarius](#) (bovine by-product) detector?

Capricorn: Anger is a useful emotion. Anger can move mountains. Rage, though, is like anger, without the limits. Therein is the problem, the "no limits" thing.

Someone will piss you off this week.

[Sooner or later](#), it will happen.





Of that? I am sure. How you deal with it? That's the question, and that's why I was working with definitions about anger and rage. Anger is good. It's going to happen, sure as can be. Following the correct course of action is paramount to Capricorn survival. Give that anger voice. Make sure your point is spelled out, clearly spelled out. Maybe provide supporting evidence. Explanations, diagrams, flow charts, pictures, even. Explain the cause of that anger. Normally, I'd urge you to be concise, but this isn't a time to brevity. Long and detailed, all the problems, let them be known. Every excruciating detail, which only furthers your case and cause.

The complaint form it's only got room on one side? Flip that page over and keep writing. Add footnotes, addendum, emendations, all that [extra material](#) that so many people want removed these days. Not short, long. Go way long. See, in doing so, you're building a very effective case and justification for the problem. It's also how we find a solution. Get angry, yes. Get in enraged? Not without provocation. Figure out the right way to express the problem, what caused the anger. Then patiently sit there while someone has to read through your complaint.

Aquarius: I detected a certain aroma, the other afternoon, I couldn't quite place it, sort of a spring-like [fragrance](#). Warm and inviting, and yet, a little unsettling. I couldn't figure out the smell, not a flower, not fecund earth — or compost — being turned.

A few days later, I was pulling freshly-laundered cotton sheets out of the dryer, the sheets still warm to the touch. I caught a whiff of that smell again. [Laundromat](#). It's the way — for me — the smell and almost too-hot-to-touch feel of sheets, right out of a laundromat dryer.

There's an old [girlfriend](#), I'm forever grateful, she taught me how to fold sheets. Spring is in the air. While this might be a big deal and big stuff, there's a pause, a moment, a hint that there's something better, just up ahead.

There is the [Mercury backwards problem](#), but that's not a setback. Like me, you come across a certain smell, an unidentified aroma, a fragrance of some sort, time and again. Might take two or three tries to figure out what that symbol is, [what it means](#). That's the fun of Mercury retrograde.

Pisces: I was reading a technical magazine, a science journal, about astronomy. Physics, really. There was an action image, a picture, of the lead scientist on this one case. "Astrophysics in action!" I'm thinking, a "Careful, men at work" sign would be better. He was a typical scientist-looking guy except that he had a bright, tropical-print shirt. Hawaiian shirt in my parlance.



While that is typical attire [for me](#), almost [year-round](#), I'm no astrophysicist. While we start at the same root, we've branched in different areas. I'm sure he doesn't believe in my art; however, I do believe in his science.

What got me thinking about Pisces was that, "Action shot," the scientist in colorful garb. Money shot of a scientist. Worked and, to some degree, didn't work. Spend anytime around the scientist types, and there's an understanding, Wry wit, but usually, very understated. Attire, the outer plumage, not too important. Comfort is more important, far more important, than looks.

I knew [one physicist](#), he was in a band part-time. Even then, though, he looked like, dressed like, the scientist that he was. That one "money shot" in the magazine, trade journal? Made a bigger splash than the article. Maybe that was the point. Perhaps a good Hawaiian shirt is in order?





Fishing Guide to the Stars 4.8.2010

by KRAMER on APRIL 7, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Be my soul, a swain, a most simple clown!”

Shakespeare’s Love’s Labor’s Lost [IV.i.139]

Costard delivered the wrong letter, and much hilarity did ensue.

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 4.8.2010

Aries: Happy Birthday!

Aries: Happy Birthday!

Point: Sun in Aries.

Point: New Moon approaching.

Point: Venus in Taurus.

Point: Mercury in Taurus.

Aries: [Happy Birthday!](#)

I’d work on the point about Saturn [slipping back](#) into Virgo, but that’s being dealt with in other areas, and frankly, less of an influence in [Aries](#). However, there are several other points that are worthy of considering. Long term stuff looks really, really good for the coming years, especially if your birthday is today.

The problem is that this is over time. The good stuff, occurs over the next eight to ten months. [Not all at once](#). While we’d all like a good birthday celebration? That’s up to you to make it happen. I’d get a little less worked up about the birthday and start looking a little further along the timeline, like into next week and even next month, month after.

What it means? Slow down, this one isn’t the big deal you’re making it. Well, it is, but it isn’t. Give this some time. Wait and see. Portents for your coming year augur well.

Taurus: “It’s like my mother always told me, ‘Never believe men in tears or crippled dogs,’ that was her advice.” A friend was talking to me about a problem and then as she listened to herself, that information came out. [As a Taurus](#), I’d like you to either listen to yourself, or listen to my friend’s mother’s words of [wisdom](#).

One or the other will hold some good advice. In part, though, I think this is more about listening to yourself rather than listening to someone else, even if the someone else is me. I know my way around astrology charts, but that doesn’t help with you listening to your own, internal voice. That voice of reason and common sense. Which is what is much needed at this moment, as there seems to be just one,

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might be more, but one is the primary focus, an event that seems to be spinning hopelessly out of control.

Stop and listen to that advice. Or, better yet, stop and listen to some of your own, Taurus [homespun](#) wisdom. You've got nothing to lose that way.

Gemini: I hadn't heard the expression until a few years ago, and these were terms applied to certain politicians. "He would suck the air out a room." I had to get that clarified. Turns out, room-suckers, air-suckers, I think about a local fish, a sucker fish, and its species feeds on algae.

But no, that's not what this was. It was a term, when one of these politicians walks into the room? The air seems like it's all sucked up by this persona. Closest I've been to a persona like that? Rock star, old Austin City Limits, tapped in the studio. Cool show, but when this one performer walked out of the [wings](#), could've been my company, all the girls gasped and swooned. There was a presence that this one star had. Probably still has, although, aging rock stars, you have to wonder. Still, the presence, the invisible aura, the transparent mantle, something. Air-suckers. Room-suckers, I guess.

Never found that with any politicians, but I tend away from politics, me being a tree-hugging liberal, mostly. Stop, this isn't about politics or rock stars, this is about an effect. The "air getting sucked out of a room by a certain personality."

You have that ability, this next few days, but it's dependent upon you staying quiet, long enough for someone to realize that they are in your mighty presence. Sometimes quiet speaks more loudly than anything else.

Cancer: The [Sun in Aries](#) is [an irritation](#). It's like walking though a vacant lot, following a footpath, only to have some the high weeds on either side brush against my bare legs and cause a distraction. Irritation. Not so much that you'd stop. [I don't](#).

The deal is, this is a great shortcut home, and while it is an abandoned area, just a little south of a mostly vacant warehouse? It's only partially overgrown, and from pathway? It's obvious I'm not the only one who uses this route. The tall weeds will tickle or itch as they brush against my naked calves. That's the Sun in Aries.

Jupiter, in Pisces? That's like, that pathway leads to another path, shaded, big willow trees hanging over, Live Oak with Spanish Moss (like) things growing on them. A soothing effect. Graciously tree-lined, a little wider, no dry grass and weeds? Jupiter (in Pisces).

Two influences, one sign. I think the whole point is that sticking through the irritable path long enough, and it leads into a nicer pathway. Just don't let the little





irritants bother you. Too much. Don't let the little things grabbing at your ankles? The ankle-biters? Don't let them get in the way of [seeing](#) where you're headed.

Leo: I'm warning about [diversions](#). [Distractions](#). Don't get [distracted](#). Buddy of mine, works at a big computer company here? Lot of Dilbert action going on at his workplace? He was telling me about his most recent distraction.

There was an [outsourced](#), hot-shot consultant. High dollar person, firm — something, and the person who came in to do the presenting? Young lady. Of more than expected proportions. Realize this is a freaky weather time of year. Someone like me? Not a problem, I'll just open the windows and turn off the HVAC, but in a big office building, that's not possible. Apparently. She had on a white T-shirt-like blouse, had to take the suit coat off, and my [buddy](#) can't tell anything else about the presentation. He thinks it might've been on unsafe practices with the coffee machine. Or how to make copies. He was completely unsure about the topic. He could define the blouse with amazing detail. To hear his version?

It's funny, and his edification and asides, just added to the tale. That's just the sort of distractions I'm warning Leo about. While I doubt the presenter had a lot to say, or she would've left her suit coat on, maybe she timed the distraction just right.

Got glowing comments, I'm sure.

That's the distractions I'm warning about. Don't get caught. Or pay attention to the presentation, not the presenter. The data, not the way it's presented.

[Virgo](#): Cosmic and commemorative “gotcha.” Those darn planets, they do the funniest things, huh? It's about Saturn and his one last little pass at you, just like a reminder, not really a thump, just a little tickle. How bad will this be? Not bad, not bad at all.

It's just a gentle reminder that something needs a little assistance.

There are two reference books I pulled off the shelf. The first just showed what was where, planet-wise. The second gave hints about what to expect. I'm back to the cosmic, commemorative “gotcha,” as I liked my version a little better. It's not the end. Not the end unless it is something needs to be over. If so, you can hang on for another month or two, but I'd just suggest you say good-bye to whatever it is. The converse side, especially going into the beginning of next week? It's time to position a new project, a new idea, or better yet, a reworked old idea, get it ready for new exposure. Next week. That cosmic, commemorative “gotcha?” That just showed where the old idea needs to be slightly modified.





Libra: There's a creek where I've fished. Not a big creek, a little creek. Part drainage ditch, part spring-fed tributary. There's a shallow bend, an eddy, and place to wet a line there. I like it fine, except, I've caught the little fishes there several times, and now, they are more timid.

Plastic worms don't work anymore, so now it's live worms and then, it got so as I was walking up to my fishing spot, my shadow would cause them to scatter, up and down the creek's channel.

Over the years, I've learned a few tricks. One of the tricks is to have the sun in my face. Not at my back. An afternoon sun at my back, while it's a great feeling for fishing? It's not so good because the fish can see my shadow. I said it was small creek. I just started approaching from the other side. No shadow, no fish swimming away in annoyance. Keep the (South Texas) sun on your face. Adjust as need be, for your location and particulars.

Scorpio: One of my friends here sent me an [e-mail](#) that was titled, "Board." I thought it was a joke, or a play on words. Something or other. When I got around to it, it didn't seem like a high-priority because, after all, I'm not bored, but when I finally opened it, it was invitation to "sit on the board of (name charity)."

I had to decline. I do my tithe in my own manner, and I do believe in giving back to the community, only, I tend think I give more away in my style than doing it as part of some official body. Then there are board meetings, and fund-raisers, and decisions, and no matter what the board does, someone is unhappy with my decisions.

Can't please all the people all the time, and considering the position doesn't pay? Yeah, not me. Thanks but no thanks. Think about my decision not to join the board. Think about your Scorpio self. We both agree it's a noble cause, but are the interests of the charity — and our Scorpio selves — best served in this way?

Sagittarius: Once, in the next seven days, at least once, hopefully, just once, my faith will be tested. As Sagittarius? The glass is never half-empty, it's always at least half-full, almost filled to the top, just to look at it from here. All good, all the time. No problem we can't surmount. I'm sure there's a way out of this, let me just think....

Just once, in the next seven days, I would tend to think of it more as the next five says, there's going to be a bleak moment. Scary, adjust the adjectives to paint a bleak and foreboding image as need be. Terrible.

"Uphill, in the snow, barefoot. Uphill both ways."





I'm not sure the allusion works, but it was worth a try. Anyway, that bleakness? Hold on. Persevere. Don't, [under any terms](#), panic. Screeching, hollering, weeping and wailing? No good will come of that. And you might miss the break. There is a break. No, I'm seeing the dark spot as a spot, not a whole, big black hole from which there is no escape. None of that.

Why I referred to this event as "faith tested" because, if you keep the faith? The situation will pass we can get back to happy go lucky ways.

Capricorn: I was rigging a fishing pole for a trip. Upcoming fishing trip. I didn't know what bait was going to be working, but a safe bet? On that pole? I like to have a jig-head with a curly-tail grub. Sometimes, it's a midnight color with blue metal-flake. Other times, the color is called "Root beer," but I think of it as a crawfish color. Other times? I've got my secret colors that work anywhere, anytime, but I'm not revealing everything.

The lake, I wasn't sure what the conditions were going to be, so I tied my little jig-head on the pole. And I left it at that. I didn't fit any bait to the pole, yet.

Preparation is part of what makes this run smooth, but then, if I'd second-guessed that plastic grub? I'd have to peel one off and screw another one on. Instead of doubling my effort, I prepared in a way that was best. Just enough, but not too much.

Prepare, get prepared. Enough. Not too much, Can't guess what color will work at that lake, at that moment, right? However, for that pole? Good bet is a jig-head, at least for starters. [Well-prepared](#).

[Aquarius](#): I've got a note from foreign travels. Apparently, there's a Barton Road in [London](#). I suppose it's not that unusual. Barton Springs Road in Austin, it should be famous. I traversed the trail there quite often. One of my [books](#) was named after the Tuesday special at BBQ joint on Barton Springs Road, matter of fact.

So a Barton Road in London (UK) was kind of a cool find. No BBQ, at least, not the kind I'm used, though I didn't expect to find decent BBQ, or good TexMex, or even bad TexMex in the UK. The name was similar. Barton Road, Barton Springs Road. That's also where the similarity ended.

Got me thinking about the food issue, BBQ in London. While it's a great metropolitan center, expecting a certain kind of comfort food? That's just a foolish expectation on my part. Foolish and maybe a little stupid. Excellent British and Continental Cuisine. TexMex? As the name implies, that's a strictly a regional type of food, and expecting to find out outside of its native region? Unrealistic expectation. While there will be similarities, manage what you expect.





Pisces: It's time to use a little creative [visualization](#). Time to dream something up, meditate, whatever you call it? I tend to get the alpha state of daydreams and proper zen-like meditation confused. However, that's not important. It is important to head towards this kind of trance.

What I'm seeing, imagine this in your mind, you're like a giant piece of earthmoving equipment. Steamroller was what I was thinking of. You're like a big, earth-flattening piece of hardware. I don't know where the name steam-roller comes from, none of the pieces of equipment that I've seen, stuff that fits the definition? None of them are steam-powered. Not important. We're working with an image, and what I see, what I want you to hold in your minds' eye? Keep an image of you, Pisces, driving a steamroller, and imagine yourself driving right over that last obstacle. Person. Place, thing. Driving right over them. It. He or she. If it's person? Image that they are [standing](#) on a soft enough surface that, cartoon-like, that person gets flattened into the substrata. They will emerge, slightly flattened, after you roll over them. However, it will make the Pisces point, and that's all that matters. You're a steamroller. [Get rolling](#).





Fishing Guide to the Stars 4.1.2010

by KRAMER on MARCH 31, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“I do think it is their husbands’ fault

If wives do fall.”

[Shakespeare’s](#) Othello [IViii.89]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 4.1.2010

You go with that one and let me know how that works out. I should mention, it is a tragedy.

Orson Wells worked on Othello from 1948 to 1952, taking time to make money-making movies in order to fund Othello.

Aries: For [several years](#), literally, I spent time scouring sporting-goods stores, fishing specialty shops, big name-brand stores, just about every “fishing pole” purchase avenue I could find. Everything but the manufacturer’s warehouse itself. To no avail. I was looking for a very specific kind of pole, a two-piece, 6-foot trigger-handle graphite &c.

To me, it’s a “car pole,” one that fits inside the cab of a buddy’s truck with ease. One that can be disassembled and tossed in the back seat of a girlfriend’s car. Handy pole to have around. Size, length, really, was what was so important because I also matched that pole to a certain lake, and certain species of fish, at that certain lake — the perfect combination, and since it worked one place so well? Probably could use it elsewhere. Weird, like that. I kept looking, hoping, I mean, I had a five and half foot pole, and a seven foot pole, but one’s too short and the other is too long, and I just needed that perfect car pole.

Turns out, [years later](#), I discovered that my efforts were useless. They don’t make a two-piece 6-footer. Did I waste all my time vainly searching for a non-existent pole? Sometimes, what we’re looking for? Sometimes, it’s less about the getting and more about the how we get there. Happy birthday.

[Taurus](#): I’ve got a years’ old iPod. Battery is a bit iffy on this one. Old “mini” iPod. Holds more music than battery life. Works well when I just leave it plugged into a stereo and wall plug adaptor. The other afternoon, [I was listening to it](#), working on the computer and the wall plug came off the bottom of the iPod. I don’t know how, maybe I pulled it out before leaving. I just found out — when quite suddenly — the music stopped.

Battery life. [Shelf life](#). Disposable electronics that I refuse to dispose of. No

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gradually decreasing audio, no song slowing down, in the middle of a blazing guitar solo? Suddenly nothing. It's an abrupt transition, and I wonder if it's a transition at all. More like Full-on blazing guitar and fretwork, then, suddenly, nothing.

I looked over and the iPod was dead. I knew what the problem was, and I stopped what I was working on to plug in the electronics and scroll back to a shuffle setting. I didn't feel like digging through all the music to find that one song again, although, I'd like to hear it again. I have to wait until the shuffle setting brings it back.

This is an example of [Taurus](#) — [next few days](#). It's not a big deal, it's a little deal. It's not a big interruption, it's a little one. It's not more than a blip on the screen. A single spot of trouble. It's not a big problem, but for a few moments, I was horribly inconvenienced. Around here? I got [no one](#) to blame but myself.

[Gemini](#): There's a serious challenge for Gemini, for the coming few days. How to [assert yourself](#), how to make sure that you're heard without dominating the conversation. Without talking over people, how do you make sure that you are established? Make a point without beating the other person? Beating, either literally or figuratively.

I watched, it was a [coffee](#) shop in Vegas, couple of years ago. I watched while a couple — NY, NJ, Upper East Coast accents — talked at each other. They were both talking, loudly, at each other, at the same time. The woman's voice was rising, just a little in volume, as she stressed some point to make sure, even though the guy, he was talking, too, just to make sure she was heard.

That's an example of how NOT TO communicate, under this influence. While it illustrated the “making yourself heard” point, it misses the idea of asserting yourself without talking over the person listening. If you can, act interested. Don't talk over, yelling, unless called for, that just doesn't work, either. There's a way to make yourself heard without talking over other folks. You can make your point, but the real idea? Dominate without dominating. Invites a whole different level of participation to the conversation.

Cancer: [Look out for the Chupacabra!](#) Until I moved a little further south, I didn't realize what a big impact the pseudo-sciences had on the local population. There are sworn believers. Folks in the outlying countryside swear up and down, holy oaths, that they've seen [Chupacabras](#) — the “goat sucker” from mythology. So far, no one's produced anything but a mangy coyote. Rumors, stories, and myths. Lots of myths. I've watched a couple of shows, and so far, no one has



produced an ounce of real evidence. Which doesn't stop the mania and the websites, and the claims.

So the warning, for Cancer, watch out for the [Chupacabra](#). Got it? Real, imagined, myth? Or some kind of vermin that might try and suck all the life out of your Cancer body. I'm just suggesting that you're a good target these days. Watch out for a Chupacabra.

Leo: Picking the right [Moon Sign](#) for an event is part of what I do. I was stuck waiting, about ten days ago, patiently awaiting the Moon's location to shift, just a little, so I could get started on a new project. I pay attention to this material, and I make the best use of what's there.

It's a waiting game, [watching](#) the astrological clock tick over, waiting on that astrological second hand to sweep into position. I almost got frustrated, but I reminded myself, I had nothing to lose by waiting.

Eventually, I was dead-reckoning it at first, but [eventually](#), I looked it up in the book, then double-checked that against my software. I arrived a conclusion I didn't like, but I had to wait until the evening for the Moon to get to a proper trigger point.

No use in doing this too early, results are nil. So take this easy, it's like me, waiting for a precise time, and you know, we can't hurry this. Doesn't hurt, like me, to double and triple check the timing.

Virgo: [Questions I get?](#) "You're from [Austin](#), I saw this Dell Computer in a pawn shop, should I buy it?" While I enjoy pawn shopping? While I like browsing around to see what's been hocked? I tend to stay away from big purchases there. Or buying pawn shops. What might've been the real question. Occasionally, there will be good deals.

[In Austin?](#) South Side Pawn? Great [source](#) for band speakers. Those big boxes, for the guitar player? Amplifier and so forth? Good source for that kind of material. I like the road-weary cases, equipment that's been tossed in the back of the band's van, and totted around the countryside, loaded and unloaded time and again. The stories they could tell, huh.

Some items are good deals in pawn shops. I know about antique Apple computers, and I could help make qualified purchases, even in a pawn shop, on those, for example. But Dell computer? In a pawn shop? I'm probably not the right guy to ask. Besides, the logic, as a good Virgo will see, isn't quite right, Austin, therefore I know about Dell computers?



You're either going to get a question like that, or worse, you might be asking a question like that. If you're asking? Think before you ask. Whoever said, "There are no dumb questions?"

Libra: "How was your [espresso](#)?" Thus started a conversation with a Libra. I nodded and asked where the [beans](#) came from. "They're from a friend of mine, here in town, runs his own roaster," the Libra said. He had intriguing art, a tattoo of a commercial jetliner, clearly visible on his arm. I asked what his birthday was, as, despite copious artwork, there were no clues.

Frequently an astrological glyph is worked into the artwork, good clue for me. Makes me seem spooky, guessing a sign. But there were no clues in his artwork. Had to ask. The jetliner, I couldn't tell, looked kind of like a Boeing, but, as it turned out, the lad had traveled a great deal, and it was a French brand of airplane. I don't recall why he had it.

The Libra listed the local roaster as a friend, and yet, the kid had only been in town for a few months. Part of that is normal, pedestrian Libra talk. Everyone's a "friend" until proven otherwise. What I'd watch for? I was thinking about that simple discussion with one Libra, and his view that everyone was a "friend" at first. Maybe I'd exercise little more caution, perhaps a slightly cynical tone would help. Just for now.

Scorpio: I'm a big fan of [regional food](#). Locally, "piloncillo" is available in grocery stores. Even some chains carry it now. It's a relatively unrefined form of sugar, or, the way I'd like to think about it? It's Mexican Brown Sugar. The name is from the way the stuff look, comes in little cones. Hard cones. It's a mold of sugar cane juice that's packaged and labelled for distribution.

Love the stuff, except it's kind of hard to work with. Like a Scorpio? Some cooks hate it. It's not like normal brown sugar, either, as the cones have to be grated or chopped, or ground in one fashion or another. The sugar, use like regular sugar, it's not flat. Its taste varies from cone to cone. Some of them are more caramel in flavor, some have a smokey essence, while others are earthy. Good stuff for any recipe that uses sugar, and since it's not refined? Supposedly, this kind of sugar is better for the body. Easier to ingest. Or something.

It's like Brown Sugar, only it's not. I was thinking of something sweet and off-beat for Scorpio, and that's what I thought of, sweet, a little off-beat, and — price it out — I pay pennies for a cone, usually less than fifty cents — cost effective sugars that's just a little wild and unrefined. You could use that.





Sagittarius: Ever pick up a can of “fresh squeezed” orange juice? Ever wonder what was really in that, “Fresh squeezed” orange juice? Look at the ingredients, on the bottom, in the [fine print](#). That was pulped oranges, probably stale, pulped oranges, and then, it was modified. Usually sugars, chemicals, eleven herbs and some spices, too. All goes into that fresh squeezed taste. Not really that fresh. I used to joke, “Fresh squeezed, right out of a can.” Image that went with that comment was me, squeezing an old-styled can of orange juice, watching the frozen, orange pulp plop into a pitcher. “Just add water!” I was swigging on a bottle of “fresh, organic, no preservatives” juice. Probably really was all natural since it tasted like warmed-over kitty litter. Or worse. Green goo, what I called it. Probably won’t be drinking it again, as it left my mouth with a weird color and strange taste.

Me? I’m going back to the “fresh squeezed” out-of-a-can orange juice that has more man-made stuff than [natural ingredients](#). Scientifically designed to please. Whatever works, huh.

We’re face-to-face with a momentous decisions. Me? In Sagittarius? What we can do is drink the canned orange juice. It’s not the most healthy alternative. It might not be the best stuff, but, and it’s a big “but,” it’s what we’re familiar with. Next few days? Familiarity wins over what the brain trust might think.

Capricorn: We’ve had a couple of those long, hard sunny days that herald a hot summer. I’ve enjoyed these afternoons, as I live in a place that sparks continuous wonder and amusement. A meandering footpath leads me into exotic places — maybe not wild and extravagant by all standards, but there’s pretty bizarre stuff, to me.

The “Mexican Modern” [style](#) utilizes bold, bright colors, with some umber and ochre to tone it down, or, perhaps, to add an earthen hue. I’m not sure. Gold, green, red, purple, all bright colors figures predominately in the style. I like it. Surrounded by this inspires wonder. Amazement.

This isn’t about looking very far away, this is about looking at what’s right underfoot. In the Capricorn world. You have to dig a little as the Moon’s phase is against us, but still, dig. See if there isn’t something — locally — that inspires you. Doesn’t have to be a big item. Doesn’t have to be a large inspiration, could be something as simple as [calendar art](#). Could be a lot more complicated, like the apparent random choice of colors in a building’s painting scheme. If there was a painting scheme. Or the graffiti that isn’t [graffiti](#), but street art as a sign.

Use of hues, variations on themes, interplay of light and color. Inspired. Only deal with this we got? Got to dig for it. You’re Capricorn, [shouldn’t](#) bother you.



[Aquarius](#): I couldn't make out what the server's artwork, on her forearm, I couldn't quite make it out. She flew by, delivering a plate of food. She cruised by a second time, and all I could see was "Art." Judging by the ink and exposed flesh, I was sure, she was an art student of some kind. She passed by again, with a pot of coffee.

"Art Choke." There was an image underneath the scroll, but I couldn't make it out. She was in rush, and I was leisurely dining. Amused, perhaps, by her artwork, but that was about it. Ink — tattoo ink — fascinates me. Permanent marks, allowing to a tribal, religious, something, kind of fealty. Gangs, clubs, hobbies. Tribes. As we paid and prepared to leave, the Art (symbol) Choke server was in the open kitchen. I leaned in, looked again, and smiled broadly. Art (something) Choke. Underneath? In prison style, but probably not done in prison? The head of an artichoke. How I know she was an [Aquarius](#)? I asked. Mars warms things up, Moon cools them off, make a statement. Something like that tattoo, that was a perfect example of how to make a statement — an [Aquarius statement](#).

Pisces: You're a cheering section of one. [Exactly one](#). It's not bad, it just, well, you're there, happily cheering us along, only, if you look around, you'll notice that you're the only one.

One might be the loneliest number, as the song would suggest, but it's not. Besides, alone? You're in good company, you're in the Pisces section. That's good. [And](#) you've got something to cheer about, again, a happy, joyful noise. For a Pisces cause, a Pisces reason, a Pisces element is going well. Again, this is good. The problem is, you're the only one.

The image I had was bleachers, grandstands, something like that with benches and not real seats. In the middle of the section, all alone, there's this one Pisces. Happy as can be. I'd suggest you go on with the cheer. Go ahead and feel good. No one else gets it. And that leaves you feeling all alone. Can't be helped.



Fishing Guide to the Stars 3.25.2010

by KRAMER on MARCH 24, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humor?”

Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing [II.iii.90]

[Fishing Guide to the Stars](#)

For the week starting: 3.25.2010

Aries: Happy Birthday! By the time this weekend arrives, we’re over the worst of it, and from that point, onwards, I mean, the rest of the week, weekend, on into the whole next month? All much better. Easier. Less worrisome details. I’d suggest, too, if you’re worried about some details? Put that out of your mind for the moment. Nothing good happens when you’re worried.

You don’t make room in your brain for positive thoughts with all those negative [ideas running](#) around.

I’m just suggesting that you make room for something good. Will it occur? Sure. That’s the [short version](#), a little longer?

It’s the function of Jupiter, the lucky star in [the sign that’s in front of you](#), that’s Pisces, and Jupiter, in the old astrology texts, Jupiter “rules” Pisces. This lends a little boost to your Aries self. Well, then, too, there’s that whole Mars thing, and for that matter, the Saturn thing, but still, I see this as good. Get rid of one item that’s a blockage, you can thank me later.

[Taurus](#): One of my neighbors had an “altercation” with me. He was upset that I didn’t own a car, truck, any vehicle, and he was upset that I have no apparent “day job.” [Bothered](#) him to no end. He made snippy comments from time to time. He also would see my light late in the night when I was working on [horoscopes](#).

Then, early mornings, he’d see me waiting by the curbside, fishing pole in hand, waiting on a guy towing a boat, headed towards the lake. Again, my hours are erratic, at best, and my attitude makes it all look very easy. Unlike my buddy who seems to work very hard for very low pay. I, too, work very hard for very low pay. I just do it with an apparent ease.

I’ve found that there’s no [challenge greater](#) than the blank word processor page. Nor, for that matter, is there a problem [doing the readings](#) after normal office hours. Gone weekends? That, too. Depends on how — and where — perceptions are based.

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Judging me like [a book by its cover](#)? I could very well irritate my working neighbor. However, add up the hours that I do work? Evenings and weekends? I put in more hours — longer hours — only, it doesn't look that way.

I doubt you're the [pissed off](#) one in this equation. I tend to think you're like me, working hard but making it look easy. Here's an expression you can use to help ease the pain, "A lot of work goes into making this look effortless."

[Gemini](#): What I want is a room service button. I'd slept well, and it was an uncharacteristically cold morning, for Texas, anyway, and I didn't want to get out of the warm bed. Cold air, cold floor, warm bed, no I really didn't want to stir. But I did want to have, like, some coffee. In bed. [Black coffee in bed](#).

Maybe you don't know exactly what's it was a like a couple of weeks ago, warm in bed, cold outside, but I'm sure you're familiar with the feeling. Slide a leg out, feel a bare foot contact a cold floor, and then sudden recoil. Too cold. Don't want to get up. I was awake that morning, and I was thinking, if I just had a laptop in bed, and if someone brought me some coffee, just a cup, a small thermos, not much, I could get much work done. All I needed was a room service button.

As a [Gemini](#), this week? Like me, all you need is a room service button. Failing that? Get with the plan, you've got much to do and you're wasting time, laying in bed, waiting on someone to bring you coffee on a cold morning. Unless, of course, you've installed a room service button.

[Cancer](#): I was hopefully [headed](#) to the coast, this coming weekend. Didn't work it out, couldn't pull all the details together. I was hoping for a few nights by the bay, I'd like to think of it as an ocean, but really, it's just slightly brackish bay water, and I was hoping for a few nights of idly setting myself on dock someplace, fishing.

Not a care in the world.

I do have cares, and my little leisure trip isn't going to work out, not now. Pity, that. A few days, especially now, when the nights are still cool? The offshore breezes, damp and subtly warm against the evening's chill, the whirl of a fishing reeling. The ratchet-like cranking noise as gears engage and bobbers bob.

The coming full moon is full — of promise. There's also some expectancy in the approaching full moon. Like my idea of a coastal fishing trip. You have idea, too. Dreams, plans. Can we make this happen? Doubt we can pull together, even at the last minute, even though I'm basically all packed and ready to go? Doubt we can pull off an escape trip like this. Doesn't mean that there's not something good for you, just up ahead, just means that it's not happening, not now.





Leo: Comes as a surprise to some people, but when it comes to chicken? I prefer dark meat. I'm a leg man, too. I've found that the dark meat is more tender and possibly, more flavorful. The surprise part is that folks naturally assume that I'm breast, or, as a [Sagittarius](#), a thigh person, and the most common assumption is that I prefer white meat.

As The Leo, you're used to certain preconceived notions.

As The Leo, you're used to people being a little hasty with judgement.

As The Leo, you understand what I feel like when I ask for a leg.

Raised eyebrow, a no, a mouthed "Oh really? Leg man?" That sort of nonsense. In the next couple of days, thank Mr. Mars for this, but in the next day or three, you're going to encounter a misconception. About you. Like thinking that I like white meat, when, clearly, dark meat tastes better. This isn't about fried chicken, or culinary events, nothing like that, this is about how yo handle that preconceived misconception. Getting irate with the poor miscreant? Avails you naught. Think Mars.

Virgo: Off-the-cuff, I was estimating [that 90% or](#) more of my horoscopes are written when I don't have on any shoes. [Barefoot astrology](#), really, that's what this is. The more I put figurative pencil to metaphorical paper, the more I realized that the number is much greater than that. Close to 99%. Not quite a 100%, though. That much I'm sure of.

I recall writing notes and gathering facts, and at least a portion of one set of scopes was written while I was waiting to meet a client, and therefore, I was attired.

Properly. With shoes. Or boots, or sandals, whatever I was wearing.

By mid-March, I'm in sandals and shorts full-time on the home turf. Comfort.

Then, there's still that persistent image, a "factoid" in a book, popular culture and sociologists suggest we all think better with our shoes off. Stop. Think about taking off your shoes.

I'm not sure your particular work environment will encourage this, or where you are, and if you're still above the snow line? I'm unsure that this will work in real life. Not now. But if you're in a place where you can this is an experiment in Virgo [thinking](#). Try slipping out of your footwear. Real or imagined.

Libra: "Turn the Page," it's a song by (Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band), from — long time ago. Looks like a 1972 album was the original. [load-out](#) from a show. Maybe.





Jackson Brown: Libra. The two road songs were laments about the drudgery of the road. While I don't [travel](#) near as much as I did, I was on the road — and gone — as much as every weekend. Almost every weekend for a long part of my career. The road songs, especially those two, adequately capture the feeling. Granted, my tear down is a lot less hectic. I show up with a laptop and I'm good to go. Still, there's a sadness, a feeling, although, I'm not usually "East of Omaha," I'd write my own lyric about being just west of Abilene. I've cited two road songs, and there's room for a sad, perhaps uplifting, lament here. What kind of road song are you going to write, Libra? Sad? Commemorative? Raucous? Are you going to go rocking [down the highway](#)?

Scorpio: Benedick and [Beatrice](#), to me, even more so than Romeo and Juliet, are the best star crossed lovers. More — humorous — passion. Passion should be humorous.

In the grand scheme of life, assuming that there is benevolent and loving almighty? Guy's got a good sense of humor. I was poking at the [Scorpio charts](#) and and I was thinking about Beatrice and Benedick, and their interactions, especially early on in the play. Especially Benedick. When he's well-played, I just get an image of a strutting rooster. A little, strutting, boasting, braggart of a rooster.

While I'm not in accordance with some critics and scholars, I figure that Benedick and Beatrice wind up being the happiest of the Shakespeare's couples. Starts with friction. There's a similar happy coupling coming your way. Starts with friction, too. Talk about life imitating art.

Sagittarius: One of the huge — not very [Sagittarius](#) like — fears I've had to overcome is one about abundance. The example isn't money, though, it's another artistic pursuit: pictures. [Digital images](#), [media](#), it's [cheap](#). Now.

In five years, price for memory has plummeted. What I've had to learn, when taking pictures, now, what with cheap media for camera storage, is that it's okay to take hundreds of pictures. Last time I took my camera out for a short walk, I wound up going close to eight miles, and when I got around to unloading the camera? Over a 100 images. Big, images, a bazillion megapixels by gajillion — height and width.

Sunny, colorful afternoon in South Texas. My backyard, so to speak. Take lots of digital images. If I found a subject I like, a single visual point? Instead of one picture, this is pure digital media, remember? Take three, five, ten. Doesn't matter. Out of that last afternoon of well over a hundred images, two stops for ice tea, one





conversation with a shopkeeper, and some pan dulce? I got a total of seven images that I'll hold onto. Three might make it into the [website](#) for publication.

That's three out of more than a hundred. Not good odds, not at first. Stop. Think about this. Looking at the tiny view screen on a cheap digital camera, who knows what's going to turn out well, and what's going to have all the wrong colors and composition? It's a number game. The memory for that camera is cheap. I think of it like a shotgun approach. Are you being cheap, stingy and only taking one picture? Take three. Five. You can throw them all away, if you need to. I tossed more than 90% the other day.

Capricorn: I tried to look at this [polite-like](#). I tried to make this simple and easy. I made an effort to phrase this in a delicate manner. Nothing's working. [Light a fire under your butt](#). Figuratively, I hope. Need to get moving. Motivated, motion, action. Do. Quite thinking about it, and start doing something about it.

Chances are, three out of four of your starts will fail this week.

Chances are, three out of four attempts fall before they get launched.

Chances are, chances are, you don't like the math on this one, three-quarters of the efforts — this week — are doomed.

However, one? One of those? It goes off like a skyrocket, like Saturn V booster, all lit up like a Roman Candle, shooting into the heavens. That good. Way good.

Better than "way good."

Dude. That single success makes a whole week's worth of failures worth it. More than worth it. Eclipses the problems, it's such a shining success. But you have to light fire under your own ass to make this happen.

[Aquarius](#): I had a really rough day at the lake. The fish were biting, that's the good news, but the fish were tentative about the biting. Nibbling, might be a better term. Teasing, that comes to mind, as well. At one point, downright cruel fish. I'd feel something tickle the bait, end of the line, there would be something interested. I was using a plastic worm, at first. Works well. Usually. Tickle, taste, but no takers. I switched colors, then, eventually, I walked over to the bait house and bought a dozen night crawlers. Big, old fatties.

I proceeded to feed those to the fish, as well. Whatever was nibbling, it wasn't very hungry, as the fish, if that's, indeed, what it was, would eat one side of the worm and then leave the rest. Halfway through my dozen live worms, I got smarter. I didn't just thread the worm on the hook, I looped him back and forth, several times. More like skewered. Reminded me an Indian Kabob. No curry on the worm, though.





There is a point where my [frustration](#) pays off for your Aquarius self — perseverance. I persevered. To no avail. I was tired, hot, sunburnt, dusty, and a little cranky when I got in from the lake. No fish, either. Not happy. Everybody I know was at work. I spent an afternoon fishing. Not catching but certainly fishing. Cost a trip to the lake and box of worms. Less than five bucks, total. Hours of entertainment. Maybe frustrating, but entertainment, nonetheless. In perspective, looking back, maybe it wasn't such a bad time. Stop, before you start complaining about how bad it is, gain a little perspective.

Pisces: Shakespeare, allegedly, wrote MacBeth to demonstrate gratitude for royal [patronage](#). King James I, like Shakespeare's (historical) character Malcolm, both were believed to been appointed by God. Yeah, and a bloody play it is. To some, it's the source of the first laundry detergent commercial, as well.

While it's one of the shortest plays, it's also one of the violent. Then, too, there's the persistent image the three witches, adding a spooky layer, and possibly the source for much witch-hate over the years. And superstitious, it's a very superstitious play. At its heart, though, there's the homage to the King of England, and a reference to his ancestor.

Part myth, or, mostly myth, the play still stands strong these days. Still, to have a play, a hugely successful play, written in your honor? Cool for that king. There is a point, too, where your Pisces self should be immortalized. Are you going to be memorialized like Malcolm? Or his rival, MacBeth? End of the play, Malcolm and his heirs inherit the throne of Scotland down through the years, &c.





Fishing Guide to the Stars: 3.18.2010

by KRAMER on MARCH 17, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“I met a fool i’ the forest,

A motely fool.”

Shakespeare’s As You Like It [II.ii.15-6]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 3.18.2010

Aries: [Railroad](#) right-of-ways make great pedestrian [thoroughfares](#). In Dallas, one old trunk line was turned into a hike-and-bike pathway. I’ve used railway right-of-ways as a walking path since I can cut through largely suburban areas unnoticed, undetected.

For years, one of the most famous hobo camps was located just to the east of the rail line that cuts through the South Side (Austin, TX). Makes for interesting travels.

However, this isn’t about that, it’s about walking on the rail ties. Railroad ties are interspersed at intervals that are hugely inconvenient for me. My stride doesn’t match up well. Not at all, would be a better fit. To me, it’s trade off, a largely unpopulated stretch of inner-city terrain, better for my soulful meander, with the drawback being no rhythm. The ties afford no beat, whatsoever. Either my steps are too short or my stride is too long and I overstep.

I’ll trade the badly placed ties for clear, [unobstructed](#) views. Might break up the stride, a little — a lot — but I’ll adjust and compensate. You’re going to have to make similar decision, adjust and compensate? Is it worth it? In my example? The solitude, the peace? Yes, it’s worth it.

Taurus: As an early adopter of [technology](#), I’ve seen [image editing programs](#) improve from a simple hammer-and-nail program to the sophisticated, smooth and easy-to-use packages that are available now. The term “photoshopped” is now a generic expression that means an image was [digitally manipulated](#). Or might’ve been manipulated.

I saw just such an image. Looked like it had been doctored up pretty good. While I can work with an image-editing program as well as any geek, I’ve also found that anything more perfunctory than cropping, hue, saturation, and stripping out unwanted colors? Anything more than a few simple “point and click” actions? I’m really not interested. Too much work. I can make suggestions, but I doubt I’ll be doing a pixel-by-pixel makeover on any image.

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Just that the verb “photoshopped” has entered the vernacular? That, too, should be an indication of where we’re at, as a population who doesn’t trust what we see. There are two points, for Taurus, two points. Lazy and cynical. Lazy, like me, someone who will only do the minimum of image manipulation, out a sense of self-preservation. Or cynical. Like, “That was a cool picture, but are you sure it wasn’t photoshopped?” Cynical or lazy, that’s the way it plays out. Personally, well, you already know, I’m the lazy one. It’s too much trouble to [edit](#) this stuff.

Gemini: One of the problems with age is shattered illusions. Hopes, dreams, fantasies? Not just broken, but shattered and crushed, ground underfoot by harsh reality. When I looked at your chart, what I was thinking about, given the relative position of several elements, I had an idea. There’s a way through this mess. There’s a way to get the cardinal T (Sun/Mercury Square Pluto Square Saturn) to work for you. Thank Jupiter in Pisces, for starters. Pick one of your childhood dreams. Or maybe just a frank illusion that you know — no way it will work. Just no way, but still, you cling to shards of hope. Here, Jupiter will bring one of the dreams, make one of them, just one, one crushed and broken dream will come through.

It’s a simple Jupiter equation. There’s a child-like innocence that works. One dream can come true. Within the time frame of this horoscope. But which dream, hope, fantasy [will it be](#)?

Cancer: I have but [one image to share](#). It’s like, okay, I’ll just spit this out. Modify as need be. Imagine one of those cheap office chairs, usually five plastic arms at the bottom, splayed out with plastic rollers on the bottom of the arms. There’s no sidearms on the chair, just seat and back, and even the back isn’t much larger than a postcard. When this chair was new, the fabric was soft and pliant, but after only a few hours of wear and tear, it’s flat, uncomfortable, and frankly, not much fun. Ugly, to boot. Maybe it’s not even padded. Imagine that you’re grabbing the sides, the bottom of the chair, and while you’re sitting there, firmly gripping the seat? Someone comes along and gives you a good spin. Feet up, or tucked in, or even straight out, which where centrifugal force would carry them, you’re spinning around faster and faster. Maybe the person looking on is pushing you around faster. Hold on tight, as this will eventually wind down. Or maybe not. There are several ways to stop spinning. Time, inertia and entropy dictates you can coast to a stop. My suggestion. However, if you try and fight with the chair, the circular spinning motion? You’ll probably crash over. Yeah, that’s another way to



stop. Your choice, but I'd opt for inertia and entropy, let the natural laws work. It's easier on you.

Leo: I slipped in from an afternoon walk, intent upon collecting a free afternoon espresso. There's this really fetching [young Leo](#) I know, and she had just gotten off her shift. I plopped down next to her, and we became engaged in conversation.

Leo's really are just the most fascinating people. We were getting along fine until she glanced down at the music scrolling past on my iPod. Eclectic doesn't begin to cover my tastes. So when one song brought her discord, I just popped it forward to the next song. "Cool," she said. Always try to impress the Leo.

I took my afternoon beverage to go, as the way I see it? Universal disdain is fairly common with Leo right at this moment. Someone like me? I know how to turn it around. I also know enough that I wanted to end it on a high note.

I'm sure, given the random way the Universe works?

I'm sure the next three or four songs would've sunk my standing in her eyes.

Careful: Leo darling. Not every person you encounter this week will be as perspicacious as me. I walked out on high note, good impression, my usual cool and [suave self](#).

If you can keep it blessedly short? That will work.

Virgo: It's a rare day in March, we get these [achingly clear](#) skies. Blue, [blue sky](#).

Not a cloud in the sky. Typically, there are [clouds](#) that blow in from the coast hundreds of miles south of here. Laden with moisture, big, white [fleecy clouds](#) that — sometimes — turn into rain storms. But mostly, it's just gentle clouds, which is what makes the clear skies so remarkable.

About two or three days in a row.

Fish shut down, due to the high pressure. Not an issue for me. The BlueBird skies are gentle relief. Makes for less texture to the sky, but then, sometimes, smooth is a texture, too.

I watch the weather and I try to coordinate my activities in harmony with the weather. Great day for a hike, nice day to sightsee, not a good day to fish. I can force the issue, and I can grab some catfish gear, head over to another spot and sink some lines, looking for Mr. Butt-Ugly Catfish. Not really what I'm into that much. Not so much. Means I'll try and fit my current schedule around what the weather is doing.

Fit your Virgo activities to what the weather dictates.





Libra: I was reading [e-mails](#), waiting on a [girlfriend](#) to get ready. She appeared out of her bedroom, “How does this shirt look? Does it go with these slacks?” I glanced up.

“Sure, looks fine.” She huffed. A few minutes later, she appeared again, different outfit. I may be male, but I was smart enough to notice and look before I said anything. “You changed?” “How does this look?”

“Looks fine.” She sulked back into the bedroom. I was [reading RSS Feeds](#), so it wasn’t any big waste of my time, I had on the same shirt I’d worn the night before. Not like I was going to change.

Not like I’m going to change.

She appeared again, same slacks, different blouse. “Looks fine,” I reiterated. More noises I couldn’t decipher — I could, just meant another outfit was on its way. She appeared again in what she was wearing the first time, I closed the laptop, dropped it in my backpack and we were gone into the night.

You can be like my Libra date, change, change again, and then, change back into what we started with in the first place. Or you can be like me, I had something to read that kept my mind occupied during the changes. No impatience on my part.

Scorpio: A girl friend was being kind, and she gave me a pound of (you know the brand) coffee. Ground coffee. Espresso Roast, ground coffee. Nice gesture, much [appreciated](#). Except that I tend towards whole bean, and even then, I’m kind of picky, as I prefer an Italian Roast, although, some the Jamaican or Hawaiian beans are better in a medium roast.

I can’t really afford the fancy stuff, not me. So when I ran low on regular beans, I heaped a coffee spoon of that (you know the brand) Espresso Roast on top of my regular beans, after I did the grind thing. I’ve been accused of grinding the beans in my teeth. Not happening, but never let the facts interfere with the tale.

The first sip, that one morning, it was a few weeks ago, it was kind of cold that morning, and the first sip tasted like chocolate. Sort of a chocolate overtone to the coffee, rich, thick, a few stray grinds in my teeth, and that single heaping tablespoon of free coffee added just the right flavor.

Normally, I hate blending coffee beans, coffees, any of that. I’d like to think I can be an effete purist. However, a happy mistake lead to a discovery that this one blend, born out of desperate straights, yielded up a wonderful cup of coffee. That’s the point, Scorpio, don’t be afraid to bend some of your internal rules, as need be, to accommodate the situation.

Don’t be surprised if it works out well for you.





Sagittarius: I was [looking](#) at a geographical map that charted the indigenous languages in the Americas, prior to the arrival of the European settlers. Just in my area, I counted fourteen different language groups. Some of them are names I'm familiar with, but others are something I don't see too often. If ever.

There was one dialect — might be a tribal language — I'd never heard of before. It covered a good deal of West Texas as its range, so I wondered why I'd never heard about the dialect. Linguistics fascinate me, but I'm more drawn to the modern variations.

A Texas accent can change in fifty miles. I haven't formally documented that fact, but I'm not the only person who's made the observation. Does the land determine the language or does the language determine the land? Good question.

This week, I'm of [the mind](#) that the land determines the language. Which is why a subtle accent shifts and changes in as little as a 50 miles. Instead of getting bogged down in stupid little details, which can happen, instead of worrying about some issue that has no relevant impact, consider some of the bigger picture items. Like, does the land determine the language, the environment, does that shape the language of certain people?

Capricorn: I like Southwest Airlines. Have for years. Early on, might still be visible on some of the older planes they have, there's a warning label on the starboard-side wing: "Wet Fuel Cell Do Not Remove." Two lines, all caps, stenciled on a cover plate that, presumably, leads to a fuel tank that has a [wet fuel cell](#). Boeing 737-300, in case you're into that stuff.

That single warning label, I can trace my entire [EULA](#) back to that single warning label. The consequences are immense, it's a legal document, it's really a privacy statement, legal disclaimer, disclosures, a binding contract, and best of all? A "get out of jail free" card. Started with a simple label, a small catch-phrase that tickled my sense of the absurd.

A simple idea born out of a proper sense of the [absurd](#). Look around your Capricorn world. There's a simple idea that can be nurtured, coaxed, pruned and grown into an epic opus, like 5K words of warning. It's the simplest of starting points, and I figure that's what you can look at.

"Starting over, again?" Less about starting over and more about picking a new projected starting point. The example, those simple words on an airplane's wing? That was the launch point that gave birth to a whole different side of the way this website works. In the event you're wondering, that fine print I've got? It's both legal, binding and, at the same time, a mockery. As a Capricorn, I'm sure you'll appreciate that.



Aquarius: Pay attention to details. Have you ever read, I mean, really read some of the Terms of Service (ToS), End User License Agreement (EULA) and [Fine Print](#) (the Fine Print)? Some of that stuff is scary. Turns out, as a user, you have no rights. The product you just bought? You thought you bought? You just rented it, according to the terms mentioned hereunder.

There were a number of photo and [video](#) “sharing” sites. As I looked at the real terms and conditions, I discovered that I didn’t own the first broadcast, digital rights to any of my own work. Nor subsidiary rights. Means anything that’s frankly derivative of my ideas? They get to keep all the money. Right now, no one is making a pile of dough off my material. But that’s not the point.

This is about what does, or, for that matter, doesn’t work for your Aquarius self. Some days, a little digging is called for. Like now. Look though, at least skim the material before you hit the “I agree” button. Before you blindly agree to some software license? Read some of the terms. Might shake you up a little when you get to the part of sacrificing your first-born child. I know you wondering, “That isn’t really in there? Is it?”

If you haven’t [read](#), how would you know? Pay attention to details.

Pisces: It’s that [weird](#) March weather we’ve been having. One minute, warm enough for a long hike, almost a sweaty trip in shorts. Later that day, temperature drops, and it’s too cold for my tastes. I was supposed to go out and meet some friends, the other evening. Soon as I stuck my nose out the door, I decided it was too cold, and the cold temperatures didn’t make me feel sociable, at least, not with that group. Or any group.

I would feel sociable with a cat, curled up, or maybe with a certain date, but that would be about it. Weird weather. There’s a sense, here in Pisces, a sense of foreboding and impending doom. A doom and gloom noise lurking at the back of the brain. I can easily attribute this feeling to certain planets. There’s an arrangement in the night sky that’s going to have an oblique pressure on Pisces. There’s a sense that there’s something “about” to happen. It isn’t.





Horoscopes for 3.11.2010

by KRAMERW on MARCH 10, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“O! I have suffer’d

With those I saw suffer”

[Shakespeare’s](#) The [Tempest](#) [I.i.7-8]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 3.11.2010

St. Patrick’s Day — what could be more Texan than a Mexican playing the bagpipes? Outside the [Alamo](#) shrine? Even better.

Useless fact: almost 10% of Ireland’s total barley crop is used in/by Guinness.

[Pisces](#): I got this trick from a friend, and her version has been modified to fit this column’s width and depth. In the afternoon, I’ll walk, when possible, and I’ll have an afternoon shot of espresso, when possible. The trick is to down the espresso and before the caffeine really hits my system?

Lay down for a short nap. Power nap, if possible. Then, as the active ingredient in that single shot of espresso, about 70 milligrams of caffeine, as it works into my bloodstream and gets carried to my brain? Then I wake up, very awake, alert and quite refreshed.

There are variations on the theme, but that’s how I’ve managed to work it out.

Short nap, long buzz. You have an exceedingly short fuse at this time. Short nap.

Coffee, afternoon espresso, maybe just a coke, but something then a short power nap. Leaves you refreshed and clear-headed. Need a clear head to keep from leaping [overboard](#) with inane assumptions.

Aries: In [Shakespeare’s](#) The Tempest, the [opening line](#) for this week, that line is drawn from the beginning of the play where there’s a nasty shipwreck, all hands lost. Only, it’s a magical shipwreck and nothing is lost, it’s like the sailors all got thrown into the washing machine. Soaked and suds, around and around, only to pop out dry, fresh, good as new, on the far side.

No harm, no foul.

Some of the players wind up in a “magically induced” state of suspended animation. Where I’d love my little Aries friends to be for the coming days. Prospero, the main magic guy, he harnesses a spirit named Ariel to do his bidding. I was thinking of Ariel and Aries, and then, I was thinking of Ariel making everyone on one side of the boat fall into a deep slumber. Safely slumbering while the world changes. If I could be an Ariel, what I would do is make all my fine little

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Aries sleep through the weekend, and awake, refreshed, in freshly laundered clothing, ready and willing to hit it.

Taurus: I was at the [movies](#), other afternoon, I like me some matinee flavored prices. This one film, I'm not going to mention any names, but there was some degree of conscious, maybe subconscious, humor at play within the film's script. Couple of the scenes referenced previous scenes from that actor's canon. Older films, and some of the audience would be too young to get the joke, unless they were [exposed](#) to a great deal of pop culture history. That's also why I wondered whether the visual clues were intentional — or not.

Anytime a character dies, the actor falls down to play dead? With legs together, straight, and arms unfolded and open wide? Taps that Crucifix imagery, ingrained in our emotional psyche. Intentional, or not, ingrained, or not, purposeful, or not, that image, I always get tickled — not ticked — when a film maker takes a [cheap shot](#) like that.

Again, this is where I find [humor](#). Perhaps in context, it was black humor, but nevertheless, humor. Barren and bleak? Maybe. Perhaps there's an age factor working, too. Old enough to remember the original film? Whether there was a conscious allusion or not, I'm unsure. In that lonely theater in the middle of the afternoon? I giggled. Don't think anyone heard it, and I might've been the only one in there.

Guilty pleasures, arcane viewpoint, and still, there's something to be said for sneaking out of work for an afternoon, avoiding some responsibility. Can't recommend it for a whole week, but for a single afternoon? It's a good idea to abdicate responsible actions. Might find a good film that works on more than one level.

Gemini: "Dead birds, man, all I ever got." It was a Gemini lad, and he was drawing me an afternoon espresso. His hair was long, done in dreads. His chart is very Gemini, if there are such degrees. We were discussing [cell phone photographs](#), an interest to both of us.

He had a collection on a [website](#) for a while, nothing but dead birds. Variations on themes, but that was his forte, that's what he kept getting. He finally stopped updating because he was tired of the theme.

Didn't run out of material, [just tired of the theme](#). I run a similar side-project, just [digital images](#), but I'm not limited to dead birds. I tend towards a tourist and geographic boundaries instead.



There is a subtle new “launch point,” fast arriving in Gemini. With that point, it’s time to assess that one project. Goal, hobby, business deal, one of those.... Stop and figure out if it’s something you can keep doing. Want to keep doing. Like my Gemini buddy, he just quit. Stopped updating. No more dead birds. It can be that simple.

Cancer: There’s a local sporting goods chain that grew almost too big for its own good. Got big, expanded, filled up stores with more than just sporting goods. For place that started as a dumpy fishing gear outfit, they now have stores in many Southeastern states with sports, outdoors and much, much more!

They do stretch across the Southern Bass Belt. At some point in corporate expansion, I’m sure the company lost touch with its roots. In one of the newer stores, in Austin, actually, there’s a throwback to the “good old days.” There’s a “worm bar.”

Essentially, it’s a salad bar looking arrangement with various plastic worms arrayed under the sneeze guard. Kind of amusing, kind of lame, kind of appealing in a strange way. The “worm bar” has a retail roots back to the era when the store was less glamorous and catered to a more hunters and carried fewer/no yoga mats.

It’s about roots, roots that might be hackneyed, but roots, nonetheless. I doubt you’re looking for bait on the worm bar. But as tacky as it sounds, since seeing that in the store? Means the board of directors, or somebody in marketing, listened to what the purchasing public wanted. Listen to a little Cancer market research. Like, see where the dollars go. Follow the money. Might lead you right back to the roots.

Leo: In the Elizabethan time, Shakespeare’s era, it was customary for the theaters to close during Lent.

What a quaint little concept.

I’ve thought about giving stuff up for Lent, but then, I’d have to be more than nominally Christian, and really, I’m far too “Universalist” to be that far right. Although, I do like the idea of voluntary abstinence to achieve a goal. Like, prove I could go all day without swearing. Or I could go all day without looking at women — like that.

I’d wager I couldn’t go all day without trying to write down some notes, scattered thoughts I’d like collate and order. Writing. Or maybe snapping a picture with the phone, finding some moment of whimsey in a dull day, some thing aren’t meant to be surrendered.

However, let’s just try testing a little theory, about abstinence and Leo. The Leo. This isn’t “forty days & forty nights,” no, this is more along the lines just this





weekend. Abstain from just one “feel good” activity. A little restraint goes a long way in making you feel good. Didn’t say how it worked, it just does.

Virgo: Here’s even more [useless](#) trivia: over ten percent of the world’s salt production, that’s world-wide salt production, more than ten percent is used on American roads for de-icing. A month or so ago? In parts of Texas? Sure could’ve used a lot more salt than they had.

I’m native Texan, and as such, our driving in excellent conditions is, at best, suspect. Add precipitation, in any form? It’s not good. I have a firm policy, unless I’m headed to important business like fishing, I try not to be on the streets when there’s moisture — in any form. Snow and ice? Don’t leave the trailer-house. At all. Little apartment, but what’s the difference? Those are my solutions, as usual, your [mileage](#) may [vary](#).

The question, now, the point? Can you fact check that statistic? Does the US use more than 10% of the world-wide salt just to keep our roads navigable in the winter? The problem with this weekend is getting bogged down in useless details just like that.

Fact or fiction?

Libra: The national almond foundation is nothing more than a lobbyist front for some nut manufacturer. [I haven’t done the research](#), but it was pretty clear, to me, from the various websites, what the real goal was: get more nuts.

The website suggested the optimal dosage of almonds in a day? The best number was 23. No more, no less, just 23 almonds a day is the perfect number for mental wellness, physical health and improved lifestyle choices. I’m surprised that no Texas pecan manufacturer has picked up and rallied a similar story — problem being — I’m sure, pecans are frequently used as a caramelized topping. All that sugar and butter might not have the desired physical health benefits. Although, I know that Pecan Pie does have many mental health benefits, but that’s not what this is about.

This is about checking up on the supposed source for data. Really, any facts that you might need? I suggest you start digging. Now. In a week, maybe ten days? You’re going to have an “opportunity” to display your knowledge. It’s situation where you’re going to need to have facts, real facts, at hand to prove your point. I’ll give you a heads up and tell you to start pulling that data to support your case?

Pull it together now.



Scorpio: I'm a [traditionalist](#) in that I like my plays with five acts, and I like the way there's the setup, the conflict, the crowning moment, the resolution and then, late in Act IV, a twist. Act five? All about wrapping up the loose ends generated in the first four acts.

Bad guy should be hanged. Or carted off to jail. Good guy gets the girl. Or the good girl gets the guy, whatever. TV, especially hour-long shows, they have ruined the 5-act play standard. While the pacing and tempo is much the same, the first act is less than two minutes, the introduction, the setup. Before that first commercial break.

The rest of the acts follow the way they are supposed to, it's just that compressed two-minute first act. Sucks, in my mind. Just another art form ruined by TV.

There's a gem of an idea you've got. Here in Scorpio, you're thinking, you've got the lead-in, that first, opening act. Now, the question, is this a real play? Or is this a movie? Or, worse yet, is this just that two-minute compressed first act for a TV show? You've got about two minutes to get your idea across and set the players in motion. Make it a good pitch, as you don't have much time.

Sagittarius: When I was 4 years old, time between birthdays was one quarter of my life — 25%. When I was 40, time between birthdays was like a much smaller percentage— 0.025%. Objectively, time is a linear measurement. Subjectively, time is not linear, but exponential. This is one of those observations, spelled out, about how to see what's there. And how to tell the difference between what we're seeing, objectively, and what our Sagittarius senses are perceiving, subjectively.

What we see and what we feel, two different senses. Two — very [different](#) — sets of perceptions. One is factual, one is emotional. Tell the difference between the two.

Facts and [fictions](#), facts and frictions, facts and what we think we see (feel). The difference between 4 and 40 is single zero but 36 years. The difference is also one where innocence is gone, yet there's still a Sagittarius sense of wonder and amazement.

I'm trying to buy a little Sagittarius time, a little chance to act instead of react. Pause instead of our usually correct "shoot from the hip" style. That's the beauty of getting a little older.

Capricorn: "I tell you what, I'm off like a dirt shirt," little kid said. I was trailing along behind a group of tourists. The dad looked down, "Off like a 'dirty shirt,' I think that's what you meant."





The kid looked confused. I kind of liked the “Off like a dirt shirt” bit better. There was almost a cadence to it. I’d clip it some and make it work. Sometimes, language has to be clipped and trimmed to fit in the allocated slot. The one [I see](#) most often is the Elizabethan slang, the apostrophe then the letter d.

Like in the opening quote. Got a couple of little planetary squares rapidly approaching as Mercury and Venus square Pluto. Think about that clipped and shortened pronunciation. Think about that archaic yet useful apostrophe. Think about, since Mercury weights in on the mix, think about shortening your communications. Maybe slip in a contraction like that, just to forestall problems with meter and rhyme. A little editing would go long way in making this time a little better.

Aquarius: Tactical mistake. We’ve all made [tactical](#) business errors. When I first bought the [domain name](#), my domain name, [astrofish.net](#), I was playing on the “fish net” idea. Over the years, I’ve added other names, but the basic name is still astrofish.net.

Not “dot com” which, at one point, was an asset since there was the ‘dot com bust,’ and as a ‘dot net,’ I didn’t suffer. The problem popped up later. When I first bought the name, it was expensive to buy domain names. That was over a hundred bucks. Compared to the low, low advertised rates now? Anyway, I passed on astrofish dot com because I didn’t want to be associated with certain other sites.

Someone eventually bought the name, and I still use the [astrofish.org](#), [astrofish.co.uk](#) (British spelling) but I don’t have the dot com address.

To this day, one lucky guy is getting spurious traffic from my name since the mistake, well, it’s obvious. What this was, back in the day? It was a tactical mistake on my part. My bad. I blew it. There’s a similar question you’re faced with, even now. Should you go ahead and spend a few extra dollars, just for peace of mind? Do as I say, not as I did. Go for it. Spend the few extra dollars. It’s worth it. Avoid tactical mistakes.

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Horoscopes for the week starting 3.4.2010

by KRAMER on MARCH 3, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Truth has a quiet breast.”

Shakespeare’s The Tragedy of King Richard II [I.iii.100]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 3.4.2010

Mars begins an un-[retrograde process](#) of [rebuilding](#) what has been rent asunder.

“Kiss me I’m one-fifth Irish.”

Pisces: “You go out with a guy called ‘Kramer,’ and [weird](#), it just goes with the territory,” a date was explaining, “not like I figured dating you would be anything normal, whatever that means.” Not a [Pisces](#), but that weirdness quotient? That’s very much present. Some Pisces will insist that there’s a “Kramer quotient” present, too. That [much](#)?

I’ll deny it. It’s not really me. It’s a [combination](#) of events that stack up planets and energies in strange ways, and that’s strange, even by the Pisces standards. Which are generally fairly liberal, in the weird way. Isolation is the solution.

It’s your birthday week, and everything inside the Pisces circle is a screaming “Party!” However, everything outside the Pisces circle is gently suggesting to tone it down. Dinner for two, not two hundred. Quiet evenings with a one, Pisces-friendly person of interest. Not a barroom full of half-strangers. I’m just saying, tone it down. Work in the quiet time. You can enjoy adequate — even by your standards — enjoyment. [Just take it](#) easy.

[Barefoot Astrology](#) – casual and thorough

Aries: One morning, [last week](#), I went to the post office to fetch up the mail. Bills, more bills, no money and a returned package. My tax forms I’d sent off to Mr. Tax Forms guy, the accountant. Mailed them a few days earlier, one, I didn’t have sufficient postage, so there was that pesky “postage due” issue, and a second deal? Have to hand a package over, if it weighs more than 13 ounces or something.

I was a my usual, merry self in the long line that afternoon. Spent more time waiting on the postage than anything else that afternoon. One person behind me got disgusted and stormed out as only a well-heeled Latina can do. A person who

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can make more noise without uttering a sound. Sighs, heaving breasts and the click-click of high heels on post office floors. Punctuated by the swish of a dress — for added emphasis.

As Mars turns around in his apparent position, you can wait behind. I'll let you cut in front of me, but we're still going to wait to get up to the next available teller. Really, less than 20 minutes, but it can sure seem like hours, can't it?

Taurus: Size matters. In the coming spring months, as we all roll tentatively closer and closer to the most glorious time: Taurus, what happens is that the fish get bigger. Right now, the bass are swelling with eggs. Makes for good fishing, but I like to wait until the females have dropped their eggs. Likewise, with coastal fishing, the little runts are just now yearlings, and not quite big enough to keep (and grill).

I was thinking about this because most the lakes around here have a 20-inch minimum on keepers for bass. Likewise, the coast? Minimum 20-inches for Red Drum (Redfish). The big deal right now, it's less of a big deal, it's more about what's going on with the planets, but those fish sizes matter.

On many occasions, too often to mention, I've laid a fish down on the ruler, only to have that fish not quite make the notch in the ruler. Doesn't matter if this fresh water or salt water, just not quite close enough is a deal killer. Back in the water the fish goes, usually followed by a grumpy, "Grow up" command from me. Mars is befuddling Taurus endeavors. Way it goes.

Throw them back and catch them another day, what I say.

Gemini: As a Gemini, I'm sure you'll understand. Sometimes, quantity is more important than quality. I was with a buddy, fishing, tucked up into a cove, kind of tight, sort of the first of the pre-spawn movement, and there was an old, dead tree laying there, in the middle of the creek. "Just drop it on the other side," my buddy pointed to tree's trunk.

I slung it side-handed, and missed, fell short of the mark. I reeled the little weighted bait back in. "Hit it," he told me. I did hit it. I hit the tree trunk, the water in front, the bank, the willow branch that was overhanging, and some protruding roots. I just flailed away until I finally got the bait to arc over the branch and land where I wanted to go. Something — must've been a huge Large Mouth Bass — struck at the bait but spit it out before we had chance to become acquainted. Just the way it goes, some days.

Took me six, maybe seven tries to get that in the fish's mouth. But I did. Might take six or seven tries for Gemini, too. Getting everywhere but right where you





want it to be? Deal is, planet-wise, you could catch the fish by next week. If you're luckier than me.

Cancer: In these “[modern times](#),” this is a hard image to paint, but I’ll try. On older, “retro” vehicles, first gear in a standard transmission, on some vehicles, it’s a not a smooth “synchro mesh.” Old truck I used to drive was like that. Had to be at a complete stop and even then, it was ticklish affair, trying to coax the shifter into first gear. Required a deft hand, a little force, some swearing, and even then, there would sometimes be that horrendous sound of metal-on-metal grinding. Gear teeth not engaging in the proper sequence.

I have no idea if you’ve ever had the pleasure of wrestling an older vehicle like that. Without power steering, no power brakes, and shifter that is balky as a first wife? It’s all problems, all the time. There are joys, too, as the appreciative stares and then, too, the added advantage that the mechanical aspect of the vehicle is simple and easy to repair.

However, must be a dead stop, or guess and gauge the gears just right to hit first (gear). No, not without problems, but then, the computer chip never had a bad day in that old truck. Anyway, I was thinking about searching for first gear at a dead stop. Pretty much describes what’s happening in your sign, my fine Cancer friend. Slow to a complete stop and see if you can horse that into gear without the grinding noises.

Leo: I was waiting at a stoplight, busy downtown street. In as much as any city in Texas can have a “busy downtown street,” I mean, I’m sure we seem kind of tame compared to real cities, but no one walks in LA and I’m too scared of NY.

The guy standing — sort of — by me, we were headed in the same direction, he punched the “walk” button. Punched it a second time. Called it something about “Pinch-Hay-Way,” that I didn’t understand, and he then he punched the button again. Sort of slapped at the button.

What I’ve observed, and I’m willing to pass [this](#) along to my little Leo friends? No matter how many times you push, punch, slap, or curse the button? Once the electrical relay has been triggered, it will work when it works. When it’s set to work. Not one iota of time before. All that cursing, jiggling, dancing, swearing, punching and cajoling? Doesn’t matter one bit to the button or the light’s timer.

Virgo: Pisces is the sign that’s on the other side of the astrological “wheel.” It’s a water sign. Virgo is an Earth sign. I tend to think you’re grounded in reality and, well, opposites are what they are.



The problem with this next few days is that your ideas might come a little unglued from reality. In one case, a buddy made a fishing jig that was two-headed, eight-legged, crawfish-crawdada-crayfish combination. Only one tail, but claws and legs, and it wasn't natural looking. Didn't bother the pair, not once, but twice, he landed 6 and 8-pound bass with his unnatural creation.

Bass, they can be provoked into biting instead of just feeding, and I'm sure that's what made my buddy's creation work. Too many legs, too many heads, not enough tail, just scary — and plainly resembling nothing in nature. But it worked. And results speak for themselves.

Even though I see you as a little unglued in the reality department these days? Like my buddy's homemade lure? It worked. I'm just giving you a fair warning that I do suspect you are a little unglued from the planet earth — which doesn't mean you can come up with a winning combination, but if no likes it? Can't say I didn't try and warn you.

Libra: I was idly pacing up and down a local dock, other afternoon. [Pole in hand](#), I was languidly casting a jig out, and slowly reeling it back in. I wasn't expecting any fish, as I had this one timed just about perfect. Like with this Mars thing I've been [hammering](#) about for a while? Like for Libra, this week? Last quarter moon, and so on?

I got to the lake about an hour too early to expect any fish to show up. I had time to record a message, return a client call, and try a new lure. Then the moon would shift signs, and I knew it would be “fish on!”

True to form, true to [my prediction](#), true to my own, internal clock and time-keeping, it was about an hour. Then, back-to-back, a couple of good strikes, one fish, pictures on the website, etc.

If I knew I wasn't going to get any fish before that, why did I bother? For one, I didn't know, not for sure, and for two, I liked the daily solitude and quiet of the lake in the middle of the week, no weekend warriors out making a mess.

Look, think about me, casually strolling up and down that dock, more practicing than fishing, and more just be relaxed and enjoying my environment instead of getting worked up over pressure to perform. Your week is like my hour before the moon shifted signs. You'll feel it this week, as matters seems to stretch to infinity.

Scorpio: I ran into an old buddy, a Scorpio. I asked him how it was going, and his reply? I don't like to prey on the misfortune of others, but, what he said? “My mom. My girlfriend. I was supposed to meet Mom the other afternoon, at the bar,



and when I got there, [traffic was a bitch](#), you know, my Mom was drinking. With my girlfriend.”

The rest of the story is kind of a sad song about drunken secrets and lengthy, forgotten conversations, and histories that neither mothers nor children would like to hear. Me? I was amused. Not a significant other, not a horse in that race, and you have to feel a little sorry for the Scorpio lad. Not a happy occurrence.

Family members, not just moms, started in on the the “When he was little” stories, and those can be problematic. Add a layer of barroom camaraderie? Think about how badly this can go. Mars is slowly turning around, slowly changing his position and slowly picking up the pace. How bad can this be?

Add that layer of alcohol on top of the problem. The more I heard, the better the story got because reality, and sane judgement, departed early on. Maybe that makes it not so bad. Like Mars.

[Sagittarius](#): “Expect the unexpected” is almost a trite expression. I was flying in from a short [business trip](#), and while I was in line to catch a cab at the airport, at the disembarkation area, I noticed a pick-up, big, diesel rig, towing a trailer. A horse trailer. Not a small horse trailer but a long one. Seeing that at the airport, this was a while back, but I noted it.

What was odd, with the rich and abundant ranch land here, is that a horse trailer in traffic at the airport? It’s not odd.

Weird that it’s not weird. Amused my thoroughly [cosmopolitan self](#), but as a [point](#) of fact, I guess it’s really not that odd. I can’t see trying to negotiate that kind of trailer in the tight airport, no parking zones. Could be me. I didn’t see any horses in the back, either, but if there were? Even better.

Just, I could see this happening, bringing an old friend to the airport to meet a returning family member. I slid in the backseat of a cab, and that’s the last I saw of the horse trailer. Or that one. “Expect the unexpected,” due to a stellar influence, that doesn’t work. Odd? Sure. Odd in context? Not really. Out of context? Weird. Expect the unexpected.

[Capricorn](#): I was at the movies, other afternoon. There was [special deal](#), with my ticket. For a dollar, I could get a candy bar. Had to be a certain brand of candy bar, and it’s not an item I’m particularly interested in, I mean, it’s more paraffin, refined sugar and chemicals, and less chocolate, which, according to the ancient oracles, that stuff is the food of [the gods](#). The chocolate, not the other [ingredients](#). Sugar, high-fructose corn syrup, vanilla extract, and some of the contents?



Some of what's that stuff in the "chocolate" bar? Derived from petroleum products. Oil. Not like a bean oil, or fruit oil, but an "oil out of crude oil" oil. Yeah, weird. Why I try to stay away from reading the [ingredients](#) as that will ruin anything, this isn't about what was in the candy bar, this is about the offer, for only a dollar and the ticket stub.

Since when did that seem like a good deal? Speaks highly for my one Capricorn friend's method of using a big purse to carry in food and beverages. We've only been kicked out of one theater, and the movie wasn't that good, anyway. This isn't about the movie — more about the price of the candy at the movie. Think about this: the same candy bar, at the high-priced "convenience" store across the street? The candy bar cost less than a dollar there. No coupon required. How easily do you fall for marketing ploys? Click [here](#) to [find out](#).

[Aquarius](#): The general malaise that is called "The Flu" got its name from the Italian, "influenza," which, presumably has something to do with the same word in English, "Influence." One [unreliable source](#) suggested that the term is derived from the concept that — early on — the cause of the illness was "influenced" by the stars. As if.

The stars don't spread diseases. Or general malaise. Or even specific maladies. What the stars do influence, though is tone, timbre, time. The tone is one that's like a song with no timbre and only time will cure this bad tune.

In plainer words, the last quarter moon is [making life difficult](#), especially going into the coming weekend. After the weekend is over? There's a bright spot. Not a solution, but a more clear pathway that gets lighted up. However, this won't be clear until the weekend is over. I can't make it happen faster, it's just how I'd read that influence from the heavens.





Horoscopes for the week Starting 2.25.2010

by KRAMER on FEBRUARY 24, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator.”

Shakespeare’s “The Rape of Lucrece” [29-30]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 2.25.2010

Venus and Uranus [conjunct](#) next week.

[Pisces](#): Happy birthday to you, and [repeat](#) the [refrain](#). Time to dress up for your birthday. I was downtown for business the other afternoon, and there was a guy, olive complexion, I’m guessing Latin roots, and his shirt was bright, [deep purple](#). Dark slacks and a bright white tie.

There’s a fine line between tasteful and tacky. I tend to err on the side of tacky, rather regularly. Yet as I walked past this one guy, I was busy trying to figure how to snap a surreptitious image with a phone camera, as it his clothing didn’t appear tacky. It looked elegant and refined. Which was just weird, as it set my fashion alert bells jangling.

Looking at my appearance and wardrobe, I’m the last person who can make comments about fashion. Or white ties with purple shirts. But as a Pisces? You can pull something just like that, you can pull it off. Or put it on, rather. Happy birthday. Enjoy. Enjoy something outlandish that really isn’t so [outlandish](#).

[Aries](#): [Expectancy](#). Simply put, that feeling that something big is about to happen. I figure it as an air of expectancy. I look at this as there’s bunch of planets in Pisces, too. Means, to me, that there’s nothing really cooking in Aries. Which is part of the problem, as Aries likes there to always be something cooking.

Between that and the Mars situation? Makes for an unpleasant kind of “there’s nothing happening” [scene](#) in Aries. Which is the problem. The best way to work around this? There isn’t. What you can do, however, is step aside. I mean that figuratively. Maybe literally.

Maybe I don’t know how this plays in your life, but I would suggest that you step aside for the next couple of days. Let someone else gather attention, let someone else get the spotlight, let someone else catch the big fish. This “step aside action” is compounded by the phase of the Moon, and that will yet make a career gain, but then again, that’s only possible, if you step aside.

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Taurus: It was one of the saddest scenes I've ever been party to. Worst kind of event to witness. There was an older guy, thinning hair in front, really long hair down his back, and he was singing Karaoke. The song went from one tune into two tunes. He thought he was that good.

The song itself, the two tunes? AOR, for those conversant with musical taxonomy. Stands for Album Oriented Rock, a musical historical note. Before iTunes was the number one world music retailer, back when 12-inch vinyl was all the rage. There's a point where it feels good, as the performer, to see and hear the audience appreciate the efforts. There's a point, too, where one is really just embarrassing one's self.

I wouldn't know. I just felt sorry for the guy. He was obviously pouring his heart out on stage. Applaud the effort. What was I doing in bar where they have Karaoke on Tuesday nights? You don't want to know. Doubt I'll repeat the experience, myself. Could say I was marginally traumatized by the event.

I'm unsure of what Taurus aesthetic will be violated. Or what line is crossed. Or what the particular issue will be. But when it comes time to repeat it? After this week, after my recent experience? Don't go in again. Don't go back. Don't repeat the process that has the unfortunate results.

Gemini: I was messing around with one of my iPod things. I noticed that the music I was listening to, a remastered album, the music sounded different.

What I'd done was hit the "dance mix" button that boosted the bass line. I suppose it's the iPod equivalent of a sub-woofer, slowly crawling by in a Low Rider, rattling windows and occasionally, fillings. What was odd, to me, this was routed through a small pair of "computer" speakers, rather than a real stereo or the omnipresent (trademarked) Apple earbuds. Made it louder, more audible. Could almost feel the music.

The way the bass line was punched up, too, that was a overpowering. Too much, almost. What I learned, after listening to that album, though, the whole way through, what I figured out was the brilliance behind the supporting roll of the bass in that one piece of music.

Far more important than I'd realized and a much grander influence. As the Moon waxes and wanes, as the planets traipse through predominately Pisces, you're going to get a chance to understand a previously misunderstood influence. Hint: it's a breakthrough that can yield money for you.

Cancer: I prefer being called a writer. It's the part of the job that I like best. It's where I find my muse can speak the easiest. In order to be a writer, one must apply butts to chairs. Doesn't happen while I'm standing, reading, talking, or otherwise not sitting in a chair with keyboard in front of me.





I can scribble notes anywhere, but the process of making this stuff work? I have to have my butt in a chair with keyboard in front of me. Anything else is just extraneous crap. Any other self-purported “writer” who claims that there is some other way to make this happen? [Let me know](#).

I’ll tend to doubt that there’s any other way to make it happen without sitting down and tapping away at the keyboard. Full Moon, Mars is almost done with its [retrograde pattern](#), and it’s [all good](#).

To make it happen though — I don’t know what it is you want to make happen — but whatever it is — to make it happen — you must imitate my actions. Sit down. Apply butt to chair. Won’t happen any other way. The converse of this is true, as well, if there’s some action you’re seeking? Pick yourself up off the couch and get out. It is not going to happen if you sit at home. Unless, you’re like me, and you’re trying to finish up the horoscopes before deadline.

[Leo](#): I don’t consider any of my work spaces to be [typical](#), not by any stretch of the imagination. However as of late, there’s been a growing concern, like an ugly tumor. Yellow Post-It notes. They’ve started to sprout alongside my main computer’s monitor. This is troublesome.

Sticky notes are a wonderful invention. A miracle of modern science and probably just an offshoot of real research. A happy byproduct. I’ve used those sticky notes, why I have them on hand, I’ve used them to annotate texts — very useful. I’ve used them to add a note to a note that I’m mailing off. I’ve used them to leave reminders for roommates. Cat never read them but that’s a cat. I’ve got one sticky notes notepad on my nightstand. Makes a good coaster.

The first time I used a note alongside the monitor, it was temporary thing, I just needed a reminder about some dates, so I scribbled them down, and posted it while I typed the information into a form. Now they’ve mutated, grown, multiplied, and there’s a even spot on the monitor’s frame where the glue residue is starting to accumulate. This is bad sign. The good news, I’m not a Leo, much less, The Leo. However, like me, you’ve got some kind of reminder going on, and you might think about doing something about that reminder. I’d take all the notes down, but there are some up there for a reason.

[Virgo](#): The original [music](#) retrieval system was called a gramophone. It was an acoustic needle on the end of a large tin horn. Where “records” originated, as wax discs with music embedded on the surface. My most recent iPod has more control, costs less, and better response, not to mention enhanced storage, over that original design.

And portable, did I mention portable?

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When I was fiddling with the iPod's controls, there's an equalizer for adjusting the high and low response, for type of music and for audio output preferences. All quite nice, adjusted to drum and bass, house, trance, or country and conjunto. Back to the gramophone. The term, "Put a sock in it?" That comes from those original tin horns, and the way the listening audience could control the audio reproduction? Put a sock in it. That's the real source for the term. As we hit this full moon, in Virgo, no less, consider that term, "Put a sock in it," and consider its original source. Then consider putting a sock in it, just to dampen the screech and other high notes we'd all like to edit out.

Libra: I have a fascination with [visual textures](#). In portions of downtown areas, I've found exposed brick paving. This is the best example of the obsession I have with visual textures. I've also discovered, in as much as I find it fascinating? Very few other observers are as interested in my interests in textures.

It's like the plaster along a wall, or the odd shade of brick that's been coated, scraped clean, then coated a second or third time. There's a boarded up building around the corner from here, and it was a favorite graffiti target. There's one board, over a broken window, and that weathered board must have dozens of coats of paint, adding a new layer almost each week to its texture. Board/building gets tagged, gets painted over, gets tagged, gets painted over.

There's another building — I think it's an art gallery this week — and it has a red brick wall facing a side street. Red brick that's been painted white, then weathered back to the outline of the red. Texture. The subtle hues and textures, weathered, painted, worn, frayed, scattered, all part of the greater scheme.

While I've been wholly unsuccessful at articulating the beauty of these typically urban textures, that doesn't mean I won't try. Likewise, it might not be a patchwork of inner-city art and scenes, it could be anything of beauty from the Libra life, but it's matter of finding that texture you like. Communicate about it, as best you can.

Scorpio: There's a piece of public art I pass frequently. It's a rusted doorway, sort of a door ajar, rather evocative of something. I'm not sure what. I've tried to [take its picture](#) a number of times, and for some reason, it just doesn't lend itself to that. Part of the problem with the image-capture process is that most of the time, all I've got is a cell-phone camera. Part of the problem is the setting, a downtown mall space that gets (relatively) high pedestrian traffic. And part of the problem is that the art-installation is situated between several large office buildings, and as such, the setting isn't harmonious for a still photograph.

Hasn't stopped me from trying. The sculpture itself looks to be, like, four pieces of heavy-gauge iron, maybe a quarter-inch thick. One on each side, a crowning threshold, and the door itself, set open — rusted in place — at about 30 degrees.





However confounded I might be about the image process, as an art installation, this one is getting my attention.

Doorway, halfway open. Or half closed. Yeah, most Scorpio's will see it as half closed. Which one are you? Half-open or half-closed? As long as it's the [full moon](#) and Pisces? Half-open gets better results.

[Sagittarius](#): I had this great idea for "modding" a mac. "Modding" means modifying way past factory standards, and "mac" means an older Macintosh computer. Great idea. I started out, gutted the caracas, had a 15-year old shell to start with.

The problems are simple, I lack tools, time, and expertise to pull this off. While I'm an adventuresome type, there are some basic tools that I don't have, like a Dremel Tool, and for that matter, I don't really have a single, well-ventilated room in which to work with epoxy and similar bonding agents. Last time I needed a paint booth, I used an empty lot not far away, and I went through two cans of spray paint. Worked well for that project, but if I was trying to layer lacquer on a computer case? Need more.

The old, beige color is off-putting, and doesn't go with the rest of the highly modded frame. Project computers are like project cars. Same idea, in some cases, the same expense, and the results are the same, too, more style than function. Except, like some project cars, I was interested in style and function.

Alas, to date, neither my project car or, for that matter, just this project computer, none of this has been fulfilled. It is an idea I revisit from time to time, but as of now, no, nothing's been done. As the Sun and Jupiter play tag, where are you with that one project you were working on?

Capricorn: I started to do this as a [flow chart](#), to explain what was [working](#) on what. The planets' influences, the outcome of those influences, and how this plays out in the Capricorn's life. It gets horribly convoluted as there's Mars, backwards in Leo, the Capricorn 8th (solar) House.

The [influences](#) of the planets piled up in Pisces with a smidgen of influence from the Aquarius corner, and all of this is like a flow chart, with circles, and arrows and little thought bubbles with information in them. Very messy. Should be a down a whiteboard, with those squeaky, erasable markers.

My Capricorn problem, your [problem](#), is that I was using an erasable marker, smells funny, but its ink can be wiped with a tissue, or eraser, or even the back of my hand, but I can erase stuff on this board. This same chalkboard represents the [Capricorn](#), and while I tend to see you as a convoluted mess of planets, I can reach up and erase portions of the flow chart, as the planets shift.



As the influences change in the next few days, I can erase, draw another arrow, or do one of those loops that bypasses some stuff. The point is, in the flow chart, in the explanation, in your weekly presentation, leave room for details to amended, filled in, or dropped. Nothing in ink that can't be erased.

Aquarius: “You know what will happen,” my aging auntie was telling me, “I’ll get to heaven and not really care about it.” She was talking about a problem she was having with a recalcitrant neighbor, and to be honest, Aquarius dear, it wasn’t the neighbor so much as it was my aging auntie, she was unwilling to accept a certain situation for what it was.

Untenable, on her part. However, that doesn’t mean that I won’t side with my auntie for the time being. Either she will come to grips with the problems, and realize the error of her ways, or maybe, what she said? That sums it up best. Best attitude for Aquarius too.

It’s all mostly good, but there’s one item, one thing, one sticking point, or more than likely, a point that’s stuck in the Aquarius craw.

Looking at it, though, is it really that big of an issue?





Horoscopes for 2.18.2010

by KRAMERW on FEBRUARY 17, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.”

Shakespeare’s Twelfth-Night; or, What You Will [V.i.350]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 2.18.2010

In Elizabethan England (Shakespeare’s era), the average work day was 12 hours long. That was just normal, back then. [Labor intensive](#).

Pisces: Some days, here in Pisces land? Some days, it’s like this: I don’t know [where](#) I’m going but I do know where I’ve been.

As the Pisces Sun pulls up closer then lines up with Jupiter? There’s palpable [excitement](#) in Pisces. Despite what everyone else is [saying and doing](#)? You just know something good is about to happen.

Here’s a hint: make it happen.

Give the situation, the person the deal you’re waiting on? Give it a prod. Stick it. Poke it. Jostle it some. Make it happen by taking some kind of action.

Step forward. Step off. Leap. Jump and the parachute will appear? That’s where I sort of suggest that Pisces slow it down. I suggested action, but I suggested action based on the Pisces [experience](#).

Take something you know about, take a topic that you’re intimately familiar with, and then take the appropriate next step. Simple planning will help. I’m suggesting you glance back, just once, to see where you’ve been. I’m not sure where that will lead you, but that’s the best place to start. That coming Jupiter alignment is just ever so much [fun](#).

Aries: The Sun’s in Pisces, Mars is retrograde and you’re hungry. Saturn is also on the opposite side of the wheel. This introduces a kind of tension, like, in your neck. Sort of from one arm, up to the base of your Aries skull. It’s not really [bad tension](#), it’s just, well, you can feel it there.

Yoga came into vogue and the underpinning process in yoga works well for Aries. Stretching, loosening up, and breathing exercises are what would be best.

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Something to keep your mind off that tension you've been sensing. To me, that tension is nothing more than a distracting kind of ache resulting from planet influences.

You'd [argue](#) that with me, but I'm not prepared to go against an Aries.

The way to release that tension? Stretching and breathing.

In with fresh, new, good air, then collapse and exhale the bad stuff. Feel that muscle ache and pain gradually being exhaled. This won't be a permanent situation, either the tension or the breathing and stretching. But as this week progresses? The way to let it go is to breath it out. Your "planet," Mars, is still backwards, and that's just making all of this a little more hesitant. Breath and release. Stretch.

Taurus: There's a Mexican market not far from [home](#). I wandered over there, it was a warm winter's day, a hazy shade of winter? I wandered into the market place, and after meandering around, the only item that really caught my attention was lemonade.

I'm pretty sure this is an ethnic thing, too. The lemonade is made up in 5-gallon clear glass jar. Rounded and slightly barrel-shaped, with a metal dipper, and the sliced citrus in varying stages of decay. Waterlogged from an afternoon in the soupy mix. Part sugar, part sliced lemons, part I-don't-know-what. It's the secret ingredient that makes all the difference.

If it was me? I'd add a touch of molasses or maybe honey and then, just dab of cayenne pepper. Like an accent mark. Bite and flavor without too much bite or too much flavor. Don't want to overdo the senses. I got a big glass, paper cup, full of the lemonade, sipped it on the way home. I've done this before so I know how to stretch out the flavor, and I've never been able to isolate just what that secret ingredient really is.

I'm thinking it's a pepper of some kind. When I asked, the guy just shrugged, "Limones y sugar." He pronounced "sugar" in English. Yeah, he's not telling. There's a Taurus [secret ingredient](#). Don't reveal it. Sometimes, the mystery just adds to the allure.

Gemini: I was one of the first [video bloggers](#) to offer my "vlog" in true, high-definition video. Lasted one (1) episode. Took too much time to spin it up and spit it out. Not the content of the video but the time it took my little laptop to turn the images into true, wide-body, high-definition video.

Then, that exported format? The wide one? Extra long? It's not extra lean, that's for sure. Almost choked my uplink, the way I get that stuff uploaded to the server.

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Too long, too big, basically, too much information. Then, too, there was the format issue. Again more of an issue than it's worth. I went back to normal-sized video. At least, for now, it's more standard and more portable, and easier for me to work with, limits of my technology and all. The file size is more manageable. Archives and all that? Yeah, just easier. The format issue, that too, I don't even want to get into the file types debate. Players and all that stuff.

I never did my Flash Media [player](#), so I'm stuck with what works. Which is also an idea for your Gemini self. It's a great idea to embark upon a journey that might lead to technical improvements. However, is newer, bigger, faster, larger, more time-consuming, is all that really better?

[Cancer](#): I looked at the Cancer's [chart](#), then looked away. Daydreamed a bit. I glanced back. I started counting water signs and planet symbols, and the location of a certain asteroid, and then, I had one of those daydream-like experiences. I was on a swing, in a park, near where I was raised. I couldn't be more than 5 or 6 years old at the time.

I remember the swing set, and how high we could go. The action of a swing is like that of a pendulum, only the swing, in the case of my daydream [sepia-tinged](#) vignette? My little legs were powering that swing. A pendulum just gets by with a nudge and eventually, the pendulum stops. The swing, though, it can keep going as long as we want to power it. The swing, with its inherent pendulum physics, that's what Cancer is like.

It's good. Not so much. Now it's good. Now it's not. Swinging back and forth? You'll stay in motion as long as you let yourself keep moving. Entropy means there will be eventual energy decay. But you can keep swinging all week long, if you so desire. Back and forth — good then bad. Then good again.

[Leo](#): One place I lived, there was a little U-turn that was great fun on a [fast motorcycle](#). The corner itself was clean concrete, affording an excellent grip for a street bike's tires. From a car, it just looked like a sharp corner, but on motorcycle, it was a challenging decreasing radius, off camber corner with sticky pavement. Concrete, really, but it was good stuff.

Come off the stop sign, nail the accelerator, and lean into the corner. Hitting that corner blind would be a hazard, since it sharpened up in the blind spot. However, if I knew it was like that? I could anticipate and sail through there at three or four times the posted speed limit. I didn't say this was bright choice, maybe not a stellar moment.





I did eat it in that corner once. Didn't hurt me, but I was much younger and lot dumber. It's fun if you know what's up ahead. If you don't know that it's an off-camber, decreasing radius corner with median on the far side? That could very well upset the mighty Leo.

It's possible, with practice and familiarity, to negotiate the twists and turns Mars will [throw your way](#). However, I would suggest that you rehearse at a slower speed, a time or two, before you try and follow me into just such a corner.

[Virgo](#): There are items under this sun, that maybe we would all rather not have to deal with. I saw just such a label in a local grocery store: Egg Salad Chili. I'm unsure if it was a combination of egg salad and chili, or chili with egg salad, like, on top or something.

I have had TexMex food served "New Mexico style" with a fried egg on top, but as the first meal of the day, it kind of fits. Maybe not, but that's not what this was about. It was about a label that I declined to investigate any further.

I'm a pretty [adventuresome](#) individual when it comes to food. I don't ask what animal it came from, much less what part of the animal it is. If it tastes good, I tend to enjoy it at the time, and not worry about consequences. That doesn't mean I was about investigate that one label any further.

There's one Virgo who will read this and be shocked I was disinclined to taste. In general, though, think, I mean, as a Virgo, does that label even sound inviting? Egg Salad Chili.

There's a name, a label, a product description, a moniker, and whatever it's describing? You want to pass? I'm with you.

This is a good time to skip the thing that doesn't sound appealing.

For whatever reason.

Libra: When I think of Libra, I always think of a "[visual medium](#)," in that, I always figure that what motivates a Libra is primarily visual stimulation. Male or female, "Oh pretty things, shiny object...."

My guess is that's usually the [best bait](#) for Libra. The more I [analyzed the chart](#), the more I came up with a different idea.

Most fish are visual, too, at least most of the Black Bass I've fished for. Redfish, too, they have better eyes than humans, for sure. Better eyesight. These are not normal times, not for Libra. One of the tools in my tackle box is crank bait that has little ball bearings inside it. Rattles. Rattle-Trap is the trade name.





While normally trying to appeal to the Libra visual senses? As this week flies by? Consider that the noise, that tell-tale rattle? Like from my lure? That's what works best. Think differently.

Scorpio: Buddy of mine, he's been [complaining](#) about a sore back. He finally got around to seeing a bone cruncher who referred my buddy to real specialist who then prescribed some hard drugs. Must be really good "[pain management](#)" pills. I'm not sure what it was, but he was stoned.

He called me up and was just chatting away, and I don't think he realized how stoned he was. The good news was he was on his ranch. The better news was he wasn't going to operate any heavy equipment. He's starting to look at summer hay. I'll promise, in his current condition, he won't be operating a bailer or combine, or even his pickup. At least I hope not. Pain medication does have its place.

As a Scorpio, your back's been hurting, too. I'll just warn you about whatever you choose to help with that pain? Be careful. When the instructions say, "Don't operate heavy equipment?" It's for real. Don't. Not a challenge, either, just a suggestion.

Sagittarius: I'm at that point in life where I listen to what the doctor recommends and I follow the advice. Well, I follow most of the advice. I haven't cut back on coffee as I should, but then there are certain pleasures that seem like necessities to me. I was gobbling the morning dose of vitamins. Flax Seed, Fish Oil, Vegetable Oil, the medley of alphabet enumerated pills, A, C, E &c. I fished a "pop tart like breakfast pastry" out of the toaster oven.

I looked at it. There was the sad taste of vitamins in the back of my throat. I looked down and [momentarily](#) sucked in my gut. A bite of the toaster pastry eased the medicine flavor. Swig of coffee to wash it all down. Sort of normal routine, in cold February mornings, predawn light in the kitchen.

As the sun enters [Pisces](#), and in the coming weeks, as the Sun aligns with Jupiter, there's a spark. Jupiter in Pisces can be good, played correctly. As a Sagittarius, though, there's a good chance we play this all wrong. That's what I'm trying to guard against. I'm not sure if you're taking all the pills that I am. I'm not sure if you're having a toaster pastry of some ilk. There's a spark, though a point of ignition that occurs at the precise moment when the Sun and Jupiter align. All that preparation? It's got to be for something.

Capricorn: I was in a discount western store. It's a place that sells cowboy boots, jeans, shirts, and any other kind of cowboy accouterment. Discount is a loose term,



in the grand scheme of things, but for the time being, since this one store was in an “outlet mall,” sure, let’s say it was a discount place.

I got into a grammar question with one of the kids working there. He wanted to know why a he couldn’t just use a comma to join two independent clauses.

Grammar cops. In this case, the grammar cop was me, jeans and boots, that day, and a (faux) pearl snap shirt. There’s a kind of oversized bandana that I like to use as a “dew-rag.” I’ve only ever found those extra-large bandanas at the cowboy store.

That I looked and sounded like a local was pure happenstance. I quoted the epic reference, [The Elements of Style](#), to illustrate the correct grammar answer. I do believe I stopped them in their tracks, if only for a moment. Anyone who’s read any of my material knows that I can dangle a modifier and incorrectly punctuate the sentences with the best of them.

Just because I know the rules — that doesn’t mean they apply to me. As a mighty [Capricorn](#), this next few days? Like me, you can break all the rules, but you have to know the rules, first. Know what rules you’re breaking, [okay](#)?

Aquarius: I watch for sale items and I keep sort of mental check list of material I might need. Like fishing hooks. A very simple, sometimes inexpensive, piece of equipment. Sharp hooks are important. The right size, shape, color, all of that figures into the hook selection process. I was in a big super store, sells hardware, grocery items and so on. On the fishing row, I was looking for a special kind of fishing pole, didn’t find the pole, but I did find hooks.

Worm hooks, on sale, good brand, laser-sharp, red-anodized, perfect. Sale. Half price. I dug through the little sale rack and got as many of those packages of hooks as I could find. At the checkout counter, [chili-fixins](#) and fishing hooks. The checker raised an eyebrow but didn’t say a thing.

It’s not what you’re really [looking for](#). It’s not in a [likely](#) place, either. It’s not anything that you can anticipate or expect. However, be ready because there are some good deals to be had, if you’re casual enough about looking. Making the deal, too, I watched while the checker scanned the items. If those hooks hadn’t been on sale, I wouldn’t have bought them. Who can afford hooks that are, like about a dollar apiece, normally?





Horoscopes 2.11.2010

by KRAMER on FEBRUARY 10, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.”

Shakespeare’s Love’s Labour’s Lost [I.ii.96]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 2.11.2010

Two Valentine notes, [image](#) and? Bulk mail deadline for [VD is past](#). Mars is retrograde. Is that like Mercury Retrograde? [Yes and no](#).

[Aquarius](#): “Dear Heavenly Flower,” that’s how I heard the prayer start. Then there’s also the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster. I’m not sure which of these is parody or, for that matter, real. I’ve joked about the First Church of astrofish.net, and as an ordained minister, it would be legal, but I’m not really willing to go that route. Too many problems, and where to draw the line? Which is part of what this is about. Where’s that line in the sand for an Aquarius? Where’s the mythical sword that etches a line that you either cross, or don’t cross? “Who’s with me?”

That’s the question, but the answer? The variables, the concern for safety? The countryside, the territory I’m most familiar with, the great American Southwest? I carry a St. Michael’s [medallion](#), a St. Christopher, a Virgin of Guadalupe, and a rosary. The last 500 years, or thereabouts, been a heavy “Roman Catholic” influence in these parts. Hence the trappings I carry. Not that I believe in it too much, but as tokens, they are safe. I’m not sure who/what is in charge, but with what’s going on in Aquarius? A little divine help is useful. Try what I heard, perfect for Aquarius, “Dear Heavenly Flower,” it might grow on you.

Pisces: Traveling “medicine” shows were a staple of the American West. The “medicine” was as much turpentine as alcohol. The alcohol was the primary active ingredient, which was why the old saying goes, “You could always sell snake oil on Sunday.” Bars were closed.

The Old West didn’t have drive-through, or ride through, package liquor stores. Snake-oil, “medicine,” and various other unregulated formulas were as much about the sales pitch as the snake-oil was about what it did, its purported curative and restorative qualities. For a hangover crowd, too, the alcohol might truly have curative and restorative powers.

Regrettably, those other [ingredients](#) might cause some bad side-effects.

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I miss snake-oil. The snake-oil salesman, that's what you're going to feel like, as Venus enters and then as Venus lines up with Jupiter, in the coming days. The problem being, if it truly is snake-oil that you're selling? Are you ready to get out of town when your duplicity is discovered? Or are you selling something that has far more redeeming virtues?

Aries: When Rock Guitar Magazine picked the top [Rock Guitar](#) solos of all time, two obvious winners were at and near the top: "Freebird" and "Stairway to Heaven." Both songs open slow, lyrical. Both songs are considered classic, although Freebird has longer histories of abuse.

To me, anyway.

Starts slow, builds to a classical, driving guitar ending. Both songs. You have a week like that. I went through that list of "best rock guitar solos of all time," and those two were at or near the very top. 1 and 3, I think. Don't recall. Don't much care.

Both start slow, finish in a blaze of guitar glory. Like Aries. Personally, and this is just an aside, I figure "Freebird" is the better bet as a the ear-worm theme song. But that's just personal. Slow start, glorious finale.

[Taurus](#): "Never flush the toilet with your foot." Only seen that sign in one place, a local mall. Bathroom in a local mall. Struck me as a bit strange. Weird, even. Particularly odd as I reached up a cowboy boot toe and tapped the lever to flush the toilet.

I was careful and I've been flushing toilets with my toe for most of my adult life. So I didn't think it was that odd. I was careful, too, and I didn't harm any of the plumbing, the equipment, or the facilities. Judging from the permanent nature and placement of that sign? Probably a problem.

As a Taurus, at this moment, you're thinking that this has nothing to do with flushing toilets and feet. That sign, [it's just a symbol](#), just an indicator, and my actions, again, just as symbolic. As I see it, imagine you're like me, teetering over an open toilet bowl, having finished the biological business, and as you button up, you look back, and think about flushing with a toe. Read the sign. It's a warning label. Mars in his current position makes you unsteady and the one-foot toe-tap? Might be too unsteady. Hate to fall in.





Gemini: There's a kind of homespun quality to certain signs in my neighborhood. The way I see the sign, it's always hand-lettered, white-washed brick, or white plaster, and the lettering is carefully painted in red.

A bright red that washes out a little over time, and fades just a bit, darkening the color. Kind of the color of dried TV/movie blood. The two most common phrases are "Breakfast Tacos" and "Menudo." I've wondered about the efficacy of such marketing, the abundant and obvious hand-lettered signs — they seem to work, as those places are still in business, and the breakfast tacos are good.

One place? The breakfast tacos are amazing, and I fail to see how that one place can make any money, considering the size of the breakfast taco. Or the frankly amateur-appearing nature of the signage. One of these tricks works, though, seems to work.

Catches a good business, most near every day. Now, given that Mars is backwards, and in place that's applying pressure, is there a homespun, frankly kind of amateur looking advertising that might work? Solution to a problem that seems little suspect, at best? Like a hand-lettered [Gemini sign](#)?

Cancer: I was poking at [something](#) online, and I stumbled across an interesting statistic. The world record for hot dog eating currently stands at 66 hot dogs in 12 minutes. I couldn't bring myself to watch the video or read the whole story, just too much hot dog abuse.

I used to have a good "hot dog" diet until I discovered exactly what went into the hot dogs I was getting at the convenience store, not just animal parts but various salts and chemicals. Scary list of stuff in there. I will still favor certain kinds of road food, just a little more circumspect about what goes into the food.

One the one side, we're [discussing](#) a hot dog champion, and the other side, I'm like a warning label for contents. There comes a time, though, when a salty, nitrate-laden tube of mystery meat product, slathered in a couple of squirts of cheap, yellow mustard? There comes a time when that's the right comfort food. I'm not talking about a fancy arrangement, either, I'm suggesting the roadside fare. There's some kind of comfort food that works.

Stuck someplace between my disdain for unhealthy dietary practices and 66 hot dogs in 12 minutes, there's some kind of point between the two extremes. That's what you're looking for. Balance. It's a goal, something to seek this week.

The Leo: The first US President to have a phone on his Oval Office desk? Herbert Hoover. [Leo](#). Herbert Hoover had the bad luck to be president when the Great Depression started. He'd been in office, like, eight months or so. Poor guy. As an



engineer, he probably liked gadgets and at the time, the phone on the desk was a technical marvel.

He was also a mighty Leo. He's not well-remembered in history, and it wasn't like he didn't try to stem the flow of his economic crisis, it's just the bad luck of being in the wrong place at time when bad things happen. Poor astrological timing on his part.

There is a minor Leo crisis, too, probably, I'm not for sure, but probably of the economic variety. As in, "Not enough money." I can't fix that for you. I can suggest though, it's time to cut back on certain luxury items. Like a phone on your desk. Simply cut out one, unnecessary Leo extravagance. I'm not saying live in the backseat, I'm just suggesting you cut out one over-the-top luxury for this next few days. Week.

Virgo: I ran into the most bizarre web link. I won't post it, too weird. It was a popular science web journal — technical stuff for the new generation of scientists and the "author's bio" image was a fetching, even racy, young lady in a revealing bikini. To this day, [sex sells](#). However, that was the first time I'd seen sex in the technical side of life.

Whether or not that was really the [author](#)? It was a good hook. I read through the article, and if I got it, it was about asteroids and water on Mars.

Babes in bikinis are sometimes more exciting than real scientific breakthroughs. Just the way it goes, and that's one of the facts that the particular editor of that web page had figured out. I still thought the material about Mars was highly engaging. This is less about Mars, too, and more about using a good hook. What worked on that science page? What usually works for male audiences? Scantily-clad female forms. Need a hook, to get through the coming week. What it is? Varies, but you've got to have an idea by now.

Libra: I was at the post office box the other afternoon. Glorious February day here on the south side of town. Sun was out, temperature was just below 70, and I wanted to stop and fetch any mail. Which necessitated a trip to a coffee shop and pleasant exchanges along that route, and then, at the coffee shop, there's this fetching Libra lass, and there was the usual Libra admiration on my part.

All good. Got a [big paper cup](#) of ice tea, and I wound my way towards the downtown post office. Didn't need stamps, didn't need anything, and in the PO Box? Nothing. No bills, no bounced checks, nothing. Didn't matter. I can consider it a wasted day, but look at the time I had to wander the means streets, stop and



have a cup of coffee, stretch my legs, look for spring growth in the gray side of downtown's shadow, meander, ruminate and enjoy.

I thought this was a perfect example of how to handle what happens this week in Libra. No mail in the mail box. Did I waste a trip? Wanted to check it, anyway, so was it really a wasted exercise?

Scorpio: Midnight [memories](#). Memory, in itself, it's a tricky thing. Doesn't respond to normal input, no prodding can get me to remember the second ex-wife's name. However, a whiff of early spring (February in Texas) lavender on the air, as I was walking the trail? Brings back a whole host of memories or a particular girl, woman, really, and summer's afternoon frolic.

Sit someone down [in front of me](#)? I can't remember a name to save my life. I can, however, recall arcane specifics about charts for years and years. Weird how that works, what triggers memory, what tickles the neurons in such a manner to activate whatever it is that's buried in there. Little touches.

As [Mars plows backwards](#) in Leo? That's still setting up an uncomfortable dynamic in Scorpio, and one we'd like to forget. Not going to happen. There's a persistent memory that creeps back. I call them "Midnight Memories" because that's the time when they play on the big-screen surround-sound in my mind, the [Scorpio](#) mind. Two choices: medicate with strong substances (not desirable) or figure out why that memory is surfacing, now.

Sagittarius: Astro-turf originated in Houston, TX. At the Astrodome, the first covered stadium. Home to football, baseball, and the only time I remember being there? The annual AMA TT Races, used to happen in January. The fake, plastic grass? Astro-Turf. Probably trademarked as a name. As a term it also refers to the fake kind of "grass roots" action, supposedly an anonymous poster who really is in the employ of the group that benefits from the "grass roots action."

There are numerous examples of such abuse. CEO and board member who post anonymously, only to have some diligent web hack trace and track down IP addresses. So much for the anonymous nature of the Net. There's a [bigger caution](#) that goes with this, as well.

[Sagittarius](#), as much as we're willing to [toot](#) our own horn, as much as we're willing to brag about our good deeds, as much as we'll just talk for hours about [something](#) whether we know anything — or not? Given the Venus/Jupiter slam dance in Pisces? I'd suggest we watch it. Not a good time to be bragging. No matter how great we really are.



Capricorn: I have a tiny espresso cup, I believe it's part of an after dinner set, but all that's left is the single espresso cup. One of the regular coffee cups in this set is about three times the size. I use the little espresso cups in the morning so my two cups of coffee feels like about hundred. Old habits die hard.

I was tweaking the Capricorn charts, giving them a good squeeze, and I was looking at the coffee cup. The tiny espresso cup. This one is a little unusual in that the mouth is considerably larger than the base. Not unusual for an old-school coffee cup, but weird for an espresso cup. As I was looking at the astrology chart, I was imaging that, inside this tiny espresso cup, there would be a tiny tornado.

A water spout. A tiny-little cumulus cloud over the cup, maybe about the size of two or three cotton balls. Thunder, maybe lightening. Almost, due to the size, too small to see or hear. Then the waterspout. A tiny twister in my coffee cup.

Espresso-sized cup. Even tinier than a teacup.

A tornado in the teacup. No, a twister in a cup of espresso. Strong stuff being stirred up, but ultimately? Not nearly as big a deal as you would think.

Demitasse. A tornado in a demitasse.





Horoscopes for the week starting: Feb 4 2010

by KRAMERW on FEBRUARY 3, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“For they sleep between term and term,
And then they perceive not how Time moves.”

Shakespeare’s As You Like It [III.ii.133]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

For the week starting: 2.4.2010

In Louisiana, a place close to Texas, there’s a tradition of the King Cake. Aries? Pisces? One of those signs should get the baby in the cake. It’s good luck.

Aquarius: I, [personally](#), believe that children shouldn’t be allowed to watch [too much](#) TV. However, for the sake of illustrating what’s happening in Aquarius? Imagine a Saturday morning cartoon, from the good, old days. Cartoon character. A [caricature](#) of an anvil drops from on high. If this cartoon followed the plot, that anvil should have an impact on the character. Since it was [cartoon physics](#), no real injury would occur other than little birds and stars swimming around the character’s head.

As I [correlated](#) your chart, though, I was getting a [slightly different](#) version of the this cartoon. Yes, you’re there. Yes, the anvil drops. Stand still. First off, if it really did land on your (cartoon) head, there would be no permanent damage, cartoon physics and all. However, the way it looks to me? Just stand there. The anvil misses you.

Pisces: It’s all about guilty little [pleasures](#). In my favorite example, this week, I was listening to a CD. Really, it’s pair of CDs, a “Rock Opera.” [Quadrophenia by The Who](#). This is that material that falls between selling out to TV and after critical acclaim. The movie derived from the CD set, really it was an album first, but the movie? Starred a very young Sting. Before the Police.

Enough with the “classic rock” crap. Some of the Pisces I know? This is music published before they were born. Weird, huh. Which is also why I qualified this as a guilty pleasure, which is what it is. And that’s what this is all about, guilty pleasures.

For me, I’ll rip that pair of CDs onto a portable music player, and then, I’ll plug in and tune out everything around me. It’s about an hour, hour and half, of music. Tells a story. Sort of. Well, it is opera. For me, anyway this slices up? It’s a guilty

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pleasure. In the next week? Between Jupiter, the Moon, and Aquarius? Guilty pleasure, like listening to a historically important piece of music. Rock opera. Classic Rock. Whatever works.

Aries: Stymied. No place to turn. No way out. I wouldn't be a [good fishing guide](#) if I didn't have a place to fish even when nothing seems to work.

Magic bait. Secret spot on the lake. Now it makes a little more sense, and this is where the (metaphor) meets the (metaphor). What I really wanted to write is trite, but true, this is where the "Rubber meets the road." And there will be tire squealing.

Rather, I'm sure there will be Aries [squealing](#). Which is part of what this is about. Squeal all you want. Life isn't fair, the stars aren't fair, I'm a big, fat jerk, but none of that matters. Name calling, hair pulling, gnashing of teeth? All wasted energy. Turn that energy in a single, purposeful, useful [direction](#). It won't be without frustrations along the way. I'm of a mind, usually, that if a task isn't easy then it's not meant to be done. However, just humor me at this moment, this is like a day when the fish aren't biting and I know one spot, only it take perseverance to catch a fish.

Takes more than a few tries. Keep pushing and punching in that one direction, towards that one goal.

Taurus: It's no secret I tend to [favor buying](#) groceries and supplies at a warehouse type store. I like the places, get a whole pallet of food, enough to last a family of eight at least three months, get that whole pallet for about two dollars. Have to shop smart as the deals there aren't always the best, but a little savvy shopping and [price comparison](#) will yield benefits.

So I was much taken aback, I was in line with my oversized shopping cart full of bread (local bakery), canned goods, frozen goods, bottled goods and some beef jerky. That stuff lasts forever. I was behind another, apparently, single male. He was talking on the phone. "No, what are you wearing?" he glanced furtively around the store, and I glanced down at the bare, concrete floor.

He hunched over and started to mumble, and I'm sure I didn't want to hear. I only caught snippets, and those sounded like phone sex. In line. While waiting in line. I must admit, it was one of the better uses of time. Nothing that I would care for, either phone sex or waiting in line, but then, maybe I don't have the same tight schedule this guy had. Maybe it was the only time he could work it in. Sounded like the foreplay, the run up to something that was going to occur later that afternoon.

Sounded like something else, too, but I was subjected to only snippets. Not that I wanted details. Unless this really is something that turns you on, and I've heard



about [weird Taurus people](#), but mostly, I'm just saying, let's tone it down for the next couple of days. Hate for your phone tryst to wind up in public print.

Gemini: This is the perfect week to pull the ultimate, or penultimate Gemini excuse, "I can't make up my mind." Minds. Should read, "I can't make up my minds." This is less about confusion and more about permanence.

One of my neighbors has a lot of ink. In a scroll, across the right side of his neck, just above the collar, there's a girl's (woman's) name. On the other side of his neck, another girl's name. Right shoulder blade? Heart with another woman's name in it. I think, all total, there are at least five names in cursive, tattooed on this guy. Kind of a manly message and maybe one, you know, if I was a girl, and going out with him, I'd take that as a warning.

One of the names, actually, is his daughter, and he's a devoted and loving father, every other weekend. But the other four names? Girlfriends, wife, and so on. I'd be careful about permanent decisions that carry more weight than the sweet Gemini realizes. Like my buddy with all that ink. Instead of getting a tattoo, my fine Gemini friend? Consider working on the design a little longer.

Cancer: You have to [believe me](#) when I say that I want what's best for my little [Cancer sun sign](#) friends. You just have to believe me. Doesn't matter if you're working with Cancer Sun Sign. A Cancer Moon sign or just some Cancer attributes in the astrology chart, all of that? Any of that?

Pressure. Pressure to [perform](#), sudden death play-off pressure. The "It's Life-and-death! Now!" Pressure. Urgings.

So my suggestion? Right now? Don't cave in to the pressure. Don't give in. Don't let the "I need it right now!" don't fall for that line. Nothing can be gained by making a hasty decision. A hasty decision is just that, quick and ill-conceived. Which is the problem And that's what I'm trying to save you from.

In as much as I'm trying to rescue Cancer? It's more along the lines of me trying to prevent you from making a stupid decision. Well, no decision is a stupid decision, but I can save you from making a choice that you'll probably regret in about ten days. Don't. Not now.

[Leo](#): Tequila comes in variety of flavors. I'm not much of a drinking man, so many of my tequila tidbits are admittedly secondhand. There's specialty hand-crafted one from Austin, then there's Anejo, Patron, 1826, Cuervo, No-name brand, and urine.

One [Leo friend](#) asked advice on dealing with Mars being in her sign (Leo, obviously) for so long and what the best course of action might be. I started with that list of tequila, which led to a drinking story, and my little [Leo](#) friend was amused that she suffered no hangovers of other deleterious side-effects when drinking the good stuff, that Anejo or Patron.





Again, I know next to nothing about tequila except some of the no-name brands and I've found, with remarkable alacrity that the good stuff is less damaging. Which means, the stuff I last sampled, the no-name brand? I'd rather drink urine. Probably taste better, too. But this isn't about border towns, or what was the well liquor at the [bar the other night](#). This is about dealing with Mr. Mars and all that pile up in Aquarius. If you can't afford the [good stuff](#)? Of this I am sure, then don't get the cheap stuff. No Leo need be so bothered.

Virgo: "I'm looking for a guy with the three R's: Robust, Rowdy, Romantic."

Okay, [clear image](#) there. Definitely a [Virgo](#) girl with a [mission](#).

Clearly [stated](#) goals.

While I'm not looking for a partner that is any of those three things, I tend towards dark, bitter and mysterious. Maybe cold, if it's a hot day. Never mind, it's not what I'm looking for, it's what the stated goals of the Virgo are. Get a [clear image](#) of what it is that you're looking for.

1. Narrow it down.
2. A list of just three bullet points.
3. Three keywords.

In the case of that [one Virgo girl](#)? Alliteration helps. Not required, just poetic. Sort of. In a Virgo way, works like a mnemonic. Again, not required, but this makes the three points easier to find.

What's happened, thus far? She, this is South Texas, and she is a cowgirl kind of woman, as if the list itself wasn't a clue, and she's found, like a good Virgo, a guy cowboy kind of guy, who is two of the three. Why I suggested bullet points. As a Virgo, remember that there are three points that must be fulfilled. Two isn't good enough. "But he's rowdy and robust, and he likes to ride," she was pleading. Can you pass up romance? Probably not, that's kind of a deal breaker. List. All three criteria have [to be met](#).

Libra: Just [north](#), like, across the street and north of the Alamo, in San Antonio, there's a swank place called the [Emily Morgan Hotel](#). Four star, five star, expensive, nice, tray sheik. Approaching this building from the west? It's a triangular building, and from one side, the street side alongside the [Alamo](#)? That hotel looks, as much as anything, like the prow of a ship.

At the top, there's a corner that extends up above the rest of the building culminating in a flagpole with, of course, a Texas flag. I got a picture of this, one time, for the "Sky Friday" web portal I was participating in. Several. Shot a digital equivalent of a whole roll of film one afternoon, trying to capture the essence of the flag, the breeze, the blue sky, the corner of the famous hotel, all of that. When I got around to chopping and clipping the single image I selected?





What I wound up with was just a flagpole, flag, and blue sky. By the time it was all done, the best image, the single shot that worked? It was third the size of what I started with, only suitable for web publication, and then, the identifying characteristics of that grand building? All gone.

It's lesson, for Libra, it's a [lesson](#) in what to take away to catch the essence of (something). Whatever it is? What we're looking at doing, this week is subtracting superfluous material. Not adding, removing. Wouldn't know where that picture was from if I didn't tell you. Part of the Libra "mystique."

The saddest part of the horoscope? I can't find the image itself, long since buried on the [side project](#).

Scorpio: There's a heavy "Latin" influence in my area. Spanish — and to me — Mexican — is the popular language. One buddy call this part of the world, "Mexico Junior." As apt a name as any. At one of the local coffee shops, I saw one sign that infected my sense of the absurd. The place offered three sizes of coffee: Chico, Mediano, Grande.

[Small, Medium, Large](#). In order. And in an order that makes sense. And in a language derived from Latin, and is logical. And best of all, it is an affront to certain standardized global chain. It's brave, and of course it caught my attention because it a sign that strives go against advancing mediocrity. I think it's a clever sign, too.

How many (global chain brand) customer will walk in and automatically order a "grande?" "Hey," the customer complains, "I ordered a grande, not an extra large." I would fully expect the person who dreamed up that "Chico Mediano Grande" sign to be a Scorpio.

The fair warning this week? That very same Scorpio sign could trip you up, if you're not careful and make sure you read ALL the [fine print](#). That customer, that could be you, complaining.

Sagittarius: I like my tourists. "Yeah, Kramer likes tourists 'medium well,' kind of stringy," snickered a Scorpio gal pal. No, I like watching them, whether the tourists are from Europe, the Far East, New York, or even, just from the plains of West Texas. It was just a guy that gave me a moment to pause and [reflect](#).

He was a cowboy. Cowboy hat, nice felt, a single silver buckle on the hatband. Older white guy with a deeply tanned face, the color of well-worn leather, deeps creases and folds on his face. Gentleman's demeanor, too, with a buckskin vest, neatly trimmed with silver conchos, pearl-snap shirt with enough starch to make it stand on its own, and a slightly faded but well-pressed pair of Wrangler jeans.





Older guy, with a wife that he was deferential to. She had a large shock of white hair, all I recall about her. I'm guessing correct cowboy attire, too. I didn't notice in the crowd. What I did see? He had on Velcro-strap "tennis" shoes. Completely didn't go with the outfit, the image and his visage. I didn't get a chance to chat, as I was pushed through in a crowd. I do remember that one guy, though, and the abrupt problem with the footwear. But it's easy to understand, after years of riding trucks and horses? Maybe the feet give him a problem, and he was doing the tourist thing, which requires walking, and therein is the issue.

As a Sagittarius, especially now, comfort or fashion? Which is more important?

Capricorn: By the end of this horoscope, the [Capricorn mood](#) will vary wildly. From utter euphoria to complete disdain, and any number of degrees within that range, too. Wild swings. It's a function of an arcane set of influences, but simply put, it's up to you.

As a [Capricorn](#), you are able to steer your good ship Capricorn through these hazardous waters called the treacherous currents of time, and I suspect, you will do quite well. Eventually. The deal is that there's a big wave or two. Maybe rough waters stretching for what seems like eternity. Not the way I see it, but them, I'm not a Capricorn. If I were, I'm sure I'd see the same turbulent oceans ahead.

Is it really bad? [That bad](#)? Okay, maybe it does seem that way at this moment. Or it will seem that way before the end of this horoscope. What I'd like you to do, Oh Captain, my Captain ([Captain Capricorn](#))? Crawl up on the main mast. There should be a crow's nest at the top. An observation post high above, that's what we're looking for.

Instead of looking at this next few days that appear so dismal? Look afar. Look far, far away. There's peace and calm, about ten days away. Just sail on through this tiny rough patch. It's really not as bad as you make it out to be.

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Horoscopes for the week: 1.28.2010

by KRAMER on JANUARY 27, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“We may, each wreathed in the other’s arms
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber”

Shakespeare’s [Titus Andronicus](#) [II.iii.28-9]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by [Kramer Wetzel](#)

For the week starting: 1.28.2010

Aquarius: Microwave bacon is a heaven-sent. It’s fast, the cooking is enclosed, and the product is one of the few radiated foods that’s — arguably — tastier than the original version, in the frying pan. After a couple of household shuffles, though, I lost my old “bacon microwave dish.” It wasn’t much more than a hard plastic dish that could be used to roll paint, or make bacon. Or, in my case, any number of meat and [meaty byproduct](#) meals.

I went on a journey to acquire another “bacon maker.” I had no luck at the big, fine, super housewares store. No luck at the Super Wal-Mart. Not Target, not HEB (local grocery chain), not at Fiesta (another local chain), nowhere to be found. I began to question my own motives, and I had to question the validity of the search. Which, if one considers that it’s an item no longer available in the usual places, maybe, well, any good [Aquarius](#) will redouble the efforts.

With a backwards Mars opposing you? What’s going to happen? I was in an electronics superstore in Austin, a place called, oddly enough, Fry’s. I was looking for cables and computer hardware. My date — and my ride — she asked if I was still looking for a bacon maker. I nodded and she showed me one. In Fry’s of all places. It’s not what you’re looking for, it’s where you look. Especially under that Mars influence.

Pisces:

I was in a little taco place, not far from home. Literally, right around the corner. Great place, if a little short on traditional ambience. Not the most [photogenic](#) place in the world; however, the food is continually plentiful and tasty. Inexpensive, plentiful and really good. Filling and fresh. Maybe not the place you’d take your mother, I’m just saying. The other morning, the coffee tasted, not just good, but extra special good.

From my seat, as I looked up over a morning paper — English paper kind of hard to find there — I asked, in fluent French, “Quel coffee aujourd’hui?” (What kind of coffee today?) Yeah that’s me, right thing to say, in the most beautiful language in the world, and all they think there? “Crazy (euphemism for pale — anglo —





male).” In a version of Spanish vernacular. TexMex swearing in a [TexMex](#) place. I’m the one who’s out of place.

But the [coffee](#) was just excellent. I’m not sure what the magic was, a clear palate? The aromatic blend of a hot griddle, bacon and deep-fried [pork rinds](#)? Perhaps there was a pecan blend in the coffee. I doubt it. Maybe it was early enough that the equipment was clean. I doubt that was it. Maybe a leftover hint of cinnamon. Maybe that was it. Maybe, just a working theory for Pisces, maybe it was a clear winter’s morning, like any day now, and it was one of those mornings when your head is clear, the Pisces eyesight works better, and no one gets it.

Aries: My little March [Aries](#) are having a bit of a tough go with the planet Saturn, these days. Not getting everyone, but some of the Aries are at a point where there’s a major amount of consternation and a distinct lack of concern from other people. Buried in the American Psyche, though, there’s a simple, “I can do this myself” attitude, part of that is our pioneer spirit, and part of that just has to be genetically encoded over generations of Americans.

I just have that little belief in the population as a whole “Can-do” and will. This is a gentle kick in the butt, from me, to your Aries self. Do it. Yes, the odds are long. So are the hours. Long, hard hours, arduous work, and the promise is great; however, the immediate pay-off looks to be pretty slim. Doesn’t mean it’s not worth it. Look for that, “If it’s meant to be, then it’s up to me,” kind of spirit down in your Aries soul. I know it’s there. Use it. Yes, you’re going to feel like you’re all alone. No, you’re not. But it might feel that way.

Your “ruling planet,” Mars, is backwards. Just means it’s up to you to get this thing done.

Taurus: A buddy of mine was delineating a recent foray into the medical side of life. At a point in her life wherein she needed to find out why her body was reacting the way it was reacting. After a collection of tests and blood work, the doctor, or team of doctors, or the person who probably really did all the work, the physician’s assistant, probably, she was told that she was “Lactose Intolerant.” Which evoked a reaction, “How can I be ‘lactose intolerant?’ I don’t even know what lactose is!”

As Mars makes his way backwards in Leo, a fixed sign, and as the Sun, Venus, Chiron and Neptune slide through Aquarius, remember that you’re being acted upon by forces you might, or might not, want to acknowledge. However, that doesn’t stop the interaction between all those fixed planets and your Taurus self. The solution, though, just like the medical prognosis for my little friend? Just stop. A simple dietary change, just an adjustment to her lifestyle? Everything was better. Almost immediately.



Gemini: “I always tell them, ‘It’s on aisle 11,’ and that answers the question.” Buddy of mine was working in a grocery store. I got to asking him about customers and questions, and what was the normal drill. “Doesn’t matter what they’re looking for, it’s always on Aisle 11,” he was explaining. I haven’t checked, but I wouldn’t be surprised to find that there would only be 10 aisles in that store. I wouldn’t put it past my [Gemini](#) friends. Sounds like a usual, flippant answer. The problems, though, we’re facing these days? You’re looking for something that is lost. Could be a person. Could be an idea. Could be the car keys. Ask the right person, and you’ll get a real answer. Ask the wrong person? Or if you’re Gemini answering questions? Bet the person, the place, the thing that you’re looking for? Probably on Aisle 11.

Cancer: I used to order a green tea in the afternoon. Hot afternoon, an iced green tea is good. I like mine well, the brand name is obvious, but I like mine strong. I’ll sip at it while the ice melts and waters down the green tea to its normal mix. I was ordering some the other afternoon. “Extra strong,” I said. “Oh, no water?” the clerk asked. “Right, no water,” I said. “Oh, okay, extra strong?” The clerk asked. “Right,” I said, and this begins to look like a comedy routine. Which, I couldn’t tell if the clerk was serious as he had that earnest look in his eyes. And it wasn’t my usual location. Order should be the same.

I like the place I usually trade, as this wouldn’t turn into a comedy routine. Makes it much easier. The bigger problem, in my mind, though, was gauging whether this was humor, what passed for humor, or if it was merely a counter person making an effort to appease a surly customer.

I don’t know if you like your iced green tea extra strong. I do. That extra large size, too. Ice and strong tea. Works well on hot afternoons. Might not be warm weather everywhere, but it was just last week, and the tea was the right concoction. Only, either me, or the clerk, was having a hard time. Which was it? Does it really matter?

In the [Cancer](#) slice of sky, there’s going to be an ongoing, maybe a running joke, kind of feeling, only, the problem is, you’re not sure if it’s a joke or the other person is serious. Even after thinking about it for the duration of that ice tea? I still don’t know the right answer. Be careful. Never a good idea to offend the people who serve us food stuffs (and beverages).

Leo: I’ve visited about all the “sacred sites” around the world that I’ve been interested in visiting. In front of the cathedral that’s located on [the island](#) in the middle Paris (France)? There’s a small marker indicating something or other was



started there. Or beheaded. Or had an epiphany — something I don't recall what. Doesn't much matter, not to me.

It was a summer's night, not that long ago, last decade or so, and there was a fire dancer in front of the cathedral. An older form of worship in front of a newer place, and that new place? Pretty symbolic in and of itself. France had a long-standing argument with Italy about who was more important in the holy church's hierarchy. I'm glossing over close to a thousand years of history because the single image I was working with? That fire dancer? In front of Notre Dame, on a summer's eve, not long ago? Symbolism and history and a depth of material that is holy, on several levels.

It's a matter of appreciating the old ways, and recognizing when that's being [updated](#). Then, too, it's a matter of not letting one belief system get in the way of another belief system. Like that fire dancer in front of the holy catholic church, all sort of fit together. Which is a message to the Leo corner, about how tolerance can be observed.

Virgo: Snarky is good, well, usually. Irony, especially that dry, verbal irony? [Sarcasm](#) and its cousins? Gentle mocking, ribald humor, snide and occasionally rude comments that are meant to illustrate a point? Yeah, all that's good. Well, usually. Can't say that you're not able to mock an opponent, and to do so with a certain style and élan? Yes, you're good at that, usually.

Gentle and sometimes, not-so-gentle sarcasm? Intended to instruct and elucidate? Yeah, good stuff. Normally. This isn't a normal time. Haul back on that Virgo cutting-edge humor.

That material that might be so harsh that some folk might find it offensive? While that's not your intent, as you know, and see? Even I get it. But that's two of us, and there's a whole lot of other people who just don't get it. Easiest way to prevent this from happening? Write it down. Save that cutting comment for another time, when someone else — besides you and me — save it for a time when the other people will see it as funny, too.

Libra: Devoutly sought, long-anticipated, finally? It's about time. What this is about, really. I'd like to think that I'm a lay expert when it comes to matters like High Tea. When I refer to "High Tea," too, I mean the art form as practiced predominately by the British aristocracy. Or, better yet, the myth as propagated and supposedly starting with the British aristocracy.

As such, there will be a little finger sandwiches with the crust cut off. What happens to the crusts? I don't know. At a local version of high tea, there were requisite finger sandwiches; however, there was a problem, in their haste the workers in the kitchen neglected to trim the crust from the sandwiches. Overall?





This isn't a major setback. In a minor way? It's an irritant to my refined and biased cultural outlook.

How big of an irritant? Not so big. I was hungry, not such a big deal, not to me. But I'm not a Libra, and as such, it might be a bigger deal to a Libra. My simple suggestion? As a tactful way to deal with the extant problems in Libra land? Let them know, the server, the manager, someone, let them know that the crusts are supposed to be trimmed. Next time.

Scorpio: The way I [heard](#) the tale, Iceland is the body of a dragon that was slain, and its liver? Still burns beneath the surface, why there's lava and volcanos and all that, there. Which isn't what I thought, I figured the lava and the volcanos are part of an active plate tectonic system.

A rift, a narrow a point in the Earth's crust. Shows what I do, or don't, know. I liked the story behind the sea monster, the dragon's body and its liver, still burning. As a Scorpio, you're more than passing familiar with the idea that a problem can burn, forever and always, just like that dragon's liver. A burning sensation strong enough, a burning issue, something that keeps the fire stoked for all time.

I suppose, in geologic time, eventually, that fire will subside. I'm sure, in time, eventually, that fire will subside in Scorpio.

This week?

Not as likely. There's a burning issue, a burning desire, or a situation that just burns you up, and there's nothing — nothing — you can do about it right now. Period.

End of Scorpio discussion.

Face to face with this dragon's ever-burning liver, the Scorpio ire? You can lament, moan, ketch and try a number of avenues for complaints. Or, you can just make up a story that fits the scenario. You can slay dragons, I just don't see it happening in the next few days.

Sagittarius: Putatively, it's winter time in South Texas. Which is why, I was trying to figure out, what's with the dingle balls on the furry boots? There is about one whole month that's cold, and that month is spread out through three months, from December through February. Just as soon as it gets cold, it warms up again in a few days. Not a problem, just the way it is. But that made me curious about what the deal was, with the amount of furry boots I've seen, on warm days, and each of the furry boots? Dingle balls.

As a [Sagittarius](#), you share my vexation and possible consternation. Dingle balls on boots, that, in and of itself, doesn't make a lot of sense. Add fur. Again, not a lot of sense. However, dues to the number I've seen? I'm guessing this is the latest fashion tip.





That's good. I guess. Not a fashion I'll be embracing any time time soon, no, not me. However, patient observation will reveal similar, if not identical, findings. A proper sense of the absurd? That will help, as you, like me, try to figure out why someone would wear furry boots, with dingle balls, when it's close to 70 outside. Capricorn: In [high-end retail](#), there was a time when the bag that the goods went into? That was almost as valuable as the purchases themselves. Then, to, there's a whole school of thought behind the design of the high-end retail packaging. Xmas is just passed, and I know my Sister gets giddy when she sees an Apple Store bag, the plain plastic bag.

Me? I tend to [reuse](#) those items, over and over. Turns out, the average bag, whether it's from a corner grocery store, or from a high-end retail giant, or even just that ubiquitous behemoth like Wal-Mart? That "average" bag gets used 2.7 times. I'm figuring that some of those uses are legitimate, like, good for cat litter and dog poop. Some of those uses might be un-standard, like the way I always save an Apple bag to package anything for my Sister. Or a Bass Pro Shop bag, those work equally well for Sister. She has a certain look when she unwraps anything thusly packaged.

But it's all pretty outside wrapping, has nothing to do with what's on the inside. The last time I gave a gift of fine, expensive jewelry? It was wrapped in a Wal-Mart bag, just for the shock value. It's about packaging — all about Capricorn packaging — this week. Consider that as you wrap up a new deal. Or an old deal gets a new packaging arrangement.





Horoscopes for the week: 1/21/2010

by KRAMERW on JANUARY 20, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

“Hark! Hark! The lark at heaven’s gate sings,

And Phoebus ‘gins arise,

His steed to water at those springs

On chalic’d flowers that lies.”

Shakespeare’s Cymbeline [II.iii.11]

For the week starting: 1/21/2010

Fishing Guide to the Stars

Mercury, Mars, Mayhem, ahem, omen, amen. (Well, it did make some kind of sense at the time; special thanks & notation [here](#).)

[Aquarius](#): In the sign that precedes you, I’ve admonished the [Capricorns](#) to look at the holes, and see if there isn’t [information](#) there.

“Be still, be quiet and look where there isn’t anything,” that would be the message for them.

As an Aquarius, the [message](#) is totally different. Be loud, obnoxious, and in the way. Between the two retrograde planets, especially Mars, there’s a problem. I’d suggest that your little Aquarius self is going to be horrifically wrong about something, very soon.

In the next couple of days. That’s why I suggest you enter talking, make a big splash and let it all fall where it might. No big deal. Under that torrential output of Aquarius words, there will be a [right answer](#), but the wrong answers outnumber the right by a factor of 3 to 1. Three wrongs don’t make a right, but three lefts do.

This isn’t about simple and easy stuff, this is about [harnessing](#) the apparent confusion. Understand that you’re probably going to make a mistake or two. Just hope that one of the words winds up being correct. Last time I bought a lottery ticket, the guy at the service station told me that all the numbers will win — eventually.

[Pisces](#): “La Santisima Muerte” — she (or he) goes by many names — is a recent addition to the pantheon of saints. I doubt it’s a sanctioned saint, either, although, the last time I checked, the candles and memorabilia was readily available, right next to St. Jude and St. Christopher.

The figure of Death as a saint to be revered rose to recent popularity due to the high incidence of parishioners involved in Mexican border trade. Possibly illegal border exchange. Purported to be the patron saint of smugglers, among other

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criminal elements. I'm intrigued by the mythology and the legend, the cult status and in some case, the artifacts constructed to honor the "saint."

An outlaw saint for outlaws. I did, at one time, fancy that I had a bad-boy image myself. I don't, but thanks for indulging me. That self-image might explain part of my fascination with [La Santisima Muerte](#). Or I might just be a little macabre.

Always that. Too many Scorpio friends.

As a Pisces, where I last found some of that Santa Muerto material? Between St. Jude and St. Christopher. Jude? Patron saint of lost causes. Christopher? Patron saint of travelers. As a Pisces, this week, you could use a little divine intervention. Have you thought about invoking a saint? And if so, which one? That Santa Muerto? She's also good for luck.

Aries: Previously, in [Pisces](#), I wrote about a certain — I think it's folklore more than real — saint that's common around here. In a grocery store, on the south side of town, I found a candle for this saint, "La Santisima Muerto," which, if I wasn't copying that accurately, then I wouldn't know for sure. Looks like there's a grammatical agreement problem with the noun ending, but that could be my latin education getting confused.

Never said I paid attention in school.

In another store, I found a similar candle. Same size, shape, identical design except that one candle has a white figure on the glass, which is filled with black-colored wax whereas the other candle is black lettering over white wax. As end pieces, they are fetching, the opposites fulfill each other. Positive and negative, good and bad.

Aries right, Aries wrong. Which is it going to be? Mercury, Mars and so forth?

Good bet you open your mouth to argue, insult or just disagree, and you probably wind up being wrong.

Here's the hint: shut up.

Your first reaction is normally quite good. It's off. It's bad, your intuition is misleading you. So stop for a minute. Takes one of those candles seven days to burn. Think you can wait until we get to the end of the candle before you say anything? Might help, let it burn all the way out. Sputter, gutter, go out. Then talk.

Taurus: Old TV series — sit com — an old girlfriend used to enjoy. We'd watch it, sometimes. I admired the writing, the comedy. One of my favorite lines? "Uncle Charlie, I'm under achiever, not an idiot." From that single statement, or a fragment, I'm spinning up a week's worth of Taurus angst, trial, tribulation, and hopefully, a solution.

The part I want to concentrate on? "...underachiever, not an idiot..."





Timing is important, too, and the correct time to run that line out, or an analogous version thereof? This week. But watch the timing on it. Can't just pop off at a moment's notice. Careful planning, then a correct pause, then think about using that line. Or something similar. "I'm slow, not dumb." Or, my favorite, "I'm cheap, not easy." Wait, I'm easy, not [cheap](#).

I am cheap and I am easy, but I'm not Taurus. Figure out what variation works for your extra-fine Taurus self.

Gemini: I was in the mall. The after Xmas rush for [deals](#). Yeah, I know, but hey, it's the best time to shop if one must shop. I noticed a lady with a kid, baby, slung over the lady's shoulder. Might even be a Sagittarius baby, because, after all, we are the best. The mom wasn't too distracted as the kid appeared asleep. Only, its wee little eyes were open and it's wee little eyes were tracking me, as I was walking behind the mom. No guess as to my motivation, but I made eye contact with that kid. It stared at me, old souls connecting, then looked around. Glanced around.

I wasn't following too closely because I'm afraid of babies and projectile vomiting. Natural fear, I'd like to think. I got thinking about the recent turn of events — in Gemini — and that baby, the way it was carried. That child will have a backwards view of the world, if that method persists. Always looking back where it's been, not where it's heading. Sort of strange. I understand — I don't know this — but I understand that the "kid-seats for cars" are rear-facing for safety.

Mercury is no longer retrograde.

There's a whole generation of children that will grow up looking backwards. There's a simple solution, because, if you're reading this, you probably have grown beyond the child car-seat and carried facing backwards. Look forward. Mercury is no longer [backwards](#). Just turn around and look forward, Gemini.

Cancer: Just about a 30 meters north of downtown San Antonio, on Main Street, there's an old Denny's that's no longer a Denny's. This one place, arguably, it might be the best use of a Denny's yet, it's called "Lulu's." 24-hour restaurant that serves typical local fare. Lulu's Jailhouse Cafe. (Seen it on that [TV show](#)?) Among the notable comestibles? The giant cinnamon roll. Texas-sized cinnamon roll. Costs about 5 bucks, can feed a family of five for a week, be my guess. Unless, of course, that was a typical [San Antonio](#) family.

Might not last that long around there. While I've tried, I've never been successful at catching the right image of these things. Huge sweet rolls, bigger than a loaf of bread, even, fresh baked, warm out of the oven, cinnamon and sugar rolled into its





heart, generous sugary glaze across the top? Truly a delight and so far, I don't think the place has been discovered by any real media. Just local and word of mouth, hence the good street credit, which is all it should take.

I've only been brave enough to sample one of the giant sweet rolls once. I managed, it was a morning party favor, and I managed about three thin slices off one of those behemoths. All I could take. While a sweet roll, a cinnamon roll, as big as two loaves of bread, while that might look enticing? Try my method, eat only enough as you can take. It's about limits and knowing what you can — or can't — tackle.

Leo: Scenes from South Texas, as only visible there? It was an older model pickup truck, happens to be one I've owned, or similar to one I've owned, and it — the one on the freeway — it was at least twenty-five, maybe even thirty years old. Had a "whiskey dented" bumper, the kind of bumper that's fallen off, been run over, and bolted back on in a sad state of sag.

Right corner of the bumper was turned down, and when I saw that truck? Its bed was piled high with vacant wooden pallets. The truck was dangerously overloaded and the girl who was driving? I mean, the car I was riding in, not that truck, the truck was driven by an older hispanic gentleman, but car I was in? Anywhere behind that overloaded truck was a danger zone.

My friend driving? Oblivious. I could see sparks from the rear bumper of the truck, as it would bounce and drag. The pallets themselves were piled close to twenty-five feet in the air. I'll suppose, being that the pallets were basically intact, the theory would be the load wouldn't weigh too much for the truck. I suggested a hasty exit, and one last time, that truck that was a possible danger, that overloaded truck did weave in front of us, then it swerved on down the highway in another direction. Glad about that.

I'm not a Leo. I'm not weaving under a heavy load. However, with its back bumper dragging, there's Leo, Mars Retrograde, and its all right in front of the rest of us. Looks precarious. Good thing you're a Leo, the Leo, otherwise, this might be a problem.

Virgo: I pulled a book off the shelf here. My own library isn't quite as large as it once was, but the books that I do have, they've been around with me for some time. Out of that one book, after about three pages, a bookmark fell out: a tourist map of Seattle.

Been a few years since I've been up to the Pacific Northwest. Not that it's a problem, just been a while. Like the place just fine, in fact, Seattle was a special



place as there was an over-abundance of sweet, sweet [coffee](#) shops. And flowers in that market downtown. Plus the opera, the arts, the monorail, and so on. Cool place.

That map made me wonder, though, as I will do sometimes, and it was about [destinations](#). Then I looked at the page I had bookmarked. That's where I stopped reading that book, about page three, as I fell asleep on a flight back from Seattle. Meant to get back to the book and never did, apparently. Where I stopped, it's still marked. The bookmark itself is a clue as to when this occurred.

All significant pointers and all circumstantial evidence. I hefted that book, and I scanned the first two pages, only, when I got to the third page, I didn't fall asleep, I settled back on the couch, the novel raptly engrossing. All about finding that bookmark for a Virgo and all about picking up where you left off. Almost without a three-year interruption.

Libra: I'm not a professional critic, strictly an amateur hack. [Grammar](#) and [verbal delivery](#) should make that self-evident. However, I'm willing to display my lack of knowledge because I'm sure it gets a point across. Occasionally, I'll be right. And with the miracle of VCR and digital recording? I can prove my thesis. Or I did, the other night.

We were watching something [on the TV](#), a series, I think, and I think it's a crime scene show, but I wasn't sure. Anyway, the point, the freeze-frame scene I made my hostess run back? Over and again? It was an exciting bit of a chase scene. Only, the same car with the same driver came around the same corner three times. Not so much that it was noticeable under normal scrutiny, but normal TV gets boring within moments of me watching it, so I was nitpicking.

Back and forth, notice, it's the details, and that one show? Not very good with the details. I'm not saying that you're in for a similar time, but I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to find yourself in a situation wherein there's an annoying guest who manages to prove his point by ruining the flow. I [can be](#) annoying. Anyone can be annoying, doesn't stop us from being right. Three times, same street corner, guess that's why it's TV, huh.

Scorpio: I have two-hour "lecture" that I use at certain times. Times just like right now It's a [part workshop](#), part lecture, part astrology reading, and what I deal with is career changes. It's about picking a new direction, or refining an old direction, perhaps it's a totally new job? Maybe it's an adjunct to what the querent is already doing. However, that whole two hours I can summarize for this week's Scorpio Scope.



What part about the current job do you like best? Wherein is — or was — the joy in what you were doing? What made you happy? Or happiest? Got a mental image of that? Now, for the next day, week, month, year, or even decade? Concentrate on the aspects of the employment that you like best — the parts that are most joyful. Delegate, subjugate or denigrate the rest.

As a Scorpio, you'll appreciate the fact I just saved you a ton of money — no workshop, [no reading](#), nothing. That's this week's secret, [in a nutshell](#), concentrate on those things that bring you the greatest joy. At work. Part of that "New Year" thing. Tradition.

Don't like work? Why not look for a job you do like?

[Sagittarius](#): "Added sanity check on all preference panes." No, really it was a note in a piece of software's update file. [Sanity check](#). I need one. All Sagittarius need one. The way it's going, a built-in sanity check is the perfect culmination to the installation.

The new year has been installed, and everything feels like it's all gone a little crazy. Market is up, then down, then up. Living it too closely can cause problems. Politics, world stage, all in upheaval. The insanity is due to present planetary [conditions](#). The way, for us Sagittarius, to get through?

Realize that there's a big mess and we want to clean it all up. Realize, as well, that we can't clean it all up and that, looking at the mess as a whole, there's no way we can ever get this done. It's kind of overwhelming. Okay, it's a lot overwhelming. Little bites, little chunks, little pieces. That's how this will be accomplished. Looking at the big picture, like we're famous for? "Sagittarius, always 'Big Picture' people?" [Forget that](#). Concentrate on one, minute, infinitesimal point. Small bites. Not big picture. Look for details. Minor details.

Capricorn: In design, like an [ad layout](#) or a newspaper display, magazine, something like that? White space is considered a good option. It's less about what's filling the spaces and more about what's not filling the spaces. The open holes, large expanses of nothingness, important to the way the human eye can read and apprehend material.

Blanks are as important as the [content](#) that the blank space surrounds.

Blank spaces, not vacant stares, as there is a difference. What this is about, white space, as defined, loosely, anyway, in modernist terms. Less about what's there and more what's not there.

Gaping hole, a missing point [in the pattern](#), an interruption in the normal flow? The lacuna is as important as what is included. The lesson is for the [Capricorn](#). Look





for what's not there. See if that isn't where the real clue is. It's not what's being said, it's what's not being said. White space. Maybe verbal white space, but listen and look.





1.14.2010 Weekend Forecast

by KRAMER on JANUARY 13, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 1.14.2010

“Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.”

Shakespeare’s The Merchant of Venice [I.ii.8]

(Problems with registration, superfluity, &c.? Please [e-mail](#) immediately.)

Jupiter [enters](#) Pisces this week. Mars is [retrograde](#). Mercury is almost not [retrograde](#).

(Problems with registration &c.? Please [e-mail](#).)

Capricorn: Scene from mall life? Sure, best way to give an example of what this week will hold in the land of Capricorn. I was in the mall, obviously, and I was — as is my style — patiently [observing](#) some humanity. Heavy-set woman, girl to me, walked by. She had on leggings of some sort that were too tight and too revealing — not in a flattering way — and her legs were then stuffed into a pair of knee high cowboy boot looking footwear. Boots.

Snakeskin boots.

Snakeskin boots that were knee high, and those boots? Four-inch heels. I live in a world where four-inch heels on snakeskin boots is okay. That bothered me more than any of the associated visuals. However, after I thought about it, I mean, it’s the middle of January, it was characteristically cold, and the outfit? It sort of fit. In a strange way, it fit [right](#) in.

I’m guessing, just a hunch, but [I’m guessing](#) that the odd attire vote goes to Capricorn. Weird, strange, unhinged and a little unbalanced? Sure. I’ve told you that it’s the case and since the situation is dictated by the stars? I’d go ahead and suggest that this is the time to embrace that “inner weirdness,” and go ahead, wear it like it’s high fashion. You can pull it off, easily.

All about attitude.

[Aquarius](#): “So I got to meet the new daughter-in-law this last Christmas,” a fishing buddy was explaining.

How’d that go? “Well,” my buddy drawled, “she’s a keeper, for sure. She shot the turkey herself — took it with a bow. Cleaned and cooked the bird.” Shot it, cleaned it, cooked it. Me? I was fine with all that until it came to bow part.

Bow hunters can be a [breed apart](#) — any Aquarius is a breed apart — but this is a special kind of person who hunts with bow and arrow. Then, to have the Xmas

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meal hunted, that's some real free range turkey, killed in a primitive fashion, cleaned and prepared for the dinner table? If I were married to that woman, I might be a little afraid. However, that's just my sentiment, and I'm far from the mainstream.

My fishing buddy? He was impressed. That daughter-in-law succeeded in winning over a very reluctant family.

It's all about what you are willing to do to impress your friends (and maybe new family).

Pisces: There's a suburb of Austin, called [Pflugerville](#). No one's really heard of the place except locals. Not so much a suburb as a really large neighborhood that's since been encompassed by the greater Austin metropolitan area.

North of Austin, there's the little town of Round Rock. Or, it used to be a little town. World famous, at least in some circles, as the headquarters for Dell Computer. So the bumper sticker I saw? Perfect for Pisces, too. It was a Pflugerville ad campaign, but I'm sure, as a Pisces, you could adopt this, too, in some capacity. The sticker read, "Stuck between a weird place and a rock." Kind of fits for my poor Pisces, now doesn't it?

Jupiter just makes it all that much more, well, for lack of a better word, [interesting](#).

[Aries](#): "Weather forecasters, you know, they are just like [horoscopes](#), only with numbers." Part of a pilot's wisdom. However, I'd just reiterate, that weather forecasting and my [horoscopes](#) have a similar vein. Both can describe current events, and both attempt to predict what way the future is going to be. Sun is in Capricorn, rest of this week. Moon goes from dark to first quarter, and that little planet, Jupiter? He moves into Pisces. Mercury and Mars are still retrograde. That all spells a certain kind of trouble.

"Don't touch it."

Some of this is trouble that you're not brewing, and as an Aries, can you leave it alone? That's the secret. Weatherman says, "Take a rain coat." Me? I'd say, "Don't touch it." There's a situation, trouble brewing in some one else's place. It's up to my fine little Aries friend to leave that trouble alone. Don't touch it. If you do meddle, and if you do get hurt? Can't say I didn't try to warn you not to touch.

Taurus: Not that far from where I live, there's one of those convenience-store gas-stations. Fuel, coffee, cigarettes, me? I buy the odd lottery ticket there. In a large ice cooler, middle of the store, there's a number of single cans of inexpensive





malted beverage. Caters to a certain element, usually, the domestically challenged. A lot of homeless guys buy their beer there.

Or more often, the bums will buy two cans and get a scoop of ice in a bag, which works into a makeshift cooler. Can't consume beer on the premises, so the cans have to leave intact. Then it's back out to the spot under the highway, be my guess. I was in that store — it's an Exxon branded place — and the counter clerk was chasing a homeless guy out. Knew the guy by name, "You know, Billy, we can't serve you here no more, you know you've been barred from here, you got to leave now." The character in question, he seemed good-natured about it. Might be significantly damaged. Might be impaired more than one way. Might be a Taurus. It's less about one person's misfortune, and more about going back to the place you've been thrown out of, trying one more time to see if you can get beer there. From the sounds of it, though, you were asked to leave, right? Then leave. There's another store right on down the road. You go in there, they don't know you yet....

Gemini: [Carl Hiaasen](#) is a satirical novelist and cynical journalist living and working in South Florida. Newspaper guy, really, and his works of fiction are really just true stories that are less fact-checked than some of the newspaper articles. But not by much. One novel is called Double Whammy, a tale of sex, murder and intrigue on the professional bass tournament trail. I just liked the name, and, supposedly, it's also the name of a bass lure.

I don't think I've ever used a double whammy, but I did have one lure, kept working, no matter what. When I was looking at Mars and its placement versus Gemini, then looking at Mercury being retrograde, too? I kept thinking about that book, murder, intrigue, and a small sampling of "eco-messaging" as well. More important, though, I thought about the double threat of Mars and Mercury, and how, as a poor Gemini, you just feel like you can't catch a break.

Exacerbated by the jostling from Jupiter, moving from Air (Aquarius) to Mutable (Pisces). It's not really a double whammy, it's a triple threat.

How to deal with it? In satirical fashion. With sharp, pointed, barbed humor. Only way I knew to effectively deal with the double whammy and triple threat. Fight back with poison words. Satire isn't strong enough.

Sarcasm suits you well.

[Try it.](#)

Cancer: Weather around here is a little weird. We'll get days when the high temperature is balmy and spring-like. The next day, an arctic cold front blows through and the skies are overcast and cloudy, with suggestions of sleet and snow.





The frozen precipitation creates driving problems. Shoot, even regular rain creates problems. Even the hint of moisture in the air creates driving problems, but that's not the point.

This is about one of those cold, wintery days when I decide — it's an executive decision here — to stay inside and [work](#). Work on horoscopes, up and coming, work on web page attributes, discuss heavy issues with clients, all the while, I'll stay in warm, flannel pajama bottoms and a soft, heavy shirt. Some times, I'll splurge and add a pair of socks, but after shuffling around here for a while in socks, that footwear begins to look awfully bad. I should dust more often, I guess.

I'm not saying that you should spend the next fortnight in bed clothes, all house-bound. Nor can I safely suggest you take a "mental health" day, either. Although, that idea does [have merit](#). What I am suggesting, though, is that your Cancer self, like me, you spend a little less time worried about what the public might see, and you spend a little more time working on those loose ends you've been meaning to clean up. I know I left a few stray web page fragments, like dangling modifiers, and I know I can address those issues. Make the most of the cold winter days. Looks like I'll be fishing again by next weekend.

[Leo](#): Mole (pronounced Mole – Ay) is a traditional Latin dish, although, calling it "Latin" is probably wrong as the dish itself predates the discovery (and subsequent subjugation) of Latin America by the pale northern Europeans. It's a Meso-American dish, or has roots in the rich native culture. It's also, looks like, can taste like, a chocolate sauce. Which is what it is, in part.

Good mole is [amazing](#).

It's rich, hot and peppery, yet smooth and chocolate-like. I usually find it, or some local variation, over chicken, as the two can compliment each other. But the trick is to find the really good mole. That's a chore. I've tried it in a number of places, and I've yet to hit the best. I suspect it's an ongoing task, a goal that I might not realize in this lifetime. Doesn't mean I won't try. Doesn't mean that I won't solicit suggestions when I'm [in places](#) that might offer just such fare. I'm guessing, not having any historical or sociological data to work with, but I'm guessing the original dish came from South or Central America and it has to do with the Cacao beans, and from that, I leave the rest up to speculation.

However, as palliative remedy for the Mars situation, now unfolding in Leo? Just as a suggestion, there's a dish, a condiment, an herbal cure, or just something special, that is worth looking for. Not a big quest, just a small quest. Like good mole. Such a search has numerous benefits for Leo — gets your mind off the





problems you can't solve and gets you headed towards a cure. Won't fix it all, but looking for something like good mole? It will help.

Virgo: I always appreciate the fine, Virgo mind. As Jupiter moves into Pisces, opposite from your fine, Virgo mind, this means things are going to change. "Change 'good,' Mr. Smart-Guy, or change 'bad,' you dill weed?" Always trust my Virgo friends for the finest in elocution. I'd tend to see this as "change" for the sake of change, and maybe, it depends, but I figure you can spin this either way. That's the problem, more than anything else, and in typical Virgo brain, that's going to take this and turn Jupiter's brief sojourn in Pisces into a climatic event. To be sure, this means there will be peaks and valleys, but nothing you can't surmount. As Jupiter lines up and opposes your Virgo planets, you're going to find Jupiter brings the best of both worlds. The trick with working with this kind of energy is slowing it down enough to emphasize the good.

I don't fish much in the winter, not any more. Too cold. Ice fishing jokes aside, just not my idea of fun. However, one time, I was fishing on a lake in early January, and it was cold, and I kept catching fish by bouncing a jig-head off the rocky bottom. Fish were down deep. I had to fish slow. While I'm used to a fast retrieve, for that winter fishing, cold fish, cold fishing, I had to slow it all down. Worked well.

Slow down, Virgo.

Bounce that fishing lure, I'd suggest a 3/8 ounce jig-head with a crawdad colored curly tail, but bounce it slowly across the bottom.

Or just slow it down, one way or another.

Libra: I've got a regular doctor and he ordered a battery of tests. More complete screening and physical, near as I could tell, which isn't much. I stopped by the lab to have them draw blood, this was a few weeks ago now. I had to fast before hand, for, like, 12 hours, so I wasn't in the cheeriest of moods; however, the nurse who was about to draw my blood? I've found some kind of humor generally works. She gave me a cup to pee in, and instructed me how to give a stool sample. "Blood, and this other stuff? Were we ever married?" She smirked.

Start them off with a laugh, and just from my experience, the blood people are sick and tired of the vampire jokes. Here's a person, wielding a needle, could a be a thin one or it could be thick one, and she can be gentle or rough. Depends. I'm just trying to remind you, when faced with this kind of a situation, or any kind of a similar situation, try the gentle jokes first.





Scorpio: Buddy of mine worked tech support for a small start-up company. In other words, it was him and no one else in there, troubleshooting what mistakes the consumers were making. “No, man,” he explained, “the worst are the folks who won’t do what you say, they’ll say, ‘No, I don’t want to try that, let me see if this fixes it first,’ and I finally told them, it’s in my log files, just call back when you’re ready to follow my instructions.”

Scorpio: this is a good line for you.

You have a [choice](#), right now, with Mars backwards, putatively one of your ruling planets, you’re going to receive a set of instructions. [Follow them](#)? Or try to strike out on your own? Which way is madness and which way will get the job, the task at hand, done?

I’ll give you a hint, you can be either person, here, the one making the call or the guy getting the tech support call, but if you’re not willing to follow [instructions](#)? Don’t blame me if it ends badly.

[Sagittarius](#): I was on my way [some place](#), probably the coast to go fish. The back road goes through Gonzales, TX. I’m not absolutely sure that’s where this happened, but there’s a good chance I have some facts in order. The clerk in the store, I stopped for gas, or coffee, or something, the clerk had a large ornate number on the underside of his arm, a tattoo. The numbers were 5-1-2.

“You from [Austin](#)?” I asked. Which got into a conversation about Austin and weirdness, and the holidays and so forth. He still couldn’t figure out how I knew he was from Austin. 512 is the Austin area code. That’s how I knew. An obvious clue, tattooed — literally — on his arm. Plain as day. Where anyone could see it.

Some days, the [symbolism is buried](#), arcane and difficult to make out. Other days, like that clerk in Gonzales, plain as could be. Wasn’t hidden and couldn’t be more obvious. As a Sagittarius, what’s it going to be? Can you — can we — just read the obvious signs and draw conclusions? Is there any need to make this more [complicated](#) than it already is?

[Post-Modernism](#) | [New Media](#)

Important safety information: if you notice agitation, hostility or changes in behavior not consistent with your sign, seek help. See the [fine print](#) for details.





1.7.2010

by KRAMER on JANUARY 6, 2010[[EDIT](#)]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 1.7.2010

“His brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.”

Shakespeare’s All’s Well That Ends Well [IV.iii.185]

(Problems with registration &c.? Please [E-mail](#).)

Capricorn: In the older astrological texts I’ve consulted, the medical term is “nerves.” That’s a generalization for what wasn’t too well understood at the time. It can be a biological condition, a neurological condition or it can be a mental condition. I like the term “nerves,” much better. Sort of a graphic, catch-all expression that implies the condition might be any of the above reasons, biological, physical, mental, neurological, even environmental. That’s the “nurture versus nature” argument, too. Can’t say which one is more important. Genetics or learned behaviors? This can encompass a whole spectrum of ailments.

The biggest ailment, as I see it? [Nerves](#). The nerves situation is made a whole lot worse by the Pluto position especially with it lined up against the Saturn placement. Then, too, there’s the Mars (RX in Leo) and Mercury is retrograde in Capricorn. All adds up to a situation where you’re not able to put your finger on the ailment. Not this week. You can be a nervous wreck, or you might start exhibiting some signs of an unknowable illness, or it might be stress, or it could be many influences.

Personally, I’d prefer to call it “nerves.” Your nerves are shot. Way it is. Blame what you want. [Me?](#) I’m a professional, so I can blame the planets. Now, the solution? I’d just use a tincture of “Kramer’s [Mercury is RX](#) medicine.” That ought to help settle your nerves, a little.

Aquarius: Proper planning can lead to “Plausible deniability.” Good concept. Think ahead. Do you have an excuse? A perfectly rational, logical, perhaps even time-stamped for the legendary iron-clad seal of approval. Yes, that’s what we’re looking for in Aquarius land. Good planning and proper execution of the plan, that’s how this works for no problems in the land of the Water Bearer (Aquarius). Got to have a plan. Got to be thinking in advance. Got to have some semblance of an idea, an excuse, a valid excuse, one that is without reproach. Got all this? You did have a plan, didn’t you? No plan? Then here’s where I earn my money, a second time, first, I warned you that you needed a plan, and a good alibi. Failing at that?

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Since it looks like you “sort of” forgot to have plan? Or the plan you have, and that hope of plausible deniability? All gone? There’s a [second](#) way to deal with the untimely turn of events in Aquarius land. Do nothing. I’m serious. Can’t get caught in the act if you don’t do “the act.” Can’t get caught red-handed if you don’t have your hands on the red stuff. Or however that works. The clue is, no excuse? Then don’t do it.

Pisces: On an [ancillary website](#), I once ran an image of a [San Antonio Spurs star](#). In San Antonio, San Antonio is bigger than Dallas, yet, San Antonio lacks a pro football team. So the Spurs get the recognition as being the superstars. So in England, that picture got a question, as the only “Spurs” they were aware of — soccer team called the Tottenham Hotspurs. Or the short version, “The Spurs.” Now, one trip to the UK, I bought a Tottenham Hotspurs hat. I was wearing that hat in San Antonio. Guy starts talking to me about [cock-fighting](#). Not a sport I know a lot about. That’s a really short, thumbnail sketch of how I wound up in San Antonio talking to some old cowboy about cock-fighting.

Not a sport I know a lot about. Not a sport I intend to learn a lot about, either. However, by way of explanation, I just stretched a tale from San Antonio, across the ocean to England, and back again, all due to some [picture](#) I ran on a website. Weird how that works. Really weird. Except, in this digital day and age, is that such an odd route?

As this weekend rapidly approaches, there’s a connection, a weird one, at best, but a connection nonetheless, that you’re going to see and feel. Understand, too, my dear Pisces friend, this is a metaphor, as I seriously doubt you’re going to be discussing the finer points of cockfighting. But it will be something equally strange to your lifestyle.

Aries: “Is that a [loon](#)?” Another Fishing Guide asked me. See, I had one of my clients, or rather, let’s start at the top. The phone I had? I could pick the ring tones. I picked, for this one client, the sound of a loon’s mating cry. Or just the sound of a loon. What freaked the guide out? He was looking around, trying to see where the real loon was. Not a sound he was used to hearing at that time of the season. Just enough of a weirdness factor to help lighten the moment. Weird enough to make a difference.

[Relax](#): that ring tone isn’t for an Aries. Although, given the disposition of the planets, at this moment? I can understand how you feel like it would be an appropriate sound, mating call of the loon. Part of this is about the confusion that





other Guide had, when he heard my phone start ringing. Part of this, though, goes a little deeper. With Saturn opposite your happy self, you're feeling like a little lost loon. A singular voice, in the wilderness, crying for a mate. I wouldn't be surprised, if, the next time my phone goes off like that? I get an answering cry from an Aries.

Taurus: What I kept running into, with the Taurus horoscope? I kept hitting an inability to articulate the problem or the passion, or, for that matter, the concept that's inside the Taurus head? There were answers and solutions. Problems solved, in a useful and beneficial way. Details and arrangements ironed out. Sore spots smoothed over. All good, inside the Taurus brain. In the Taurus head, the world is pretty and there are solutions.

The problem I kept encountering, remember, I'm not a Taurus, so I was on the outside here, but what I kept falling into? No way for that information stuck in the Taurus brain to make it out. No exit. No way to effectively communicate what was happening on the inside, no one to let that information find its way out. Problem. Solution? Not sure there is one, not now. Between Mars and Mercury, and the phase of the moon, we're hitting that last quarter moon, all of that? Not sure there's really an easy way to try and get what's locked inside your brain, I'm not sure there's any way to let that material escape.

Might come out in an oblique manner, or you might emulate my actions. I tend to say the most perfectly correct thing, at the worst time. There are times, maybe this is one of them, when the best way to be right? Shut up. Let other folks argue and disagree. You and me, Taurus and myself? We both know that you're right and you have an answer. Wait until a better time to let this stuff find its way out of your Taurus brain.

Gemini: Friend of mine, he's got a gorgeous — young — wife. She's very pretty, my buddy's wife. Darling, too. A tad eccentric, but not in a bad way at all. She's blonde, blue eyes, and all the right parts in all the right places. As a big bonus, as far as my buddy is concerned? I've met his wife's mother. She, too, is fetching and very attractive. Point I made sure I got across to my buddy. However, when his young wife caught me, overheard — really — me talking about her hot mom, I got in trouble. "That's my MOTHER!"

In [my defense](#), the point was, that the daughter would look like the mom in another 25 years or so. It was intended as a compliment. Big compliment. Buddy just nodded and I could see, in his eyes, he was tracking exactly what I said. However, overheard by his wife? I didn't get the intended response. I shrugged it off. I've





had more than one fishing buddy's wife mad at me for real — or perceived — sleights.

This wasn't really a barbed arrow, or an arrow or anything mean. Not vicious at all. Just a nice observation. You'd think he could hook a brother up, too. His wife put a quick halt on any forward advances I might've made. This is a classic example of what will happen in the next few days. Last thing I heard from that mom? "So your friend, he's cute, what's his website? He on [FaceBook](#)?"

Cancer: One of the best gifts I've ever given was a Hooter's Calendar. The place that's supposedly known for it's hot wings, but the real selling point is scantily clad servers? Not exactly a "Gentleman's Club," but close enough. The calendar was gift to me from one of the visiting Hooter's Girls, and she signed the calendar, which I then proceeded to get signed by several of the employees. Even the greasy fry cook signed it. "Love, Big Bertha (heart)."

I had a buddy in an ill-fated relationship, and anyone outside of the arena knew — absolutely knew — it wasn't going to work. However, my buddy was strong in his denial. That calendar was supposed to be the straw that broke the camel's back.

Didn't work like that because, I did get blamed for all kinds of marital problems as a result of that calendar, and I did get blamed for ruining his holiday, because of that calendar, and I eventually got thanked for all the trouble I caused because of that calendar, but it wasn't really the calendar. The calendar was just a catalyst. Caused reactions, but didn't. Reactions just took place in its presence. Because of its presence.

Is this really about a Hooter's Calendar? Yes.

After I gave my buddy that calendar, he took it home and put it up in the kitchen, and each month there was a Hooter's Girl, and each month was autographed, to my buddy. Strife and discord? My fault? If someone gave me a calendar like that, and if I was worried about it? I'd just toss the calendar before I ever got home. But that's just me. An easy way to avoid problems. If you don't get it? If you put the calendar up? Or [whatever](#) the deal is? No one to blame but yourself.

[Leo](#): [Local people](#) have a sense of [humor](#), where I live, where I work, where I fish, the locals, we have a proper sense of the absurd. That sense of the absurd is necessary for dealing with Mars spending, oh about 7 months in your sign, frying this way and that.

Reminds me of a T-shirt. The punch line on the T-shirt? "Texas Hold 'Em." The image? Cowboys lined up at urinals.



Kind of graphic, and yet, humorous, at least, I thought it was funny. I smiled as the guy walked by, and he was with, I'm guessing a date who was a wife. Pretty sure she was someone's wife, and I was guessing, from the Body English, it was a couple. I can't imagine that most wives, the ones I know, girlfriends even, I can't imagine that any of those women would let her man out with a shirt like that. However, I'm not privy to the dynamics of that [relationship](#), and I was just watching as they walked by, and I was amused by the shirt.

Which is why it takes a proper sense of the absurd to deal with the way the planets are falling out — and that energy. Sense of the absurd goes a long way in making Mars a more hospitable planet, and a proper sense of the absurd? Makes it even easier to be amused instead of offended while the planets play fast and loose with your Leo psyche.

[Virgo](#): One of the most important qualities I've discovered, as a tool for basic human interaction? Listening. It's an invaluable trait, tool behavior, whatever, it's invaluable as way to learn. Learn more about the guy in the fishing boat with you, learn more about a potential date, learn more about what makes another person tick. Or, for that matter, what ticks off another person. Again, [valuable information](#). With the current disposition of the planets, there's an inherent unease floating along in the heavens. Lots of people aren't happy, which is a riddle to Virgo, at this moment, because, all things being said and totaled up? It's not that bad. Might be, for other folks, but the Virgo corner? Surrounded by dismay and despair and yet, not a problem here in Virgo land. Of course, there will be the usual "Mercury is backwards, I forgot" [mistakes](#). And, to be sure, Mars will inspire a certain amount of free-floating anxiety that lacks a nail upon which to hang it. But other than that? No, the best-kept secret for dealing with this kind of week? Shut up and listen. Maybe take notes.

Libra: Only the first few degrees of Libra are affected by Saturn. Means if you're a Libra born in late September, you are the ones who are affected. And feeling it, you are. The rest? Look to those September Libra folks for some advice and common sense approach to what's up ahead.

[Or ask me.](#)

What this is about. Mars backwards, we've discussed that already. [Mercury retrograde](#)? Yes, talked about that, as well. The problem for this next week, all the associated material that is in Capricorn, from Pluto at one end to Venus at the other end? Sun Moon Mercury, and so forth? Yeah, that's what I'm talking about. Makes a tension angle to your fine Libra self.





The [flavor](#) varies from one Libra to another, but the general tone is one of discomfort and unrest. Like an itching that you can't scratch. This isn't bad, either, as what this itch, that scratch you can't scratch? What this brings to the Libra forefront? There's a particular issue that needs to be addressed. The source of that itch, that scratch you can't scratch, there's an issue needs attention. By the start of the next week? Be a good time to figure out how to get a handle on that scratch, that itch you can't itch.

Scorpio: I've used [Marcus Aurelius](#) on a number of occasions. He's a handy reference, and what's amusing, to me, the guy who turned me onto Marcus Aurelius Meditations? Devout, evangelical Christian. Which has nothing to do with anything.

"You may break your heart, but men will go on as before."

(Marcus Aurelius, [Meditations](#), Book 8, verse 4.)

Which, I might add, that's a message for my fine [Scorpio](#) friends, straight from an older translation of the work in question. Point of the quote? Point to this week? Doesn't matter if you're suffering, now does it? Men, mankind, society as a whole, they all seem to keep on going, no matter what you're going through. I know, you'll get some [sympathy from me](#).

But I'm also about the only one who will feign sorrow for the Scorpio plight. I mean, I'll act genuinely sympathetic. But I'm about the only one. Instead of sympathy? Instead of feeling sorrow for yourself? Instead of wallowing in a pit of self-induced despair? As Marcus points out, the wheel keeps turning. Now is a good time to start to plot some kind of truly epic Scorpio revenge.

"I'll be revenged on the whole lot of you!"

Now who said that?

Sagittarius: The problem is budgeting [time](#). It's not really a problem, but it is. I had some general website clean-up that I wanted to get done. Loose odds and ends, fragments of website code, half-implemented ideas, a notion or two, just general stuff that needed attending to. Not really a big deal, but after a while, running a website is like any other business, there needs to be a period of time wherein the owner comes in and sweeps up the place.

If it were a real [store front](#), I'd be in there with a broom or a mop, or maybe, way things have been going? Maybe with a plunger. There's the old stuff we need to get rid of. There's the new stuff that we don't want to get rid of. There's one new idea we'd like to toy with a bit before calling for a full implementation.



In the back of the [trailer](#) in Austin, in corner, really, I had a pair of extra-nice cowboy boots. Dress boots, not worn very often. Last time I pulled them on, I looked, and there was a big pile of dust bunnies back there. Half-eaten dead roach. Dead bug of some kind. Cats. Anyway, the point was, it was a spot that didn't get cleaned in normal situations. As a Sagittarius, this is a time, this next week to ten days, a chance to clean up the [store](#), whether it's a website, or a trailer in Austin. Or wherever.





12.31.2009

by KRAMERW on DECEMBER 30, 2009[[EDIT](#)]

Fishing Guide to the Stars

For the week starting: 12.31.2009

“The devil it is that’s thy master”

Lord Lafew in Shakespeare’s All’s Well That Ends Well [II.iii.244]

(Problems with registration &c.? [E-mail](#).)

2010, the year in [preview](#):

The calendar [new year](#) means that there’s a fresh start available. A new way, put the best foot forward? With Mercury and Mars in an apparent backwards motion, though, well, I wondering what that step will be like.

Mercury started a retrograde [pattern](#) weeks before the year’s end, and that pattern holds up — in Capricorn — until 1/15/2010. Again — in Taurus — 4/18 to 5/10. And continues — in Virgo — 8/20 to 9/12. The pattern’s completed in December, when Mercury goes retrograde in Capricorn — but backs into the last third of Sagittarius — 12/10 to 12/29. For more about Mercury Retrograde, [see the text](#).

Venus has a retrograde pattern starting in Scorpio, but in the long six weeks? Backs down into the last part of Libra, 10/9 to 11/17.

One of the most important [planet](#) patterns, [to me](#), is the long Mars retrograde, started before Xmas ’09, and continues until March 10. However, to make sure that Mars spikes the ball on this one? Mars appears almost stationary at Zero Degrees Leo for the first part of March. Mars backwards isn’t bad, per se, but the [weekly scopes](#) detail ideas on how handle the resultant energies.

Jupiter hits Pisces 1/18 making fast tracks all the way to Aries 6/6, then appearing to go backwards from 7/22 until 11/17. Jupiter doesn’t make it back into Aries until 1/2/2011.

Saturn appears to retrograde — starting in Libra — from 1/13, entering Virgo 4/6, and finally appearing to move forward again 5/29, entering Libra again 7/22.

The patterns, in a big way? Here’s an [overview](#), by signs:

Capricorn: Graham Crackers were an invention of a Rev. Graham, as part of a diet that was supposed to help suppress carnal urges. The name is owed, in part, to the original ingredient, which was “Graham Wheat,” or, as it might be known today? “Whole Wheat,” coarse, ground whole wheat. Except, the modern version of the Graham Cracker is usually bleached and processed flour, quite unlike its originator’s intent. Then, too, the folks I know who follow a similar regimen to what that Rev. Graham was suggesting, those folk do it for the benefits of the

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healthy lifestyle choices, which oddly enough, includes increased libido. Just the opposite of what Rev. Graham was baking for, more than a hundred years ago. With the “Earth Element” centered Mercury Cycle, like last year and going through this coming year? What you set out to do and what the net result is? Two entirely different critters, be my best bet. What was intended to mitigate the urges? That original Graham Cracker? Eventually, over time, it served to become a, well, to this day, in the grocery store, there, on shelf, the Graham Cracker Pie Crust.

So much for health food that gets rid of sexual urges. Between two basic influences, one would be Mercury and the other would be the effect of [Pluto](#) on the Cardinal qualities, between those two, you keep trying to go one way, and yet, forces greater than yourself, like the American buying public, they push you in an entirely different direction. Like the original idea behind the cracker and what it is now.

Aquarius: Mars entered Leo in October of '09. Mar is in Leo until June of '10. Mars is hammering home a point to your little Aquarius self, and at some time, you might be receptive to whatever the Mars message is. At one point or another, Mars will exert an energy on your Aquarius self. How you adapt to this? Understand that Mars is in the sign opposite your fine Aquarius self. As such Mars is like, okay, I had this one girlfriend. She would would ask a pointed question with definite destination in mind. “So the stars say ‘yes,’ don’t they?” My answer? No. She would rephrase the question, all the while still pushing for that answer she wanted to hear, not what lay there in the chart in front of us. “So the planets do line up with an opportunity, right?” Probably not. “But there’s a one in ten chance, right?” More like one in a hundred was my answer. “But there is a chance, right?” I can only [read the stars and charts](#). All I can answer is what I perceive to be obvious. The answer was “No,” straight on down the line. This isn’t about what’s right or wrong, or what answer you’re seeking, it’s about listening to Mars. Or listening to me talk about Mars. An what’s up ahead.

We can make this relatively painless, or your [Aquarius](#) self can turn this into an epic struggle. The deal is that Mars won’t change his tune, like I didn’t. The answer is still the same, as Mars opposes you and Mars rolls backwards and forwards, and what all. The strictest term I could use? Cowboy-up. Or, better yet, Aquarius up! Walk through it now, or this will hang on your poor Aquarius head for the rest of the year. Or until June, anyway.





Pisces: I was in a girlfriend's kitchen, making my famous [“Roadkill Chili.”](#) I've published [directions](#) elsewhere, and I've got variation of the recipe up on the website. It's basically stew meat and peppers. I prefer “fake salt” to real salt, as there's the question of potassium chloride versus sodium chloride, and properly prepared? My chili recipe is relatively healthy.

While I was in the girlfriend's kitchen, I grabbed some “fake salt,” only, I read the label incorrectly. I interpreted it wrong. I thought it said “fake salt,” and it was really labelled “light salt.” Half and half. Half potassium chloride, half sodium chloride. Maybe it's not a big deal, but to me, it is. It affects the flavor. My recipe is tuned for the real fake salt, not real salt. If I was using real salt, I'd use a lot less. I discovered this after I'd measured a heaping tablespoon into the chili pot. The chili needs either a little bit of real salt, or a heaping tablespoon of fake salt. I prefer, I tuned that recipe for the fake stuff. That little bit of extra salt, although no one else could taste it? I could.

What's going on this year, and it will hit worse in the fall, you're going to [encounter](#) a situation where you might make the mistake, like the imbalance with the amount of salt in the stew, could be that simple, and yet, it could also ruin a whole pot of chili. There are steps to take to prevent this from happening. It's easy to blame [Mercury](#) and Mars for being in an apparent retrograde motion, but that's not the point. It's how to deal with that kind of reluctant energy. Big kettle of chili simmering on the stove? Read the ingredients, follow my recipe, but don't just blindly dump stuff in, hoping it will turn out. While that change in salt didn't affect what that girlfriend thought about the delicious flavor of my chili, it bothered me. I knew. You know, too. “Light” and “Fake” are two different labels. Read the instructions. Read the label.

Look before you dump.

Aries: One of the ways, especially in person, when I'm trying to describe Aries energy? The metaphor I use, with appropriate gestures, is, “Shoot from the hip.” Usually, it's both an apt analogy as well as an accurate description of energy, and that's our problem this year.

There's a “Cardinal Cross” appearing in the heavens. The big issue is “authority” as symbolized by Saturn. Factor in a tension angle from Pluto and then, add that dollop of Jupiter luck in the middle of the summer, sort of adding an emotional (hopeful) kick? Stop and think about that before shooting from the hip. Maybe a better way to see this? Imagine them fishing guys on TV, and how they pull a fish up out of the water for the money shot? Last time I tried that, to swoop in and lift the fish up? Big old Red Drum.

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Busted that light line clean in two. My problem? I didn't wait on the net, I kept horsing the fish. My fault. Too hasty, too eager, too ready. As this year starts, let's begin by thinking about the big one that got away because I acted too rash. Don't follow my example. You will, I promise, see a big fish swimming towards the boat with your Aries hook in the fish's mouth. Wait and use the net. Not really a good year to trust, "Shoot from the hip."

Taurus: I just bought a new (electrical device) because the old one was worn out. Or shorted out. Or I lost it. Or, after Xmas? I wanted a new one. On sale, cheap. Cheaper than before. That's the compound effect of Mercury in (apparent) Retrograde Motion alongside Mars, backwards as well. The deal with Mars? Mars entered Leo in October and doesn't leave until next June.

Leo is a fixed sign, a fire sign, but fixed nonetheless. And Taurus? Earth sign. Fixed as well. Softly pliant yet stubborn as can be. Which one? Either. But this is about Taurus and the effect of Mars pushing and pulling, in some fashion exerting pressure, on Taurus. Which is why I was talking about the (electrical device) I bought. After [Xmas. Big sale](#). Worked well for me. However, the sales girl? She had an accessory she thought I really needed. I liked the idea, but the accessory wasn't on sale. I skipped that purchase. What I did? After I took the (electrical device) home and toyed with its features? I discovered that I did, indeed, want that one accessory the sales girl pushed off on me.

What's important, though, was I waited until I unpacked and tried the (electrical device) before I bought the accessory. Simpler, easier, better choices. As Mars fries along? Consider sticking to the basic plan first, before you add the [accessories](#). There's a time for that, but don't do it, not at first.

Gemini: I've got an aging aunt, lives here in town, not really an aunt, but you know, for the sake of harmony? Just call her an [aging aunt](#). She's a big Texas Longhorn fan, having both graduated from that hallowed institution and endowing a chair. At the close of the regular college football season, she developed a strange way — to me — of watching the games. She would, like a good Gemini, listen to the game on the AM channel because the sport network would have detailed analysis between plays.

She'd still watch the game on TV, usually, but the audio was off. Tracking two different lines like that? Same game but two very different forms of data input, the TV and the AM Sports Talk Radio. However, as we look at the retrograde planets and the way Mercury is just generally messing around? Got a good picture here? Consider that, especially as a Gemini, the way the planets are? Two sources of



data. At least two data streams feeding the Gemini mind — preferably, the streams are supposedly reporting the same game. Event.

Whatever data that the Gemini needs. Make sure you've got at least two streams of incoming information. AM radio is a little scratchy to my ears, but the vigor of the announcers, it's great. Not always objective, either, but that's not what this about. Just think that you need a minimum of two identical data streams. Watching the game on TV and listening to the radio guys.

Cancer: I was walking along the edge of the creek [here](#). Trail. Whatever. I noticed an "office lady" coming around the bend. I was dressed in typical December attire, shorts and a ragged t-shirt, and my well-worn walking [sandals](#). I had on my iPod, and she had the tell-tale white earbud wires dangling, too. I nodded at her, and she plainly said to me, "That was very considerate of you." She just kept on trucking, too.

What was considerate? What did I do? I didn't move off to one side, I mean I didn't walk down the center of the trail like I would if I knew I was alone. But I didn't make any other allowances for her. I was also momentarily struck by her appearance, the pencil skirt, the expertly coiffured hair, the studied and casual outfit that was all business, all the time. Relaxed yet not leisurely pace she as keeping as she passed me going the other way, and the way I looked back, over my left shoulder, to check out what she meant. Or look at the skirt's form-fitting shape. Implied shape. I wandered along the edge of the creek a little further.

There's a big office building there, and workers typically take afternoon strolls. I suspect there's a company incentive, too. I was befuddled, and since we're dealing with Mercury and Mars retrograde, I was seriously befuddled as to what this woman meant, like, was she kind, considerate, sarcastic, snide? I walked at least another mile or so and my phone rang, and I pressed the ear piece microphone to answer, and I was walking along, talking to a client about arranging a reading time, apparently, though, looking like I was talking to thin air. And it never occurred to me, that she might've been on a phone, and that the moment might not be directed at me. Never occurred to me. Make sure it really directed at you before you do like I do and grasp at hasty (faulty) conclusions.

[Leo](#): A little south of the Alamo, [in the Alamo City](#), on a street called South Alamo, or just off that street, there's a quaint restaurant called Mad Hatters. As both [tourist](#) and tourist guide, I liked the place because it offered a Tex-Mex breakfast while utilizing linen napkins. Just an odd combination. Then, too, while I find the



standard menu a little pricey for my own tastes, Mad Hatters does have, as its literary antecedent would imply, High Tea.

Last time I was there, High Tea cost less than \$20. Compared with High Tea that I've had in places like San Francisco and [London](#)? That's cheap. Not "inexpensive," comparatively speaking, dirt cheap. Tea quality wasn't quite as good as the British, but the fresh baked goods were every bit on par with other High Teas I've been served. Proper finger sandwiches, proper scones, and so on. Good tea kettle; although, offering to substitute coffee for tea is a little unorthodox. High Tea in South Texas? Weird. Mars backwards, as a point and detailed example? Mars entered Leo last October and Mars will be in Leo until next June. It's about looking for the best possible solution to a Leo problem, and it's all about looking in the least likely places. Like High Tea — South of the Alamo. No, really, it's good.

Be willing to try, experiment and be pleasantly surprised. However, like I discovered the hard way, the regular menu at that one place is a little on the expensive side, at least, to me it is. More than I would be willing to spend, normally. Except, of course, for High Tea. This time, this whole "Mars is backwards in Leo" thing? It's all about going over old ground, looking over places you've already explored, and seeing what new angles there are. Unexpected (and cheap) delights in the oddest of places. Sometimes? No further than a little south of where you're at right now.

[Virgo](#): I live in Central Texas. South Texas. One of those. Below the 31st parallel. While we do get snow, ice and occasional freezing weather, that's not the standard. There will be a cold day. Days when the icy north wind send temperatures plummeting close to freezing. However, most of those days, it will warm up enough, during daylight hours, so that even a light jacket isn't necessary. One reason I love where I live, I like the subtropical climate.

I get a catalog from a well-known outdoors brand of clothing and equipment. There are cool pictures and images of models frolicking in the snow, wearing heavy, outdoors, branded clothing. Smiling, sipping coffee around the snowboards. Cute little hats and goggles, and boots. The company must sell a lot of furry socks, fuzzy hats and totally cool "all-weather" jackets, coats, scarfs, and just imagine the rest of the winter line.

I looked at the catalog when it arrived. One heavy winter coat caught my attention. Over a period of days, I referred to that coat's picture, read the paragraph describing the coat and I thought about it. Then I got rational. I have no place to store such an article of clothing, as I already have two heavy winter coats. There



are — at best — a few days in the year when I could really wear such an item. Cold days like that? I tend to huddle near the space heater and not go out — at all. Both points argue against me buying another heavy winter coat, albeit a cool-looking one that would portray an outdoorsman image, a rugged yet jovial image. Probably, looking at the picture, make me look ten years younger, too. Hide the winter weight.

Stop.

What I can do? I can stop wasting time wondering if I buy a new, very expensive, casual winter coat. I want to know, every Virgo wants to know, will this matter? If I order now? I might get to wear it once before the weather warms up. Last two winters? I haven't even needed to get out either of my winter coats. All about choices we have. As this year unfolds, as we look at the planets that are going retrograde, have been retrograde or will be retrograde? Think about that item you're so sure you need. Do you need it, really? Better yet, follow my example, I tossed that catalog in the trash.

Saved me money and time.

Libra: In the last month or two, you've received a little extra notice. Publicity. Attention. Accolades, and, for that matter, furtive glances in your Libra direction. All of this is a function of Mr. Mars entering unto the Libra Eleventh Solar House. But Mr. Mars, he's slowed down, turned around and now headed in a backwards motion. That means the attention, accolades and other positive reinforcements that you've gotten lately? Probably going to stop. Might have already ground to a halt. Might feel like you're slipping in the polls. Might feel like you liked the undeserved attention, and now that it's all gone? You feel like you would like it back. Where's that spotlight now? And how come the positive attention never netted any financial rewards? I just report on the planets, I try not to be judgmental. Well, I am judgmental, but then, I'm only human. No, that's not what this is about. It's about that attention that seems to be directed towards everyone except your Libra self.

Given that both Mercury and Mars are backwards? Maybe it's okay that the attention is going some other [place](#). This will last longer than just the Mercury Retrograde period, but this is combination of energies is going to drive you insane, if you let it. Which, after reading this, you'll understand that maybe it's not as important as you originally thought. And that is the point. It's okay if they all pass you by right now.





Scorpio: I'd like to harken back to a time, at least a hundred years ago. Follow with me, my favorite Scorpio and let's go back to a time when Scorpio was ruled by Mars. Only ruled by Mars. Mr. Mars was the Scorpio ruler.

The reason I want to dredge old ([astrological](#)) history is because it's got a big influence in the coming weeks. Months, even. In the very near future, Mr. Mars will make a "square" to your Scorpio elements. I'm sure you've got more than a single Scorpio element in your chart. So it doesn't much matter, whatever Scorpio elements are present? Going to be affected by this Mars flavor.

One of my neighbors was grilling steak on a little portable grill. Offered to grill one for me. I don't turn down free food, not in this day and age, so I acquiesced. He asked me how I liked it, and as it turns out, I'm a fan of "charred on the outside, cool and raw on the inside." He called it, "Pittsburgh Rare." If I were manning the grill, I'd cook my steak so it was seared on the outside and still cool on the inside, as the heat and searing cooks the flavor inside. It was dark and my buddy handed me a paper plate with a smoldering piece of flesh. Steak. I cut into the steak. It was more along the lines of "well-done." Close to "Beef Jerky." Just a little shy of "straight carbon." "How you liking that?" My neighbor inquired.

"Mmm, good!" My reply. Here's the point, okay, Mars, like that grill? Too hot. And like that grill, which was too hot, Mars can overcook a situation. Look at how I elected to deal with my situation: I lied.

Not really, as I wasn't lying about the fact that I liked free steak, and I liked it was a generous cut, and I enjoyed my neighbors companionship. The fact that in the wan winter light he couldn't grill a piece of meat correctly? I opted to let that slide. There are times when it's appropriate to stand and fight. This — think about Mars and that grill — is not one of the times to stand and fight. As Mars swings ponderously around in Leo, another fixed sign, like Scorpio, think about what Mars is doing. Over cooked? So?

Sagittarius: I love the Spring, especially in Central Texas, all full of life and greenery and Bluebonnets, plus a host of other wildflowers, all blooming. Or maybe I like Summer best, as the heat index drives most of the non-natives into the AC, leaving more fish and more fun for me and my native friends. The early mornings, the cool crisp right before sunrise, the late nights fishing, it's my favorite time. Or maybe it's the Fall, when the summer's heat is just wearing off a little. Or maybe, my favorite time of the year is now, in the middle of the Winter. Cold nights, long, dark, cold nights that require either flannel pajamas or someone nice to snuggle with, and yet the days can be warm enough for shorts and sandals.



To be really honest? The best time of year, for [Sagittarius](#)? For the coming year? The best time of year is now. The season doesn't matter. More time spent in the moment and less time spent worrying about the others? That's the way we want to approach this. This coming year has some pronounced high points. High points that remind me of a few days in this last month.

Warm enough in the day time that I can get by with my casual look, shorts and sandals and yet, winter nights cold enough to require heavy flannel sleep-wear. The real point, though, is more to be in the moment. The moment, as of the beginning of the calendar year, it's cold and dark here. Days are gradually getting a little longer, but not so much that you'd notice. The little trick to making the most of this next year, with all the planetary influences figured in? What is our favorite time of year? [Right now](#). Holds true for the next 11 months.





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