

Fishing Guide to the Stars 2011

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Fishing Guide to the Stars 2011

By Kramer Wetzel

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 1.6.2011

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"Mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in [the hearts](http://www.snopes.com/critters/lurkers/catfish.asp) of kings."
[Shakespeare's](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/?p=777)
The Merchant of Venice [IV.i.189-90]

[Capricorn](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/?p=684): New Year's Eve Party, like no other. What I observed? Tequila, jello shots, copious amounts of beer? White people really can't dance. I used to make the claim that I, as a straight white guy, I know my limitations, and I can't dance, can't drink, and have no fashion sense. Not a problem. All about understanding what the limits are. The message about the white people who can't dance and have no rhythm was sharply punctuated by a large hispanic guy. He was nicely dressed, but obviously a large man. Big. Big girlfriend, also with the flaming black tresses and jeans that were perchance too tight. The rock music died off and a country two-step came on. That big couple moved on to the floor with grace and ease, and while I wouldn't want to bump them, or hinder their way, their fluidity, casual yet studied and practiced moves proved my point even more so. Refined and elegant, that couple, just excellent dancers. Which proved the point even more so while a country tune was blasting from the speakers and one other couple tried to join in. All about limits and knowing what those limits are. As a Capricorn, like me, I had no problem standing off to the side and tapping my toe, trying to keep beat. As long as it was my toe? Perfect, no one could see if I was really keeping the correct tempo. Didn't matter.

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Aquarius: December weather, it's like this, a slate gray sky. Feels like the ceiling is right on my head. Last month there were a few days like this, just horrendous, from my perspective. It's an image that haunts me, too. Seen it almost every winter, at some point, these clouds that feel like they are right above me. Right on top. The texture, too, it's like the old roofing slate. Looking up, it's like looking at the underside of a roof made of slate, and the cloud cover, it seems frozen in space. I watched one afternoon, when I was walking, thinking the clouds were flowing in one direction. Then the tableau stopped again. Hard to imagine. I [studied the sky](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=6468) closely, as I figure the clouds started several thousand feet in the air, but I did stop and look. Like me, looking at that depressing sky, like me, you're feeling stuck. You're not stuck, but you feel like you are. New year, should be all kinds of new stuff. Just not off to that auspicious start we were all looking for in Aquarius.

Here's the hint: it's going to pass and you will feel much more optimistic. That slate-gray sky carries moisture, and in that, it's like Aquarius, the bearer of water. Laden with idea, about to burst forth, but not quite. Just not yet, but almost. The new year, astrologically, for Aquarius, it isn't here yet.

Pisces: The US Army's last horse calvary was located at Ft Clark, now called Bracketville (TX). Soldiers on horses were eventually replaced by motorized infantry then airborne infantry, and these days, I like seeing more and more infantry replaced by machines. I'm a big fan of supporting our troops, but that's not what this is about. This is about Jupiter, Uranus, Pisces, and the last pass for a while of that wild and exciting stuff. Kind of like a last stand. The horse cavalry is merely a historical footnote, and its final resting place, again, just side bar item, really. The weird hook is that Bracketville came into historical

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prominence a second time, and possibly more everlasting with its recreation of the Alamo, for the famous (if fast and loose with historical records) John Wayne movie. Calvary. Horse. The Alamo. Movie history and the unreal world of Hollywood. As a Pisces, you've got the weirdest influences. Jupiter is the lucky star and it lines up with Uranus, just as an odd cycle, and this unleashes all kinds of strange energy. Like Bracketville, you get a second chance, and like Bracketville, I'd like to think your Pisces self cleans up on this second chance.

Aries: I tried to figure out what a slightly obscure lettering meant. It was on the side of an old city utility vehicle. Covered and caked with dirt, grime and dust, all I could puzzle out was "Ron Potato," which I never heard of, but that doesn't mean "Ron Potato" isn't a viable potato for the city. Eventually, this truck was parked, so as I passed it, I was walking, I managed to figure out what the message really was. There was another label on the truck's door, "Non Potable Water -- [DO NOT DRINK](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint)." The message was obscured by the layers of dirt and dusty grime. I'm not sure what the non-potable water was used for, although, I'm sure it had its uses. I would hazard a guess that it was used in a rather dusty environment, like watering down construction dust. Makes mud. There are two messages for Aries, one is [obviously](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/disclosures/) about figuring out what the obscure symbolism is. It's just a generic warning, like "non-potable water." Do not drink. Pretty simple. The other part of the message is figuring out what that occluded message is. Simple warning? Probably. However, like me and my pedestrian ways? Wait until you're past the image and see if it isn't a little more clear. Maybe don't drink the water, too.

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Taurus: "Texas used to be another country? Why'd we change that?" Valid question, been asked on <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=2562> both sides of the line, especially these days, times being what they are. Just exactly how long is your Taurus memory? Relax, that was a largely rhetorical question, because, as a Taurus, your memory is like one of those genetic memory things, you know, you remember stuff your ancestors knew. Not that it's a problem because, I doubt you're asking that very question, but I wouldn't be surprised to find a largely rhetorical device working its way into your vernacular. You are pretty likely to say something that's a little over the top, just for effect. Careful. Just a slight cautionary note. Venus -- the Taurus main planet -- moves out of Scorpio in a day or two. That spells momentary relief from whatever it is that's been bothering you. Sometimes, this relief from the Venus pressure is simple, like an off-the-wall comment that has deep historical and rhetorical points. Substantial meaning. Or, it could be like you popping off a comment that's a little too off-the-wall. Sounds like something, <http://astrofish.net/xenon/> I'd do. While I can sometimes get away with it? I'm not sure you want to <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/> follow me. New year, new start, I'd let someone else -- not a Taurus -- make the first mistake.

Gemini: If there were such thing as a "median-average" Gemini, if such a critter really existed, then the average -- sum of the total points of Gemini, divided by the number of Gemini, then leavened with a cut-mark, right in the middle? That middle-of-the-road <http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/gem.html> Gemini would be doing just fine. It's the extremes of Gemini, and personally, I've found every Gemini to be extreme, usually in a good way, but this is the part that's under pressure. The extremities. I was firing, the easiest way to express this, no, see, it's like there's a clear message that Gemini has to deliver. A message for all of us to listen to, but the content isn't

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reaching the destination. That's the problem. The tail-end of Gemini is being leaned on by Jupiter/Neptune in Pisces. Then there's the pressure from Mercury at the very end of Sagittarius. Again, none of this is much, but together, those two, or three, depends on how you count, those couple of influences are causing friction. Message is there, but no one is listening to what your extra-fine Gemini self is saying. Hence the problem with extremes. "But [Mercury isn't retrograde](https://www.createspace.com/3411966)!" Correct. However, there is no time better than now to shut up. Consider the influences and the approach of Venus headed into Sagittarius? Again, I'd like to reiterate the message. Quiet. "Sshhh."

Cancer: In Texas, High School Football is a cherished institution. I've seen a high school football stadium rival college, university and even professional arenas. South of Austin, there's a town called Canyon Lake, oddly enough, situated on Canyon Lake. The Canyon Lake Cougars, name of the local teams. Which, as is my style, invited a whole different level of terminology. The imagery alone is thrilling, the Canyon Lake Cougars. Wild packs of women of a certain age, preying on innocent males. Mars is in Capricorn, opposite you. Pluto and the Sun are also in Capricorn, opposite your Cancer self. This creates a little tension. How you choose to deal with that tension? I keep thinking about the Cougars of Canyon Lake. There's a not-so-subtle, kind of predatory energy with this opposition. Consider yourself on the hunt, one way or another. The two operative words? Predator and prey. You are one, and you operate on the other.

Leo: Ringtones were fun for a while. I should link to some place that [sells ringtones](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2008/03/london-calling/), but that's too much trouble and the ethics might be a little gray. Not that I'm [above gray ethical areas](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/disclosures/), just that I'm too lazy to be

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bothered to build the links for this kind of commerce. Besides, I thoroughly dislike disingenuous behavior for my Leo friends. This is about single ringtone, and I want you to stop before we go any further. Consider the song, the song's clip, the message of the lyrics of the song, and the few bars that plays when the phone rings. The song is classic rock, from back in the day: "I want you to want me," was all I heard. "I want you to want me, I need you to need me..." (Cheap Trick) That's the band Cheap Trick, not the idea of cheap tricks. This isn't about the lyrics or the song, it's about what message does that send? Phone rings and it's that song. Phone rings a half dozen times in the morning, and that gets old. Tiresome in a big (Leo) hurry. My buddy who had that on his phone, he thought it was funny. Amusing. Everyone else on the crew wanted to hang themselves by the end of the morning's shift. To make this weirder, that buddy? He is married. Ringtone made no sense to me. As a mighty Leo, might want to stop and consider the implications of a song before you choose that for a ringtone. Or a similar, repetitive process -- for all to hear.

Virgo: I was at an Xmas party, last month, with a handful of federal cops. Various officers, various levels of cop-dom, but basically, half the people there were guys with cop hair, cop plain clothes, and cop off-duty attitude. Armed, relaxed, alert, very funny. Some stories can't be repeated because that was the deal, they'd tell me the tales and I wouldn't repeat them. I don't think the criminal class is getting any brighter, that's for sure. Suddenly, one phone vibrated, another made a funny noise and a third phone had a terrible timbre to it. Part of a team, as I understand it, fugitive task force, or something like that. Party was over for the cops. Although, one of the cops, a Virgo, she smiled with a wicked little grin, a wicked little Virgo grin. "I've been waiting a while to take this one down." I'm unsure of all the details, but that one cop, she was happy with the turn of events. She'd gladly sacrifice an Xmas party to take down an (alleged) offender. Tight little

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grin, a thin sneer on top of it. The cops just take the (alleged) person into custody. After that? It's up to the legal system. Still, for one that got away? The revenge was sweet reward. Be prepared for that call to action, that notice that it's time to put the drinks down and swing into super Virgo action, soon. This week. You'll get notice. Be ever vigilant.

Libra: Ever[wonder why](http://www.snopes.com/history/american/gauge.asp) a butter knife has a rounded edge and is useless for stabbing or cutting? Or, for that matter, just about any table knife -- other than a good steak knife? Besides, with good steak, a sharp knife isn't required. This isn't about steak, or steak knives, it's about something that is now [a](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) quotidian and accepted practice, but where did it come from? The dull, rounded table knife? All the work of the Sun King, [Louis XIV](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louis_xiv). He was worried about death threats and such. He mandated that table knives all have rounded ends, and that's a tradition that's been carried forward to this day. As a Libra, you're questioning some kind of long-held and long-standing belief and tradition. How much if this are you going to stick to? How long are you going to put up with it because it's "supposed to be that way?" Think about a small revolution, in Libra. Maybe sharpen those butter knives?

Scorpio: It's all about how you choose to react. Personally, I think you should be a little relieved about now. I'd like to suggest, as a Scorpio, what we should be looking forward to is a good time to fish, in the near future. Next spring, get in some coastal flats fishing? Sounds good. The deep winter brings professional bass fishing to parts of Texas, but I'm not sure I want to brave the stiff north wind for that. While the fish have plenty of fight, and hungry enough, the conditions don't

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match what I would prefer. I'd rather not be out on the lake when the air temperature is just above freezing and there's a north wind howling at 20 or 30 knots. Not my idea of fun, but that's me. I'm not a Scorpio. If I were a Scorpio, first off one of you is going to place big in the coming pro-am bass tournament. Second, I'd look towards making arrangements for fishing, together, later in the spring. After it warms up a bit. Good time to lay down some plans, at least, let's [pick dates](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) for [good stuff](http://www.astrofish.net/store/), in the near future.

Sagittarius: Cold weather is alternately fun and alienating. All that clothing, makes me not want to go out at all. The brisk winter wind, a cold north breeze, stiff in my face as I walk some familiar route, then the return trip, wind at my back, again, cold and seemingly unforgiving. The cold weather tends to not last long, and what I call "cold" might not be all that cold compared to some places. Still, long pants, boots, all the winter gear in place? Seems terribly cumbersome to me. The alternative is to freeze, and again, this is a relative term. I've got yankee friends who laugh in my face out what I call cold. They're still in T-shirts and shorts in the face of this weather. All sort of depends on what one is used to. The fun part for me, come next summer, when it's a blazing hot summer, like it will be, what's fun, then, is the laugh at my northern friends who can't take the heat and humidity. One or the other, but both? "I'm melting!" The astrological weather is changing, for [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.sagittarius.html). Remember that, too, and don't laugh at the people, like me, who suffer when the temperatures plummet below room temperature. As a Sagittarius, we should remember not to mock those same people, next summer. When we get our chance.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 1.13.2011

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"They say there's divinity in odd numbers,
either in nativity, chance or death."

Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* [V.i.2-3]

Capricorn: Mars is an active, almost overtly aggressive element, by transit. Pluto is an active, subtle but forceful energy, an active principal. The Sun itself, now in Capricorn, obviously, is a light, shining into dark corners. The portions of your soul that you thought you could hide? Those little corners are getting some exposure. The first image that came to mind was that of various night creatures scurrying out of the trailer's kitchenette, when I turned on the lights. With a trailer under a mantle of live oak and scrub oak, the big bugs were quite common. Trying to hide from me and the cat, under the cover of dark. Didn't work. Won't work now, either, not for Capricorn. The light is shining on you, and you've got several very active players trying to get you to get you moving. Move.

Aquarius: One of my favorite trinkets I've collected, over the years, it was, I was in Northern New Mexico. Lady in a religious icon shop handed me a St. Benedict medallion, told me I should have it. While I'm not Catholic, I have a huge admiration for the cult of the saints, associated with the Meso-American version of that faith. I got around to looking up St. Benedict, as portrayed on that medallion, and he was supposed to protect me from evil. The flip side of the medallion is his cross, more an icon, and what I like best is that it's an equal-arm cross, four spokes, like the cardinal points of the (astrology) chart wheel. Four quadrants of the sky, earth, etc. The quartering of the heavens.

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That trinket, I'm pretty sure the metal it's stamped out of is far from precious, but that medallion is a personal icon for hope. Personal hope for what's to come, and I derive certain kind of quiet strength from either wearing it or having it perched on my desk. Quiet strength. Weird places, strange rituals, a dash of foreign intrigue, all adds up to what's happening in Aquarius. With Aquarius.

Pisces: This weekend, early next week? Moon slides through Pisces? Jupiter and Uranus aligned, too? It's like that third cup of coffee. It's like that specialty cup of coffee with four shots of espresso and just a dollop of whipped cream to smooth over the flavor. It's an extra jolt. I've joked about it, but the happy point for me is someplace between four and eight cups of coffee. Stretched out over a period of hours, like, from morning to evening, it's not so bad, but it's tricky balance point. That's where being a Pisces can help. That tricky balance point. That little area between "over-amped with heart palpitations," and "too sleep -- can't keep eyes open." As a Pisces, usually, this is an easy balance to strike. Given that there's a very electrifying energy coursing up and down your spine, I'd suggest modulation. Look for that balance point, someplace between 4 and 8 cups of coffee -- or whatever you choose as an elixir.

Aries: I asked the waitress what her birthday was. "Like, my sign? Oh thank god. I moved here from Sedona (AZ), and everyone is like, 'what's your sign,' and here, not as much." The original question and answer, it was a little scary, at first. When she said, "Like what's my sign?" I was scared. I've triggered some responses that have put me off, a little, or a lot, because some folks confuse my innocent curiosity as either an untoward advance or a gross superstition. Or some kind of demonic, heathen worship. Never mind that astronomy and astrology were the same thing until just the last few centuries. It's an innocent question this week, and like me, you're going to be scared at the first

response. Maybe even the second response, too. Maybe you feel like you've hit one of those people on the attack. Defensive? Definitely defensive. Solution? Proceed forward with an unusually high (for Aries) degree of caution. Tentative, instead of the usual forthright "Charge!"

Taurus: I was looking for tech support on an arcane piece of software that I employ. Don't use it often, barely paid pennies for it, don't much care. Couldn't be bothered to write a request for support. However I did get to digging around and looking for the 'read me' file, which pointed me to the help forums. I ran across the most interesting note from the developer himself. It was a list of problems, itemized, bulleted. Each solution? "Upgrade. Fixed in the latest version." As a Taurus, given the upward movement of a number of factors? I doubt this is really a software issue. But it is an issue. The straight answer? [Upgrade](http://www.astrofish.net/about/). Simple. Works. No more issues. The problem has already been fixed by someone else. Instead of arguing with the balky software? Upgrade. It's been fixed, you can do your part, now. Upgrade.

Gemini: "Peculiar strength," especially in the face of opposition that is none too clever. Rather a complex set of instructions, but this week isn't without some pitfalls and pratfalls, a few tricks and some rather stupid opposition. One of the biggest mistakes I've made is underestimating the competition. Let's say, fishing, for example. I estimated that the fish (Black Bass in local lake) would be in the "under five pounds" range and therefore, 8 lbs test line would be adequate. It's not. Wasn't. I don't think the fish I caught, the one that got away? I don't think he was near four pounds, but the amount of thrashing was what snapped the line. While it wasn't that much weight, less than half what the line should stand, the way the fish snapped his head back and forth, that was greater than the strength of the fishing line. Snapped it clean off. Fish got a hook and a trick work, I got

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nothing. I underestimated the foe. Fish wasn't clever, so much as merely forceful and lucky. You don't have to come up empty-handed, not after reading this, Gemini, use stronger material. They're not clever, just forceful.

Cancer: I stopped at a Starbucks, someplace along my way. I was either coming home or going to meet a client, and I'm not sure I really recall. What I do remember, vividly, was a manager-type, Starbuck's green apron, she was sitting at the counter, sipping on a (brand) [Energy Drink](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B002UJD00G/fishinguideto-20). The garishly colored and tattooed, 16-ounce can, sickly green drink that's high with eleven herbs and spices, and caffeine. I looked at her, and what she was drinking, and before I could formulate a good retort, she snapped, "I don't like coffee, you know." I don't like bugs, but that wasn't what this was about. In the land of green-tinged coffee drinks, the place that sells more milk than anyone else, I would suppose that employees would like coffee. Just a supposition on my part, and as evidenced by that one employee, sipping an energy drink, not all green apron people like their coffee. As a Cancer, you're going to be faced with a similar instance. I didn't have a quick, smart-ass answer handy. Like me, I doubt you'll have that quick remark available. The way to successfully negotiate the fits, starts, stops and turns? Learn to shrug this week.

Leo: In 1928, the Milam Building, in what was, and still is, [downtown San Antonio](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=6590), that building was the largest concrete skyscraper. The Milam Building was also the largest totally air-conditioned skyscraper. I've stayed in modern motels that are taller than the Milam Building. It's not really a skyscraper by any more modern judgement. More like a mid-rise. However, in its day? The tallest -- and maybe more important? The coolest, literally. Like the Milam Building, you are the

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Leo (The Leo) and like the Milam Building, you have a record. Problem: this isn't a good time to worry about records that you once set. Yes, you're the greatest. But the stars are lining up in a weird way, and there's this little influence that suggests someone has forgotten that you're the tallest, coolest, of them all. I know that but I'm oriented and predisposed to treat Leo with reverence. I'm not that stupid. You're going to encounter at least [one person](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=6033), or entity, one stupider than average person. Thing. Place. That is an obstacle because those who don't remember their history are doomed to repeat it. (Don't these people ever learn? Don't mess with Leo's.)

Virgo: [I rolled into town](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) to see some friends, and my hostess was looking rather haggard. I inquired. Apparently, I wouldn't know, but apparently, good [Tequila](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=620) (Anejo or Patron) doesn't mix well with White Russians. It was, I'm guessing from the thinnest shards of conversation, an auspicious start to the evening. It's just, as the White Russians segued into shots of tequila, it was someplace around the witching hour that things took a turn for the worse. Milk, cream, vodka, and the rest of the stuff in one of those? Topped off with good shots of tequila? I'm sure it was unpleasant. I wasn't party to the party, I just suffered, not as badly, but I did have empathy for the pathetic hostess. Mixing [hard liquors](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/White_Russian_(cocktail)) like that isn't a good idea -- that's plain, common sense, not to mention something we all knew beforehand. Tequila shots usually require salt and lime wedges, and the rest of this is just a long litany of what not to do. The message, though, goes much deeper. It's an innocent idea, and the problems start when you are full of that Virgo first-flush. Like around the first or third White Russian. That's when the little Virgo voice in your head needs to be listened to.

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I'm not preaching, just trying to keep you from making the same mistake my friend did. It was an ugly sight. I wasn't even there, but just hearing about it.

Libra: Typical January [weather in Texas](http://www.wunderground.com/US/TX/Anthony.html) will include [brilliant](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=5210) afternoons [without a cloud](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=5207) in the sky and the temperature hovering near a very enjoyable 70 degrees (F). Then another ice age will be shepherded in, and there will be frozen precipitation. Rain, sleet, even snow and ice. From shorts to long underwear and then, in a matter of days, back again. Living here, I've learned to adapt and to embrace whatever the weird winter weather is. As a Libra, I'd like you to embrace and adapt. [Saturn](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.capricorn.html) is right in the middle of your stuff. The Sun, Moon and Mars are adding a punch to Saturn's downer vibe. Adapt and embrace. "It's [sunny out](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=5387), I'll wear shorts and sandals! Cool!" The next afternoon? Glad I've got heavy winter coat and a woolen scarf. Adapt and embrace. Or embrace and adapt. It's just like Texas Winter Weather. The weather dictates what we wear. It doesn't dictate whether or not we have fun, or enjoy the activity. I'd suggest, as a Libra, you can enjoy what's happening. Embrace and adapt.

Scorpio: I am destined to [alienate](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/disclosures/) a few of my good Scorpio friends with this one. *But here it is:* stay teachable. It's really simple, there's a problem, or two, and you keep trying to work it the way you've always worked it. That's not working. The old adage, "Get a bigger hammer?" That doesn't work, not in this situation, There's a whole host of planets allied against you. Mostly, not entirely, but mostly in a

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<http://i.imgur.com/wQBMC.jpg> target="blank">Capricorn, but there's the odd push from Pisces, as well, what with Jupiter and Uranus doing the last tango there. Planets are pushing and shoving, and you used to be able to do well with bigger, stronger, almost like a bully. Doesn't work. This week requires gentle Scorpio finesse. Gentle. Scorpio. Finesse. Just to spell it out, the "bigger hammer" answer is the wrong answer. There's a way to get from here to there, or, if you really are trying to get a round peg into a square hole, or the reverse, a (something) into a (something), the quickest, easiest, most expedient, for my Scorpio friends? Watch. Listen. Learn. You tried, what, three times? Didn't work, did it? Stop. Try a different approach.

Sagittarius: I was tending to matters that needed tending to. I figured, right before the new year started, I'd straighten out the rat's warren of wires than run this enterprise here. Phone lines, computer cables, network wires, all in a huge, and jumbled, mess. There's the phone recorder box that feeds into another box that I use to record phone conversations (readings). Skype, hype, and the rest of the stuff. A mouse, a trackball, keyboards, and the list goes on. The undertaking was massive, but I did get it cleaned out. All the wires, cables, and power cords were unplugged, rerouted, dusted, and plugged back in, with the new arrangement tidy and neat. First reading, first business phone call, January 1. Phone didn't record. I had to trace back over the mess I'd cleaned up, then ferret out the problem, which was an obvious one: loose phone cord. In this day and age, you'd think we'd be beyond such problems. Apparently not. One client lost a reading recording, but that was about it. As the new year gets underway, there's a small error, possibly leftover from last year, and this small problem can cascade into a larger issue. If you let it. That the trick, the catch, the hint. "If

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you let it." Catch it soon enough, and this issue, as of this week, is no longer an issue. Hardware is fixed.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week starting: 1.20.2011

"Certainties

Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy is then born."

[Shakespeare's](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/?p=777)
Cyberline [I.vi.113-5]

Sun joins Mars in Aquarius, Jupiter moves into Aries, and Saturn turns retrograde. What does it all mean?

Aquarius: Happy birthday! The planets portend a brilliant new year, on its way. More or less. More less than more. It's about picking a single direction and sticking to that single direction. One, simple goal. The direction is simple. The problem is how to get "there" from "here." I once invested in software that built project management outlines. Bullet points, steps, process analysis, and most important? A visual outline of what steps are required. I used that software once. Didn't really use it, just played with it some. I outlined a project, looked at how the interface didn't really work for me, all those steps to take steps, and I decided my method of scraps of paper and spurious text documents on computers was more effective. For me. All a matter of what works. What doesn't work. The Aquarius birthday challenge, is to realize that there's a simple, stated goal, and getting there looks easy, at this moment. Leave room for someone (something) to add some extra steps. It's all part of the Aquarius process. My little stack of notes? Scribbled instructions? Seems to be growing. I know you understand that.

Pisces: Late this Thursday afternoon starts the beginning of the "Pisces Extended Dance Mix." I have a theory, an astrology theory, based on years of observation and little bit of chart twiddling, that

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Pisces, as whole, enters an extended period of bliss and happiness, starting, like, maybe a month before the Pisces month really starts. This is usually reserved for Aquarius birthdays, but as I've discovered, gregarious and magnanimous to a fault, the Aquarius types are willing to share the good times. There's really a lot more technical data involved, but let's keep this simple.

As a Pisces, I'd start feeling good and start birthday-style-theme party plans. Heres an example: I used to buy iTunes cards, 3 x \$10 gift cards. One for my sister, one for my Mother, and one, sort of a little left over, one for me. I'd drop those gift cards into, like a Valentine's Day card for them. Mom rents movies, Sister listens to the audio equivalent of maudlin crap, but that doesn't bother me. Each person gets what they want. Includes, if you noticed, a little something for your Pisces self. Early birthday time. Doesn't have to be a high-dollar item, just something fun.

Aries: I like Jupiter. As an Aries, you like Jupiter, too. He's a good planet, as planets go, and good planet is hard to find these days. Jupiter comes careening into your sign, and he's going to bring a huge amount of good will, good feelings, and good energy with him. He's packing Aries heat. There's an issue, though, just one that stands out, and that issue is illuminated by Saturn, turning retrograde, across the way in Libra. The way to benefit from Jupiter is to launch a renewed [attack on the problem](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). However, just as a suggestion, think about a different way of hitting that single issue. You tried a frontal assault. That didn't work. You tried to scale the walls; that didn't work. With the renewed vigor imparted by Jupiter? Try a flanking maneuver. Takes longer, you have to go around the side. Jupiter gives that extra boost. Might seem like the long way around, but works. No more "head first" attempts to solve

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the problem, try my longer, more arduous, yet successful and rewarding route.

Taurus: In my past, as a tinker, one task I undertook was to build a web page for a client. She was a dominatrix at the time. I can't even make this stuff up. While it was borderline, it was a one of those business propositions that paid well, and I had a chance to learn about another aspect of sexuality, other angles of web skills, and lore about knots. Plus some other stuff. The problem being, every time I mentioned the page, I got the knowing nod and wink. I'm not into any of that. No bondage, no spanking, beating, whips, chains, handcuff, none of that. Got it? What I discovered, at the time, in the online world of offbeat sexuality, the worse a web page looked, the better it was received. That's the lesson. Clean, sleek, no flaws? Doesn't work. Looks like something a 14-year old put together as a class project? Yes, looks like something an individual with no artistic aptitude hammered together? That worked best. Not stuff that looked good. I think I was using a black, dark brown, background with white and orange lettering. Not my finest work, but what sold, what attracted attention was material that was less refined. Not up to current web standards. There's clean and crisp. Takes a while to get to the refined look. There's quick and dirty, kind of a kludge. That's what works best. We're in Aquarius. Hammer something to together. May not be your finest work, as a Taurus, but that doesn't matter. What seems to sell is quick and dirty.

Gemini: Anyone else probably won't get this, but I was with a buddy, and he was buying pickup truck accessories. The sales girl, not dressed like a lady, not old enough to be a lady (in my mind), she was working in the sales department at an aftermarket truck store. Racks, brush guards, spare tire covers, all manner of stuff I didn't even know existed. All for sale. That sales person? Stiletto heels, about four inches, maybe more. In a truck retail store? Sales people, on their feet

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all day? In those heels? I thought it was crazy. However, whatever makes the sale, right? Apparently, those heels worked. My buddy was looking for one of the trailer light attachments for his truck, it's a light harness that plugs into the truck's wiring so the lights for a trailer can be easily plugged in. Those heels? He bought a light harness. He bought tube lighting for the rack of the truck. "Click-click," those heels, back and forth on the smooth concrete floor. Rope lighting for his overhead. New floorboard lights. A set of "fog lamps," bolted to the rack. More striping for the bumper. What was a simple task got compounded by a set of heels. That's what it looked like to me. I have to ask my Gemini friends, are you willing to wear the heels? Or, just to be fair, you're not going to fall for that trick, are you?

Cancer: "I was thinking about my first kiss, behind the Civic Center, in [Uvalde](http://www.uvaldehoney.com/)..." Heck of a lead in, if you ask me. Kid was, maybe, 20 years old. In Austin, working at fast food job. Long way, lightyears, really, from [Uvalde](http://uvalde.jbadger.com/). He was referencing a song on the radio, at that moment. Slightly dated rock. He wandered off to empty a trash can, and put in a new liner. As he wandered back, wiping his hands on his red apron, I asked what his birthday was. Cancer. Uvalde is half way to the Mexican border, from San Antonio, and as such, [Uvalde](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Matthew_McConaughey) is a sleepy little backwater of a town. Good hunting and supposedly, good fishing, although, I never found it. Both Mars and the Sun move into Aquarius and what that does? Brings a small amount of relief. You have a chance to stop, listen to the music, think about that first kiss, where was your first kiss? Stop, pause, reminisce, and then get on back to working. There's still trash that needs to be hauled out and don't forget to put a new liner in the trash can. Then, unlike that one worker? Maybe wash

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your hands, too. As Mars and the Sun move along, you get a little break, but that doesn't mean you can stop, just pause.

Leo: "It's the suede denim secret police," that's the lyric. I'd ask for the singer's name, but the inter-web and its search engines have made that a moot point. It's been a decade since I've managed to hit the correct question that doesn't have an easy accessible (inter-web) answer. Part of the answer to the question, is that lyric played as I looked at [The](http://www.fredlet.com/) [Leo](http://www.kensportablewelding.com/) [chart](http://GraceThePsychicLady.com/). Between the fallout from the Full Moon, and the ingress of the Sun and Mars in Aquarius -- opposite your gentle Leo self -- there's tension. Problems. Issues. Insurmountable? Hardly. Big issues or little issues? I think it's stupid stuff. You get stuck in line behind an old person who insists on counting out exact change. You are hampered by a boss who is clearly disassociated from consensual reality. You pull through the drive-thru bank teller thing, and the other line moves faster. That's three examples. Does that provide an adequate image? I hope so. None of these problems, in and of themselves is a real problem, but as this week unfolds, and worse, like Monday or Tuesday? I'll bet you hit all three at once, a trifecta of stupid. Solution? Realize Mars and the Sun are opposing you. The other signs, the [Lesser Eleven](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/index.html)? Just not moving as fast as your regal Leo self.

Virgo: I was chatting up a client. Nice enough looking woman, [Virgo](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.virgo.html), if you have to know, and she was going on and on about some issue. All Virgo's got issues. ([Sidebar](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/) note: no issues in Virgo land? Hurry, go out and get some!) I made one of my typically sexist jokes. For the record, I'm a male piglet.

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Chauvinist to the extreme. Patriarchy is on its way out, but I'll maintain my position as long as I can, even in the face of overwhelming odds. Stop, this isn't about me. It's about Virgo. "Yeah, I'm liberated, as long as it is to my advantage." Liberated to the point that the advantage is lost. That got my curiosity going, as I scribbled down a note. There's a point where it is no longer an advantage to be liberated, or patriarchal, as in my case. There's a time and place for grandstand gestures, a good time to use that energy. As the next couple of weeks unfold, there's a political point where it's better not to push a point. Or, in my case, I can make a sexist joke as long as it's clearly understood that I was making pass at humor. Not making a pass at Virgo. Nope, not me, not any more. No more Virgo. Just not man enough, but that's not what this is about. It's about knowing when to stop pushing the point. Liberated, only as long as it's to your advantage (and that's NOT gender specific!)

Libra: Last Xmas, there's a situation, happens in all extended family situation. I was just thinking about the Xmas vacation and what happens. "Here, can you just look at my computer?" It's the family tech support. It was better when I had a sister working at Dell Computer. Although she was in sales, nothing to do with the computer's inner workings, but she was assailed with a myriad of questions. Complaints, issues, problems, and the favorite, wait, it's back, "Can you just look at my computer, I know, it's not a Dell, but maybe you could fix it?" Some skills are transferable. Some skills aren't. I'm a mac guy, so it doesn't mean anything to me. I have a built in excuse, usually. Unless it's my own, wee mum, Scorpio mom, that is. I have to answer her tech questions, and her descriptions, they leave something to be desired. I don't get the questions and this leads to frustration. Not unlike my Austin sister at Dell (she's no longer there). So this week, as the planets march inexorably along their preordained pathway, those pesky planets are foisting a situation just like "family tech support,"

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and "can you just look at it?" Fosters some indignation, and I've lost the ability to say, "I'm just a mac user," so there's some level that I'm assumed, Y-chromosome, notwithstanding, wherein my gender makes it possible for to fix stuff, like balky computers. That sense of frustration, and starting at the beginning, "What were you looking at when it broke?"

Scorpio: Life is like a bowl of cereal? Sure, I can spin that for my Scorpio friends. Stay with me on this one, okay? It's not the bowl of cereal itself, it's the box of cereal. Big box, mostly air, has some wax-paper, plasticine covered wrapped inside the thin cardboard box. The box was made for reading. Ingredients, mostly sugar and refined grain products, with flavor and more sugars. The part that I like? The stuff at the bottom of the bag. The broken chips, the flakes, the sugar dust, the flavors all powdered and mixed together. That's the good stuff. That with some milk? It's more like a soup than crunchy big bites of toasted, shredded fiber. More sugar and sweetness, less of the important nutrients required to help growing bodies grow. When I read that label, I wondered about how important it was to have that much sugar. Might be me. As we get to the end of this month, it's like that stuff, that dust, in the bottom of the cereal box of life. Personally, I like it better than the regular cereal. But that could be me. However, as a Scorpio, you might want to think about enjoying that left-over dust, as there's more flavor and more of the enjoyable stuff at the end.

Sagittarius: Last time I bought [T-shirts](http://www.cafepress.com/astrofish), there was a big bin of shirts at a local market. Sign read, "[5 T-shirts](http://www.cafepress.com/bexar), \$10." I'm not always good at math, not when it comes to items that I just want, but this was a good deal, that's about \$2 per shirt. Plus a little tax, but who's counting? I dug

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through the big box [full of shirts](http://www.cafepress.com/astrowhore). I found my size, and I found three of the shirts that carried a good label, too. 100% cotton, American-made, fade-proof, and so forth. Two more were unknown label, and I'm not sure I could tell the front from the back. [Ten bucks](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). Money well-spent. I was careful and I shopped a bargain. In this situation, three of the shirts are still good, one shrunk on the first washing, and the other one fell apart at the seams, almost literally, when I stretched it over my head. Still, that's three shirts for less than about ten dollars, and I figuring with 40% failure rate, at that price, we're still well-within the predefined "cheap t-shirt" price. It's numbers, plain and simple. What this week is about. Out of five shirts, two became unusable in a short time. However, three are still with me. Overall, I'd say I got my money's worth. Shop smart, be wise, but realize there will be shrinkage, you just have to figure the odds to come out a winner. Every Sagittarius should be a winner.

Capricorn: I want a T-shirt that just says, "Self-parody." Currently, the only planets in [Capricorn](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.capricorn.html) are [Mercury](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966) and Pluto, and there's the ongoing discussion of Pluto's status as a planet. Not part of this equation. Those two "stellar objects" are in the tropical zodiac sign of Capricorn and that's close enough. Technically, in my location, the Sun was in Capricorn when this started but that changed before Thursday morning, so it's all good. The symbolism sticks. Looking for a self-deprecating message, like a T-Shirt with a witty comment.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 1.27.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"These tiding nip me, I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms."
Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus [IV.iv.72-3]

Aquarius: Happy birthday! Do so love me my little Aquarius buddies, and all of ya'll, to a letter, all of ya'll have some Mars action. This is like a super punctuation mark. Like using three exclamation marks instead of just one. Like this!!! Not like this! See the difference? One is excessive and effusive while the other more grammatically correct. There's almost a cartoon like quality, looks like a hand-lettered "graphic novel," which in its day, we just called comic books. Although, the story line was tightly plotted, and the action was dramatic enough to qualify as a good piece of literature, still, the pulp-like antecedents regulated that type of media to a relatively low-brow status. This isn't about literature, low-brow or high-brow. This is about excessive punctuation due to Mr. Mars and what it means. My first really good writing coach suggested that sentence should carry enough punch do what punctuation like an exclamation mark was supposed to do.

Pisces: I was doing [a reading](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) for [a client](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), and I could see, like, her whole life unfold. I had answers and directions, goal, targets, pitfalls, pratfalls, and advice. It was about a hour-long reading, so she got the whole thing on CD, too. I don't recall any of what I said, I just recall feeling like this was one of the best readings I'd ever done. I managed to hit the vein, like, I was getting a pipeline of information, delivered.

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I couldn't have been more wrong. What I was hitting? I stumbled into a Pisces dreamland where everything was as rosy, cheery and wonderful, like, well, just like a fairy tale. Better, like a sweet and sticky romance novel, girl gets the guy and they live happily ever after, with his (shaved) chest and strong arms with their impossible muscles. Tan, with curly long locks. Just like the lurid cover of the book. I painted this picture and then, nothing. Don't get confused about dream and the real world, hint: look at Neptune's influence.

Aries: Lost and forlorn, at the mall. I'd gone by an Apple store to get something, and as I was walking along, I'd stopped long enough to get some mall food at the food court. Awful stuff, but there's a memory buried in there. Pretzel Bites. I got a medium size cup of the pretzel pieces, and I munched on them as I walked along in the mall. Reminded me of girl. We'd walk along and munch on pretzel bites together. Idyllic and bucolic scene from a simple, middle-American ideal, as exemplified in South Texas. Alone, the food has less flavor. Alone, the scene is much less heart-warming, and alone, it's just kind of sad. To ameliorate the pain, I stopped at the friendly Apple store, and I cruised along, looking at various new hardware. Nothing I needed, but maybe a trinket or two to assuage that lonely sense, exacerbated by the pretzel bits. Hot out of the mall oven, still, the food did little to palliate the experience. Here's the hot tip, straight from the food court at the mall: don't. If it hurts? Don't do it. If it is not a satisfactory feeling, experience, thing? Then don't. Simple advice for the current Aries conditions.

Taurus: The average woman uses [6](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qBruAooXPNU) pounds of lipstick in her lifetime. I was trying to imagine what six pounds of lipstick would look like. Maybe a couple of cubic feet of lipstick? Begs the question, is that lipstick in the case or out of the case? Does that include the little

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metal tube, plastic delivery device, whatever the manufacturer uses, the container. I have no idea. I'll suppose that lipstick goes on wet, or looks wet, and sometimes, it has sparkles in it, although, I'm pretty much a fool for that plain old red lipstick that women of certain age can wear. Nothing fancy, just the plain stuff. I'm unsure of where the division is, too, with what's too young to wear that bright red, and why, at a certain point in life, a woman just naturally fits into those lips. Or lip color. The way I see it, Taurus is a very sensual sign. It's matter of finding the right way to access and indulge those Taurus sentiments. I'm not sure if the color, shade or texture of lipstick is the best clue, but that's where I would start looking. Average women will use six pounds in a lifetime. I want to meet this average woman.

Gemini: One of the most remarkable futurists I've ever had the pleasure of working with is now a tenured college professor at a University in Texas. He works for part of the UT chain. However, I remember him for lucid moments under the cover of dark, when we discussed future trends. Made him a remarkable resource. As a professor, he's not in the business of predicting the future, he was merely extracting information from the "zeitgeist" and making abstractions. [Horoscopes](http://www.astrofish.net), to flip this around, are about predicting the future. However, like my professor buddy, it's matter of [looking back](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/) to [see what's up ahead](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). Quick, five point bullet slide presentation of the last five great Gemini trends in the last year. No, year's too long, Last month. Last three weeks, if you can. Five bullet points. Now, let's look past this coming weekend. Narrow those five bullet points, with lines and arrows, into three, no two, okay, three bullet points. Numbered, 1,2, 3. There. A plan of action. Three points that need attention now.

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Cancer: I was toying around with an [audio](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/diverup.mp3) [file](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/VirMercRX.mp3), some kind of modern-fusion-jazz thing. [Sample](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/MRX820.mp3). [Cut](http://www.astrofish.net/XElvis/Elvishasleft.AIFF). I was interested because it has an asynchronous type of beat. Not even, not steadied, not measured. Made the music hard for me to follow. Just when you think you're getting in the groove, the bass pauses, and the drummer changes directions. Problems. Means there's no real rhythm I can bop my head to, and as [Cancer Sun Sign](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/can.html)? No real beat for this week, either. In my case, maybe this is the best music for me as I am a straight white guy and as such, I have not the gift of rhythm. Way it goes -- it's cultural. I accept my limitations. But the beat goes on, and that's part of the problem in Cancer Land: no sustainable beat. Just when you think you're in the groove, the rhythm changes. Beat changes. Direction changes. Instead of getting used to a set of conditions, a certain beat, a familiar rhythm? Be ready for a change. Doesn't come when you think it should, part of that jazz-fusion-modern music element. Shift it will, just not when you anticipate it. However, now you know.

Leo: It's January. Texas weather is a fickle one. I'd bemoaned my sorry fate and how I never got a chance to fish anymore. Towards that end, I grabbed a couple of fishing poles and headed out towards a local lake, intent on fishing for something -- anything -- just to say I'd wet a line. I stopped at a bait shop. The minnow tanks were empty, the only bait to be had was worms. I tried them. Which explains how I was out on the shoreline of a Central Texas lake, in the middle of January, freezing cold in a raincoat and boots, watching a couple of lines in the water. I kept seeing action, so the fish were biting, of course, as [Leo](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/leo.html)

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[href="http://www.astrofish.net/store/"](http://www.astrofish.net/store/)>I can pick a good time to fish. Like now. Like this weekend. Like Monday and Tuesday of next week. I think I looked a little like a weird Goth Fisherman, all dressed in black, shivering every time I had to reset a line in the water. I spent most of that afternoon feeding fish. Little fish. Sunfish, Bluegills, and so forth. Perch. Hooks I was using were too big for their wee little mouthes, but those fish did dine sumptuously on my worms. Not that it matters, none of it really matters. What this is about is doing one symbolic task, one symbolic goal, taking steps to put your extra fine Leo self int he right place at the right time to make something happen. Show up. Fish. Set the right tone for the rest of the new year.

Virgo: One of my neighbors has a "street sweeper." That's, I think his is 12-gauge, sawed-off shotgun with pistol-like grip. In his case, the weapon is legal and registered, so I don't know how much is factory. I might be off on the terminology, as well, but that's a term I like to use when we're talking about weapons. It's kind of a fun weapon to play with if playing is out in desolate patch of unincorporated terrain, making big things small with rapid-fire buckshot. For me, it's just amusing to violently shot up innocent objects. The smell of cordite, powder burns and sometimes I'll catch a nail in a pistol's slide. Burn fingertips picking up spent shell casings. None of that matters, it's about having some kind of fun. Fun with a serious side to it. I doubt we'll ever need a street sweeper, not in earnest. But knowing that there's one handy? Makes for a more restful slumber. My buddy, his name is not "bubba," his toys are fun -- and more important? Useful. Toys, tools, call them what you will, as far as I'm concerned, the weapons are no more than powerful toys, that could, in a pinch, be used for self-defense. Or, I think he's got enough firepower, mount a small revolution. Concentrate. While we were having fun taking perfectly

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good targets and reducing them to shreds? Target practice requires concentration. Like this week. For Virgo. Stay locked on your target.

Libra: Best excuse I've heard in a while? "Cat fell asleep on the phone." Covers the contingencies, exigencies, and my last [cat](http://www.astrofish.net/XFree/cam.shtml)? She could easily cover a phone. Maybe even a regular handset, not just super-small trick phone. Then, too, that cat? If the phone rang, while she was asleep? Probably wouldn't bother her and the phone would go unanswered. Which was the point. Need a good excuse. Saturn is applying pressure in the middle of Libra and that means a good excuse will buy time. Won't get you out of the problem, not in the big picture, but for the rest of the days left on this scope? You just need to gain a little ground, a little breathing space, a little time. Which is what [I'm](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio) all about. [Helping](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) with what I can do while there's time and place to do this. Saturn's an ugly little taskmaster, and the task at hand is going to take a little longer than you originally planned. Solution? A good excuse, buy a little time, give your Libra self a chance for the details to get worked out. "Cat fell asleep on the phone."

Scorpio: For years, [Sun-Tzu's](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/0195014766/fishinguideto-20) "[Art of War](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/1934255122/fishinguideto-20)" was heavily referenced in popular media. Personally, I use several translations of the work "[Meditations](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/1438509480/fishinguideto-20)" by [Marcus Aurelius](http://www.astrofish.net/book/). What I liked about the "Art of War" references, was the mistake made. It wasn't a book. It was about two-dozen axioms engraved on sticks. The

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trick is in the interpreter's translation, with the special added bonus material. That's an example of a single text that's become a whole industry unto itself. Mars and the Sun playing together in [Aquarius](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.aquarius.html) creates a little tension for Scorpio. How much tension? Depends. Good tension, bad tension? What does it say about this kind of tension in the original text for *Art of War*? Then, what does it say in one of the hundred or even thousands of derivative texts that claim to be about the *Art of War*, but are really a particular translator's take on the material? Shading, tone, examples, lists, a small publishing subsidiary could survive on the variations alone. While I don't speak -- or read -- the original Chinese pictographs, I'm sure that a good translation is available. Still, the shading and tones are the critical factors. One way or another, the Aquarius contingent is pushing your buttons. How to deal with that? I'd suggest a side-by-side comparison of a couple of pieces from the *Art of War* by Sun-Tzu.

Sagittarius: It was a busy morning at this one taco place. I was having a leisurely breakfast. However, as I pointed out to my date, we were the only clearly anglo people in the place. "Kramer, you take me to the nicest places," was one comment, and "the food here is good," followed shortly thereafter. While I'm a huge fan of unusual dining, it never dawned on me that I was a minority in that neighborhood. Like that restaurant, I was clearly a big minority, me and the date, only white folk in a sea of beautiful brown. True, the indigenous population tends to be an ethnic mix, and true, other than me, there's probably no ethnic purity, and my personal belief is that the mixed roots people tend to be prettier, but none of this mattered. I was perfectly at home as a [stranger in a strange land](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/0441788386/fishinguideto-20). As a [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.sagittarius.html), this is where we shine, exploring

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the new, or being in place that is certainly new to some. Perhaps uncomfortable for some. Not for our Sagittarius selves, though. Explore the unknown. Be adventuresome. This is a good time, while Venus is still present, to help smooth over rough patches. Maybe, though, you're [just like me](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio), and [we don't care](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/).

Capricorn: There's a rather unusual Friday special at this one place. It's a little more than just a taco stand, which would suggest, it's not the kind of place I would frequent. Not enough "dive" atmosphere. On most Fridays, the special is "potato enchiladas." It's not what you think it is. Some kind of lightly spiced, haven't figured out what, but some kind mashed potatoes wrapped in red corn tortillas, then served under a heap of rather good salad. Then, the topping for that? The enchiladas have some light mole on them but the salad dressing is raspberry vinaigrette, and the presentation is also remarkable. The three potato enchiladas are arranged in a triangle with the rabbit food almost spilling over the plate. I always thought it was cheap shot until I tried that platter one time, and I was hooked. Fridays, when I'm in town, that's the place to be. Lunch time. Took even me by surprise, jaded soul that I am. Good stuff. Potato enchiladas. It's not what you think it is. Sums up the astrological energy this week, too. It's not what you think it is.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 2.3.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it."
Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* [V.i.89-90]

Venus moves into Capricorn, which means?

Aquarius: Timing is what's weird about this. I started writing a weekly scope because the size fit me. Right, Happy Birthday! Anyway, [ten years ago](http://www.astrofish.net/2000/01/1-3-2000/), I switched to a Thursday through Wednesday chart. Which is why I was looking at the timing. Last week, right as the charts shifted, Mars, Sun, Moon, lined up almost perfectly. It's the beginning of a new day. While I tend to observe such a planetary alignment as purely symbolic, there is a trend. Action is now required. [Click here](http://www.astrofish.net/about/), or some other call to action is required. Now. [Click](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), spend, spit, fill-in, fill-out, something. Anything. Maybe, how about, maybe, try all three? Or four? Whatever the "try now" offer is? With that kind of symbolic kick from Mr. Mars? Time to get going on one, two, three, maybe four or even five projects. Just jump. You're going to go every direction. Don't let that stop you. Try them all. We'll [sort out the details](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) later.

Pisces: Too much time in Austin: the hippie shake. There's a dance, and the way I usually see this kind of dance, it'll be in Austin (that's Austin, TX, live music capital of the world because, on any given night, there will good acts playing). The hippie shake is usually a guy, probably has long hair, might be in a ponytail, or often as not, a braid. Probably a

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distressed straw cowboy hat, and badly scuffed boots. White guy, usually, but it's not gender or ethnic specific.

He'll be dancing, probably all by himself, he'll be dancing with himself, and it's the hippie shake. For a white guy, he'll be remarkably fluid and rhythmic. The superfluidity might be caused by narcotics, uncontrolled substances, or just too much Jack and Coke. Or nothing. He could be high on life, although, I tend to favor the theory that suggests it's a chemically altered state. Austin, you know. The hippie shake as a bob and weave that can't be found in any other dance form that I'm familiar with, rock back on the heels, swing around, shimmy, shake, dodge and weave. Pony tail or braid flies out behind him as he spins around, generally cooking on various herbs and spices. That exact bob, weave, dance to the left, step to the right? Works. Works well in avoiding the bad stuff coming down and as a Pisces, you can just let this stuff slip right past you. Make it look like a dance, the hippie shake.

Aries: Jupiter is the lucky star. [Jupiter](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.sagittarius.html) is skating along in Aries now. That's good. [Saturn](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.capricorn.html) is a mean planet. Saturn is in Libra now, opposite you. One of those two will be a big influence in the next couple of days. Which one? I'm not sure. There's a third influence but I'd like to sit on that, for a few, select Aries, there's the approaching Pluto/Venus alignment. Looking at all three, I'd like to use the obvious symbolism from Pluto/Venus. Venus is nice, although a tension angle like this is tough. Then, combined with Pluto's force? This about digging up a past issue. A past thing, a past problem, long since dead and buried. You want to go out in the backyard, dig up that issue, and check it out. That's fine. You want to unearth a corpse that's been laid to rest for, looks like 7 years now? I'd offer you a shovel, but I don't want to help,

aid, assist or encourage that behavior. No digging up corpse, or long dead issues. You can do so privately, but not in a public way. Think about it, seven years now, shouldn't you just let that thing stay buried?

Taurus: Old farmer's advice: "It's easier to plow around the stump." Which, undoubtedly, reminds me a fishing metaphor, about that one stump in front of my place. In Austin, on the lake, the one stump that cost hundreds, maybe even thousands of dollars of damage to fishing gear over the years. Stump didn't move. Stump didn't care. Same as that farmer's advice. However, in my defense, I knew the stump was there, and I knew fish lurked behind it, so it wasn't like this was a complete surprise. Me, that farmer, and Taurus. You know the obstacle is there. You have a choice. You can be like me, always hanging expensive lures on stump that hasn't changed its location in decades, or you can follow the sage farmer's advice, plow around the stump. The obstacle, I seriously doubt it's a stump. Doesn't stop it from being a problem, though, and the way around the problem. Go around. Not through.

Gemini: "The last time I dumped my boyfriend?" I nodded and listened to a certain Gemini. "That last time, it took two whole boxes of chocolates. Then, I had to go shopping. All new outfits, see?" I nodded, best thing to do when listening to a Gemini. "Then, I had to get new make-up. It's a whole new me!" I nodded some more. This was a break-up predicated on a Mercury Retrograde pattern, and if I consulted with the boyfriend, I'd found out that he didn't do anything, and he didn't take it serious. However, I wasn't listening to him, I was listening to the effusive and ebullient Gemini. "Know what his real problem is?" I nodded. "he doesn't know how to deal with relationship stress, not like me." Shopping, chocolate, shopping. I'd have to agree, Gemini's got a good

point. I'd gone fishing. But that's me, and I'm not a Gemini. The stress factors are there in Gemini. It's how you deal with these stress factors. Chocolate and new make-up don't work for me. But I'm not a Gemini. At least one fishing buddy is going to say, "I don't get it." Then he's heading to the big Bass Pro Shop to see what's on sale. See what I mean? Who says we don't know how to deal with stress, whether it's from a relationship or some other issue?

Cancer: A Cancer girl I know, last time I saw her, it was just like this, I mean, it was the same effect as Pluto/Venus (Capricorn) square Jupiter (Aries) Square/Oppose Cancer. She'd been out partying the night before. Instead of cleaning up, she just drug herself into the [showroom](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) to see me. Looked like warmed over spit. I mean, that's what she said she looked like. To me, she appeared a little disoriented and slightly disheveled, sort of like an unmade bed that needed two bodies in it to make the picture complete. Our minds just took on in completely different directions. Not what this is about. What it's about is the way she said she felt, what she looked like, and what the general appearances were. After she left, a buddy of mine snickered and said something about what he wanted to do with her. She didn't feel well -- too much liquor the night before. Her (Cancer) perception was that she didn't look well, either. To get such a compliment from my buddy? She was doing all right. It's about what you look like versus how you feel and that's all wrapped up with what we perceive. Just because you don't feel so hot? That doesn't mean someone doesn't think you're very hot.

Leo: One of my Leo friends is very camera shy. Not a normal Leo characteristic, that's for sure. No, she just doesn't like being on film, or digital film, or whatever. She does well on radio, but in person? Just one of her least favorite things to do. Pose for a camera. Me? [Not a](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/ElPasoWS.mov)

problem. News crew shows up and I'm there. I'll volunteer. I don't mind being a goofball on national TV. Done it before, and I'll likely do it again. Fun stuff, but [I'm silly Sagittarius](http://astrofish.net/xenon). Not a mighty Leo. Who shouldn't be afraid of cameras, but there you have it. It's just the last time Mars was opposite her Leo self? My friend? No time to prepare, quick, she was shoved in front of TV cameras for a special deal. While any publicity and especially good publicity is supposed to be warmly welcome? Not so much, from my Leo friend. Mars. Mars is opposite again. I won't say it's because you're camera shy, but whatever idiosyncrasies you have? Or irrational fears? Doesn't much matter what it is, there's it is, in your face. You can run, but you can't hide. Seriously, a Leo afraid of the camera. That's just weird.

Virgo: I passed a newspaper machine, and I glanced at the headlines. One side bar item, on the front page, was curious. "Development threatens Florida Panthers." My first reaction, obvious enough, I was worried about all those single moms who were turning a certain age and acting predatory. Panthers, isn't that what they're called? Turns out I was wrong. The article was about the way "civilization" was encroaching on the environs of the natural big cats. Wasn't anything at all about suburban single moms cruising for younger men. I was sorely disappointed. Way it goes. I can't always be right, but I was properly amused at the way my mind took a headline and spun that information into a completely different scenario. With only the barest of facts, perhaps just a snippet of conversation, or maybe, you read something bite-sized in a glance, maybe there was something, like I said, I picked mine up by glancing at newspaper headlines. Source is part of the problem and [interpretation](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) is the other part. Usually good at details, I'm just saying there's an immediate problem. Could be a simple transliteration of facts, like I did.

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Libra: Saturn serves as a measure. A measure of time, a measure of cycles, and a measure of place. It's about stopping and assessing where we are, in our Libra cycle, where we want to be, and how we would like to get there. There's a long-term benefit from a unique corner of the sky: Aries. Jupiter is currently traversing the tropical sign of Aries, that little quadrant in the sky. Choose. Choose carefully. Stop and assess directions, goals, and methods of obtaining those goals. Saturn is trying to make getting to your goals difficult. Jupiter is an angel. Jupiter brings some good grease with him. Locally, tamales are a labor-intensive culinary work of art. The best tamales have some lard in them. It's grease and glue that helps hold the corn meal (masa) together. It's flavor. It adds texture and makes the tamales really tender in the microwave with their age-old corn-husk microwaveable wrapping. Can't have too many. But a few are okay, even good. It's all about the balance point. I've got a dozen leftover [Xmas tamales](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=1537) in the freezer. The trick is to just eat a couple. How to get there, from here, with minimal damage. Saturn is the voice saying, "No!" Jupiter suggests maybe, just one or two? Might be the perfect way to deal with this.

Scorpio: There's always one, and I wonder, is going to be you? Are [you the Scorpio](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) who is bound and determined, resolutely convinced that your way is the only avenue? Right to the point of not being able to see any other possibilities? So right that you might be wrong, but you're blind to see where you might be at fault? I'd also think this is a lot less about "right" and "wrong," and it's lot more about shades of gray, but there's a single point that you've been sticking to, unforgiven. I always like my Scorpio friends: friends for life, and that means, in Scorpio language, friends from a past life, this life and next lifetime, too. I always say, "Don't piss off a Scorpio," but that's just hard-won experience.

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Vindictive, they are. You are. Stop, this isn't about that issue. It's about a single point where you are so sure you're right, and I'm not saying you're wrong, but I'd suggest you look at it again. "If you can't be right, [be wrong at the top of your voice](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/1434805751/fishinguideto-20)!" that doesn't look good, and it's not a true Scorpio sentiment. All I'm suggesting with Mars, Sun, etc., all that in Aquarius? Maybe stop and think about it, review the data, before you assume that this is the only way. It might be right. Might not. You judge.

Sagittarius: Catch me at the [right time](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) -- or according to some, the wrong time -- and I'm quite the talker. I can [lecture at length](http://www.BareFootAstrology.com) about several different topics. Texana, Bass Fishing, Coastal Flats Fishing, Inshore, Offshore, and sometimes, I can go at length about topic about which I have no first-hand experience. I'd like to think this is a Sagittarius quality. There's difference between rhetoric, that is, artfully using words and arguments to persuade particular point, and just mindless verbiage used to fill dead space. In as much as we all want to talk about it? Especially now? Not a good idea. Stick to the point. Stick the issue, and if we hit a spot where our Sagittarius selves don't know anything? STFU. Simple as that. A closed (Sagittarius) mouth gathers no feet.

Capricorn: I hate this, end of January, early February, we get a couple of days when it looks miserable outside. Don't get me wrong, it's really not that cold, just looks bad. Awful. Looks cold and gray, like the sun will never shine again, and the moisture seeps into everything. Last week of January, or thereabouts, we had a week of this stuff. Just miserable. I was stuck inside, for what seemed like forever. No afternoon walks to meet a client, no afternoons fishing, nothing. The gray clouds lowered right down on my head made me feel even worse.

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Venus is in Capricorn, and by the end of this scope, Venus will align with Pluto. "So that's a bad thing, right?" I think differently about [these kinds of a planetary alignments](http://www.astrofish.net/store/), I tend to see the bright side. While I was stuck inside, I had a chance to get caught up on some cleaning I've been meaning to attend to. I'm not really a clean guy. I'm tidy, not clean. There's a minute difference. So it was along the lines of tidying up instead of outright cleaning. However, as you might surmise, I stumbled across a half-read historical text I've been looking for, and I've been meaning to dig back into the history I was reading about. Something lost is now found, and the apparent cold, gray skies are all but forgotten, now that there's a new (old) project to work with.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 2.10.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"To business that we love we rise betime
And go to it with delight."

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* [IV.iv.20]

Great (literary) lovers, Antony and Cleopatra. Rock on, perfect for St. Valentine's Day. "Wedding rings and shotguns on sale now" as the [sign](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2001/05/pernian-basin/) says.

Aquarius: As the Sun lines up with Neptune, as we start thinking about closing out Aquarius, we have to consider that Mars is still a player. I've always liked Mars, as an astrologer, as the symbolism is clear and plain. It's an easy planet for me to interpret. "Oh yeah," by Yellow. Made famous in "Ferris Bueller," as a pop culture sideline. That music, that one song, it has a deceptively smooth bass line, and that's what I like. There's speed, anxiety, a velvet bass line that smooths everything over, but still, it maintains that strident beat. Pushing ever forward. There's a slightly confused, almost directionless, yet ever relentless type of energy pulsing, pushing and propelling Aquarius forward. Oh yeah.

Pisces: Palpable anticipation, a full moon, and it's a wild ride! Lot of data in a short space. Just about covers it all, too. You are in a good position to reap some results for some of your good works. One of the old fishing tricks, this isn't new, but one of the oldest tricks [in the book](http://www.astrofish.net/book/)? Day-old bread. Stale, maybe with a little mold on it? Old bread. I would buy it at the bakery reject store, but that bread is still good. However, I did

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find a huge deal, perfect for this at the dollar store. Three loaves of bread for a buck. I think there might be mold on the bread. I don't care.

I have, well, I have many, but this one spot is a great place to fish, but it's slightly over fished. So what I'll do, one afternoon, I'll go out and throw those loaves of bread in the water. My deer hunting buddies use deer corn, same idea. Then, as we get closer to the holiday? I'll go out again. The bread, stale, otherwise trash, that attracts little fish. Little fish attract big game fish. Everyone wins. Before the weekend? Stale bread. Deer corn. Or some type of attractant. Then? Starting next Monday? Happy hunting!

Aries: As a [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/), that's me, what I found, when Jupiter is in a certain sign, like Jupiter is in Aries now, what happens is that I get more popular with Aries. What I've seen happen, is there is an influence -- a huge Sagittarius influence -- that happens with all the signs and Jupiter. For the foreseeable future, this is in Aries. You like us Sagittarius types. With the romantic holiday around the corner, maybe this isn't so good. Sagittarius and its influences, we're fine folks, excellent friends, amusing compatriots, but we're not the best romantic liaison. [Fair warning](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint/). That's the problem associated with the good luck planet, in your sign (Jupiter in Aries), it brings that heady rush of promise, but lacks delivery. Aries can be a little short on follow-up energy, part of being a [Cardinal Fire Sign](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.aries.html), and with this Sagittarius/Jupiter drive-influence? Can make you more scattered. As the holiday weekend arrives? Watch, or watch out, for long promises with short delivery.

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Taurus: I've got a couple of CDs by a local artist. He's a Taurus, actually, and when I first saw him on stage, I loved his delivery. It was -- he is -- it's an Austin music kind of thing. Event. Singer/songwriter. Couple of his CDs did well enough on a local level, but he's just never been translated to major-label, major exposure. Then, one afternoon in Austin, I was eating in a little place I used to enjoy for its relaxed (Austin) ambience, and this guy walks in. He's got a stringy young girl hanging off his arm, and she's looking a little worse for the wear. She had that, "I haven't been home in three days but I've been partying with a rockstar" look about her. Something about the clothes, something about the way she was hanging on his arm, and something, it was across the restaurant, so I couldn't tell for sure, but she seemed to laugh at his every comment. He smiled a crooked-teeth smile. They sat in a booth, both on the same side. Now, digging into his online file, he's married, was married, to her, at that time. However, that afternoon? I kept thinking he ought to lose the groupie, as that was what she appeared to be. The problem we're all facing, here in Taurus land, is judgement from afar, and what we know is good. Judgmental astrologers? Don't listen to them. If you're happy? That's all that matters. Last time I checked, they were still married.

Gemini: I looked up a particular "one hit wonder" band. Stuck the name in a search engine and I found that the band had a deep catalog of music. Alternative New-Wave Synth-Pop. Three word definition that covers two hyphenated terms, maybe five words. I could add Euro, Disco, and Trash, in some combination or just as additional modifiers. So here's a band that has more labels than hits. More descriptive terms than actual music. I was impressed by the deep list of material released later, however, after the one hit? Never charted again, not in the US, the UK, or anywhere. More monikers than music. More terms to describe the material -- and less material to be described. This sort of fragmentation has happened <a href="http://www.astrofish.net/

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book/">elsewhere, too. I just see it in the music business. There are more subculture genres of music than bands. More ways to describe and stratify the music than extant tracks to be categorized. Being able to infinitely define something, label, name it, stick in its appropriate location under a title, subtitle, genus, species, phylum? All very good. As a Gemini, though, don't get caught spending too much time over-thinking the issue. Like more ways to describe the band, the music, than the amount of music produced.

Cancer: One of my older promotional stickers had a quote, "The biggest problem with astrology is astrologers." Which, as I found out, is too true. Why I've opted for a slightly different title, as a "Fishing Guide to the Stars." While I was looking at the Cancer's chart wheel, I noticed, Pluto/Venus opposite you and Jupiter/Saturn square you. Tension angles. Not the best of times, but there's a way around this energy. Steal a line from me. "The biggest problem with (astrology) is (astrologers)." Take that and insert your own problem area and then, practitioners who seem to be making the situation worse instead of better. Like this, "The biggest problem with getting your car fixed is mechanics." So that example didn't flow well. You get the idea, right? The problem isn't astrology, or astrologers, or even decent shady-tree truck mechanics, I know a few of them, no, the problem with Cancer's chart is going it alone. Experts are nice. Experts, especially like myself, we're good at some things. Experts are not what you need. This is time, with all that planet energy kind of "leaning" on you, this is a time to go it alone. Limp on down the road, face the starry night bereft of my guidance, make do with what you've got. Alone. Here's the deal, I'm saving you a costly mistake.

Leo: A the end of this scope, Neptune and the Sun will align, almost perfectly.

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Can't see it, daytime thing. This creates illusion. This is compounded by Mars, opposite you. Mercury, too, just to make the mix a little more, ahem, interesting. With all this stuff cooking along in Aquarius, what's a good Leo to do? What Would The Leo Do? I should patent that. Put that on one of those rubber band bracelets. Huh. Anyway, the trick with Neptune and the Sun? As this energy intensifies? That idea, some idea, it's a great idea. However, I have to ask, did you follow through with all the details? What would be worse, you get a box with about ten thousand of those little bracelets, and you forgot to figure a distribution channel. The most common [comment](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2009/08/two-meat-tuesday-38/)? "I'll just figure it out later." I'll be as gentle as I can, but that won't work. What? Being gentle won't work, so I'll be more plain. Putting it off until later won't work. Have to think it through, the whole way through. Can't just hit the parts you like, it's a whole package. Otherwise, like me, you wind up with a box of useless rubber bands. "Oh, I'll figure that part out later," that's the part that doesn't work. Instead, start figuring before you order.

Virgo: Chocolate, coffee and cocaine. The three words, really, I was thinking about the chemical compounds, the active ingredients, and where those three organic compounds originated, all from South America. In varying degrees, the compounds are useful medically, scientifically and socially. There's also a healthy dose of escapism in each of those compounds. I don't know, other than academically, the appeal of chocolate or cocaine, but [coffee](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/2010/08/espresso-2/)? My coffee proclivities are well-known. From what I've read, and overheard, as I understand it, all three are highly addictive. I don't know about two of them, but coffee? I can quit anytime I want. Just not now. Maybe I'll just cut back, a little. Although, I've already done that. Look: it's the big, romantic holiday. Everyone is all hearts and flowers and chocolate,

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and little plump children sprouting wings and armed with tiny bows and arrows. I'm not sure what the connection is, or what the message is. For me, true love is [coffee](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/02/the-leo/). Varies from person to person, but I'm sure one of the compounds listed will work to help ease your way through the next few days. I'm just suggesting, though, that the least harmful is what's best.

Libra: It's the weirdest items that carry huge emotional attachments. As we get closer to the [romantic holiday](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2009/02/vd/), it's that weird time, and you're feeling weirder than usual. In part this is lineup of planets parading through [Aquarius](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.aquarius.html). In part, though, this is also a function of Saturn's reign in your sign. Backwards Saturn, in your sign. Poor Libra! The big gifts, the two-carat rock I saw on one Libra's finger, that's a big item with, relatively speaking, little sentimental attachment. The lover who was attached to that rock is long gone by the wayside, but the rock remains. No emotional attachment. Flip that around, there's an almost silly gift, it was a little iPod Shuffle, not much more than a matchbook, not very expensive and, at best a mere bauble. However, that mere bauble carries more memories and the fact that it can be used to [listen](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/VirMercRX.mp3) to [music](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/MRX820.mp3), over and over again? Much more emotional attachment in the simplest of gifts. On-off button, and a volume control (it's one of the old ones), cost? I daresay it as less than \$50. Less than a [reading with me](http://www.astrofish.net/store/), for sure. Just for a comparison. So it's not about the cost, the size, of the gift, it's about what emotions, fond and loving emotions are packed into the item. With Saturn, and that Aquarius influence, it's not about stuff. It's about feelings.

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Scorpio: Included somewhere in my [fine print \(terms of service, End User License Agreement, privacy policy\)](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint/), there's a "No Star Trek re-enactments." I think that's the rule. Might be something else. However, and my Science Fiction will be upset, it could also be a reference to Star Wars (the epic saga), which, if you listen to the two, their world never cross paths and they are very different. Only, at one point, I begin to see common ground. Not in the worlds in which the stories are told, but in the grander thematic elements. I'm about common elements, and one point, this type of fiction is myth-making. It's also all about Outer Space. Which is what's going on. There's a curious feeling that pervades as the Sun and Neptune get closer to lining up with each other. That sense is that there's an element from Outer Space making its way into the Scorpio life. Cue up whichever you prefer, Star Wars or Star Trek. Fish a little symbolism out of that milieu. I'd be careful though, as I don't want you take this too far. Please, there's a message in the media, but no Star Wars re-enactments. Please. Think of the children.

Sagittarius: There's a drop off, an underwater drop, in this one lake, a place where an old creek cut a deep ravine. Fishing the face of that drop off, just one time, I caught a couple of fish, right there, at the edge. I'd drop a weighted line down along the face of that ravine. Boom! However, that was just once. Because I caught fish there once, I keep going back and I keep hoping that I'll repeat the process. I was highly successful once, reading the water, the water temperature, the little depth finder in the boat, just once did theory, study, applied fish knowledge, just once did it all come together. [Pictures are on the website](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/index.html), someplace. I kept going back to that place for several years, kept trying to repeat the luck. That's the tricky thing about luck, can't

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always make the magic happen more than once. Which is why it's called "magic" and not skill. Luck's a funny thing, like that. With Jupiter making a strong, good angle to us Sagittarius types, there's a warning and a wish. The wish is for more luck like that one time. The warning is not spend too much time drifting back over something that worked one time, but in ten more tries, hasn't worked again. Doesn't mean when I'm on that lake next month? Doesn't mean I won't stop there and fish for a little while. Against my own [advice](http://www.astrofish.net/store/).

Capricorn: I was sipping on some coffee, it was an Xmas gift, a two-pound bag of Texas Coffee Traders *Italian Roast*. Love that stuff. The beans are oily, and the coffee, when prepared the way I like it? That oil gets transferred into the coffee. Essential coffee oils and the flavor characteristics and it's just very good. I'm guessing, from a [Capricorn](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.capricorn.html), that the beans were roasted right before Xmas and as of now, they are at the end of their truly useful life-cycle. However, those beans were good. Not just good, but excellent. It's like falling in love, all over again, as the sweet, slightly bitter and acrid coffee rolls around the palate. The coffee itself, I usually prepare it in a "French Press," and although glass is better, I like the insulating qualities of a metal (insulated) pot. The oil seems to slid off the tongue and coat it with the thinnest covering of flavor. The coffee evokes images of rich, dark chocolate, as there's a hint of that in the flavor. Not really chocolate, but I lack the words to come up with a different analogy. So I use the concept of rich, dark chocolate as the imagery. Chemically, the two are quite similar, the active ingredients in chocolate (cacao) and coffee (coffee beans). That's exactly what this is about Not quite as good as chocolate, but close. Stop. Need to relax for a little while. Stop. Have a cup of coffee. Make some fresh coffee so it's good. Stop.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 2.17.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope."

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* [II.ii.207-8]

Aquarius: At the very beginning of this scope, right when Mercury, Mars, Neptune and the Sun all sort of roll around and influence each other? Full-Moon party, all of that, when it hits? Get out a (brand of indelible felt-tip marker), and grab something to make a mark on, like paper. Grab that marker and dream the dream, think big, then double it, one last time, for good measure, just to make sure that the wish/dream/Aquarius Vision is large enough. Go for the maximum that you can think of, make it big, and that wish? Marked with one of those markers that can't be erased. Here's what will happen, the sun slides into Pisces, the full moon is over, and people are getting cranky. Not all people, just most of the folks that you have to deal with which is going to create the problems. From smooth sailing and big wish to me suggesting not everyone is on the same page, the same wavelength, the same ideal as you? That really isn't news, but how you choose to deal with it? That's why I was suggesting that dream you dreamed at the beginning? That's why I told you to use ink that's permanent. Keep your eyes set on that goal. Don't assume that you're just going to wake up and have it happen, magically. However, ink that can't be erased? Why we used that. Keep looking at that goal (dream) and keep taking steps towards it. It's not [as far away](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/2010/09/red-arrow/) as you think.

Pisces: Happy birthday to my fine Pisces friends. Best of your new year, coming along! Problems? Yeah, there are 11 other signs. Of that,

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10 out of the 11 of the other signs fail to understand that it's Pisces Birthday Time, and as such, should be reverentially (and with much felicity) celebrated. It's about how you choose to interact with the rest of us. I'd suggest caution. Maybe that big stick? Sure, you've heard the expression, "Poke it with a big stick?" Or "Wouldn't want poke it with a big stick?" That big stick. Use a long pole, maybe a ten-foot pole would be best.

The kind of ten-foot pole I'm thinking about? It's one of those that's commonly used for cleaning swimming poles. Middle of the winter, not in use around here, or anywhere, much, not these days. However, that aluminum ten-foot pole? Feels kind of thin-walled and flimsy? That's exactly what I'm suggesting you use when you approach anyone who is a non-Pisces, or part of that group of about ten signs that are not interacting well with your excellent birthday self? Flimsy, ten-foot pole. As in, "I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole." Still, find that correct sign? Then you two are good to party. The only problem is the other ten signs. You've been warned, now go have some fun. Carefully.

Aries: The first fork, according to either myth or archeology, the first fork is *circa*, 1100 AD. In Italy. Forks are handy, if you ask me. I need two utensils for eating, and fork is one of them. The other is a knife as I can use the back side of the blade like a spoon, but I certainly need something to help me [cut my meat](http://www.astrofish.net/book). Works for me. The fork, two, three or more tines? Handy for sticking, spearing, poking, tenderizing, aerating, and so forth. Those crafty Italians? Good idea. Now, the worst part of this fork trivia is that it is, from what I've seen, undocumented lore. Can't say for sure. I'm sure there's some basis for the claim, but I'm not all that sure I can believe everything I read on the inter-webs. Which is why I was addressing a fork, as the first part of this question. There's an expression, born out of years

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with BBQ masters, a way to tell if something is done. Stick a fork into it. In case the message isn't clear? My excellent little Aries friend? Stick a fork into it, see if the item that you were working, see if its done. Stick a fork in it.

Taurus: There was a loud banging on the trailer's door. One of my neighbors was there, a slim, petite, svelte Taurus. "Hey, are you free later? I need a reading." I looked up and down. Warm jacket, wool cap, tight jeans, feet in flip-flops? "Yes, are you crazy?" I pointed at her bare-ass toes as she shivered once for effect. "Pedicure. I'm going to get a pedicure, right now, can I see you later?" Sure. Sure you can see me later, that's what nice about having a neighbor who is an astrologer, just stop on by and get a [quick reading](http://www.astrodish.net/store/). I was taken aback by the bare feet in the cold weather. It was one of those blustery, cold January mornings when it feels like the there is no break -- or no brake -- from the arctic all the way down here. Cold wind, trailers rocking on their cinderblocks. The cold is relative thing. The idea that there's something you must do, like a pedicure -- or some other task that is similar in importance to a Taurus? You have something. I might mock you, or I might try to mock you, but I won't be very successful.

Gemini: At the very end of this horoscope, Mars bumps (and grinds) into [Pisces](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.pisces.html). Doesn't quite get to a whole degree of Pisces at the end of the chart I used to make [my prognostications](http://www.astrodish.net/store/). I'm thinking about one Gemini a girl born in May, and she's going to be the one who comes unglued. Rant. Rave. Angry? Oh yeah, and then some Every Gemini I know goes to -- at least -- 11. One a scale of one to ten. Yes, I realize it's an overworked expression from a different generation. But that's what this is like. What I need to make clear, though this is a single Gemini who's coming unglued,

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unhinged, and basically going nuts. Off the deep end. Highly agitated. The rest? If you're not at that one particular point and if Mars, Pisces, Mercury doesn't line up and push that Gemini "play" button? Then you're safe. It's less about big stuff and more about attending to some little details that you thought you could get away from. Short form: can't. Longer form, can't get away from the details that need your Gemini attention.

Cancer: It's after the VD holiday, and that means it's that spring is around the corner. In parts of South Texas, winter has worn off already. Not totally, but close enough. I'm thinking wildflowers along the side of the road in parts of southern most portions of Texas. I know parts of the country are still in the grip of winter and frozen wastes, but I've seen native flowers start this early. It's a matter of looking. It's a matter of looking. It's a matter of opening your Cancer eyes, and looking at the obvious, signs, symbols and portents around you. You see silage and burnt, dry brittle roadside verge, covered with thin, dead grass. Me? I'm seeing the shoots of the new spring, already sprouting, south of here.

Leo: It's all about delivery. There's a workshop presenter that I know, I've seen him do his thing, at least once or twice, and <http://www.BareFootAstrology.com> as a presenter, he's smooth. Eloquent, elegant, good message, and most of all, smooth delivery. There are no interruptions. No, "uh," "oh," "ah," and "hmm." No pauses, except when timed for dramatic effect. I suspect, although he looks like he's speaking extemporaneous, my suspicion is he's practiced and I suspect, he's been <http://www.astrofish.net/store/> coached. Directed. Edited. My weekly missive suffers from the same problem. I've done it for so long, I miss the direction. My faults and foibles are my own. As a Leo, as The Leo, you'll join me on the assumption of faults. They are our own. However, as an astrologer,

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what I'd suggest, as long as we're using this example? That speaker who is so smooth? Practice. Rehearse. Get an outside observer to make suggestions on how to fine tune that wonderful Leo delivery. Then rehearse one more time, after you've made the adjustments. This isn't going to cure all that ails the Leo in the next five ays, next three days, but that kind of practice will serve you well, even though, I'm sure, you're going to have to wing it at some point. They never follow the script completely.

Virgo: Last week, I was thinking about fishing. Thinking about taking [one or two week-day](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) afternoons and heading to a spot on local lake. Thought about it. Looked at the weather, we'd had some rain largely, and even though the afternoon looked pleasant enough to be outside, I had to consider where I was going to be fishing -- on the shore, alongside this one lake, fairly nice spot, open area, not too much boat or vehicular traffic, almost qualifies as secluded. Except, recent rains? Ground would be moist. Water-soaked. Like the water table and the surface of the shoreline coincide. Water-logged shoreline. Mud, sparse turf, more mud, sandy loam combined with too much water, and, believe it or not, little gnats. The gnats are born in the water-logged shoreline and breed like vermin, then annoy me when I'm trying to fish. I spend more time swatting the gnats, almost no-see-ums. You know, I've just about talked my self out going both afternoons. However, I did go one afternoon. Results are probably on the website someplace. However, I had to wash off a pair of sport sandals that were caked in mud and the insects that don't bite, did. As this week gets underway, is the aggravation and expense worth the trip?

Libra: Between two major influences, that would Saturn and Jupiter, I was wondering what you should charge. First off, let me clear about this: I have no body ink. No tattoos. None. Always thought about a "red

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and blue tattoo on the muscle of my arm says Ft. Worth I love you," but no, I never did it. I'm [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/), I have trouble deciding what art work would be best. Then, since I waited too long, it wouldn't be a tattoo, just an example of some middle-aged guy trying to recapture youth. Better I should date young girls. That, too, not happening. Dating some woman who's about half my age just looks sad, to me. All of this gets around to what you should charge. I have a buddy works in tattoo shop. It's kind of a swank, a little on the upscale side of Austin kind of place. When I asked, see, it varied from artist to artist, and the situation, too. Prices vary. On a slow night? Artwork that would normally cost several hundred dollars? That would cost a lot less. Some of the work is a strict hourly rate. Other designs are a set price, a dragon is so much, a large landscape scene might run hundreds or even thousands of dollars. All depends. This isn't about tattoos. This is about Libra, and how much should you charge. On a busy night? Or say it's a drunken fool who wants something stupid across a body part? Like I suggested, price varies.

Scorpio: New term, not sure this will fly, but I'll try -- Dramatrix. It's like a dominatrix, only, this is a person who doesn't use whips and chains, more commonly rope and restraints, but this kind of person doesn't use that. Instead, there's an accelerated level of drama, almost a hyper-sense of the dramatic. Having spent much of my life in the thrall of the theater, what with my fascination with Shakespeare's canon and so forth, I understand the proper use of theatrical energy. That's the problem and it's a simple case, either this is Scorpio, or it is someone you encounter this week. I'd define as the use of punishing or even painful dramatic touches to coerce a person into doing something that the person would rather not do. It's painful and potentially scarring. Some this kind be social, too, and it starts with a simple, "OMG, you are SO not going to believe this..." Other clues that

it's a dramatrix? Tears, wailing, gnashing of teeth, fist beating, chest beating, exaggerated sighs. I'm sure you get the picture. Either this is you, or, it could be someone set out to manipulate a Scorpio. Consider yourself warned and advised to watch it this week.

Sagittarius: "Dude, she is so HOT," and I can't ever hope to express the pronunciation and stress on that last word, "hot." It was drawn out, making it about three syllables longer than need be. It was like there was a whole other sentence tacked on to the end of what he said. It was just another Sagittarius, and he was describing a relationship, or relationship he desired, or a relationship that he hoped might transpire, or one that was active in his brain, whether it had a basis in the real world. Or not. Personally, I didn't find the female in question any more or less temperate than other females in attendance. I asked. It was a Sagittarius/Gemini thing. "No man, we got that hole love/hate thing going on. She totally digs me." The girl rolled her eyes, "No more Sagittarius. Ever again." I've [written](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) about this, so I'm not going to belabor a point. In this situation, though, the Sagittarius exuberance was certainly unmatched by the opposing party. That's also the message about the way week unfolds. Next seven days, "She totally digs me," opposed to that roll of the eyes, "Cold day in hell, buddy."

Capricorn: My ears are pierced, both sides, two holes in the right, one in the left. The left was "brotherhood" thing, like an initiation. Come to think of it, all the piercings were initiations, a "brotherhood" type of event. Sentimentally, it feels like the sailer issue, only, this was in the middle of the desert, so it's kind of hard to call it sailor thing. No water. Lots of beach, just no water. However, the feeling is the same. I've forgotten about one of the ears for so long, I had to check, thinking that the hole might've grown back. It didn't. For years, I had what looked like a diamond stud in my left ear. Wanted to look like

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sailor. Not a big enough stud to look like a professional artist or athlete. I bought the stud-set, it was really a six-pack, of Cubic Zirconium ear studs, for about five dollars. Five bucks, six earrings, and they get pulled out, lost, misplaced. Doesn't matter, not at that price. The first time I lost a cheap stud like that? I wondered how it happened. After a while, though, I quite wondering. It's cheap, I bought in bulk, and the effect was what was desired, looked like I had diamond stud. As a Capricorn, what you're looking for is simple, easy way to make it look like you've got an expensive adornment. However, like me, can't be afraid to lose the items. It's all about cheap solutions that look rich.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 2.24.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"He is a very serpent in my way."

Shakespeare's *King John* [III.ii.71]

With the advent of [Pisces](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.pisces.html), I just thought this might be good. All based on a single song for each sign. A peek inside the [astrofish.net's](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/) [iPod](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001FA1018/fishinguideto-20).

Pisces: ["For Those About To Rock \(We Salute You\)..." AC/DC](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00008WT5G/fishinguideto-20), with its distinctive lead vocals. Perfect tune to kick off Pisces time. Part of the reason this is the most perfect tune for my little Pisces friends is the odd nature of that lead singer's vocal delivery, screaming, screeching, and yet tightly controlled. Not exactly the most melodic of overtures to make, but I needed a rock anthem to get you going. While the taxonomy of the band varies between Heavy Metal and Rock'n'Roll, the basic beat to that song puts it plainly in the "rock" camp. Basic 4/4 beat, driving, loud guitars and so forth. All good. The 21-gun salute? I'd be a little bit careful, as Mars is in your sign. It's okay if you're saluted, but if you're handling the firearms? Extra caution, as Mars makes you little trigger happy. You're about to rock, and I salute you, Pisces.

Aries: 80's Disco made a comeback, and thankfully, most of it is gone again. That New-Wave music came at the intersection of crass commercial appeal, and the new medium, TV (MTV). The B-52's were (are?) a band from that era, pop with tight vocals, the song I kept

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thinking about, hearing in my head as I was looking at your chart? ["Song for a Future Generation."](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00123B6ZM/fishinguideto-20) The obvious hook, for me, and why I was thinking about this, various characters introduce themselves into the song, "Hi, I'm Cindy and I am a Pisces. I like Hot Tamales and Chinese Noodles."

While I'd like to think about their song, ["Love Shack,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001LZ0UGM/fishinguideto-20) the title and the inherent theme with the first song is more appropriate for Aries. Keep looking at possibilities. Last time I listened, without looking at the lyrics, I counted four different characters. The one I always like? "Hi, I'm Keith, and I'm a Scorpio from Athens, GA. I like to find the essence from within." I counted, the last time I looped that song, about four or five options that were musically presented. Think. Aries, you got options. Why settle for just one? Shop. Think. Test and try. (Personally, I think Aries should stay away from the Scorpio, but that's [just me](http://www.astrofish.net/book/).)

Taurus: I've got one song in mind for Taurus, some Ska, or reggae, or even, one cut in my iTunes calls it "alternative." Since the machine can't figure out what it is, I'll leave the definition up to you and your extra-fine Taurus sensibilities. ["Ghost Town,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B0015PVAQ2/fishinguideto-20) by The Specials. I suppose, with its lingering instrumental licks, it really is Ska, from a certain era, in the UK. But that's merely a guess, on my part. The song itself is kind of sad, with, at times, a dirge-like atmosphere. The elegiac quality, sort of sets a somber tone. Scorpio Moon sets just the same kind of tone. However, the Moon's phase shifts and things begin to lighten up, even if we can't seem to decide what kind of music this is.

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[exec/obidos/ASIN/B0015PVAQ2/fishinguideto-20](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B0015PVAQ2/fishinguideto-20)"
target="blank">"Ghost Town," with its lanky guitar riffs, a lonely
horn section, and spartan lyrics, leaves an empty feeling. Although, is it
really that bad? Are things so <a href="http://www.amazon.com/exec/
obidos/ASIN/B001YXWAB4/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">dire
in Taurus? Not really. There's been a little lift, only, it's not where you
expected it to originate from. This town is sort of like a ghost town.
Yes? No. Well, starts out that way, but changes.

Gemini: <a href="http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/
B000S4TL1M/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">"Ace of Spades."
Motörhead. Two minutes. Forty-seven seconds. Perfect Gemini song for
what's going on, astrologically. Crank it up. Loud and proud. Louder.
Screaming guitar, banging drum. Not much artistry. Who cares? While
the music itself is solid, the way it is oft-repeated, sometimes, you
know, you could never tell if they were in tune, in sync -- or not -- the
band makes noise. Gemini, just like the band, make noise. As it stand
now, rock music historians claim that this was THE band that
revitalized metal, fusing punk and heavy metal into a more traditional
format. Listening to the music now? Just raucous rock and roll, the
louder, the better.

Cancer: <a href="http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/
B0012ECLBO/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">"Sugar Magnolia,"
written and performed by the Grateful Dead. Perhaps, long before
musical genres got so bifurcated and divided to the point that there
are more genres than bands, maybe, the Grateful Dead crossed a few
boundaries, in a good way. At least one Cancer girl I know will read,
"Grateful Dead," and then, all credibility is shot. She'll stop at the
band's name without any further reading, assuming it's all about some
hippie jam band. I've heard that one song on the various "americana"
radio stations, so it's getting some late notice and a little attention.

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It's soft, gentle, and sounds a little like it might be old-school country. Just in places, which really has more to do with the band's original roots than anything else.

Leo: "Echo" by Pink Floyd. The old Pink Floyd. [http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000TDYT9G/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">"Echos"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000TDYT9G/fishinguideto-20) is a space-fusion piece that's more a medley of post-modern jazz with a sprinkling of rock opera, layered with some obvious psychedelic trappings. Well over twenty minutes in length, this isn't a tune to plug into the iPod for a quick workout. However, as the tune lazily drifts back and forth, a strong bass thump and strange rhythms washing back and forth, the tune is meandering. Perhaps, if you, as The Leo would meander a bit in the coming days. I know, you've got a destination and goal, I'm just saying, follow that tune a little sort of wander about a bit. Aimless, but not aimless. I'll wear, there's whale songs in that piece.

Virgo: The band's name is [http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001UYE77W/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">Generation X](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001UYE77W/fishinguideto-20). The song? [http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000TDSQ50/fishinguideto-20" target="blank">"Dancing With Myself."](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000TDSQ50/fishinguideto-20) Later, it was made famous by Billy Idol, who was, at one time, the lead singer in *Generation X*. However, it wasn't until his career took off that the song got recognition. Did the band's name, *Generation X* come before the media seized that as a handle for a generation that didn't make any sense at the time? Or was the band named after the demographic moniker? Chicken, egg? Pop music history isn't my strength. However, that song was a club hit and an early MTV hit, in its era. However, what happened to the rest of the band? I don't know. It's an infused, rebellious tune that shouts in the face of conformity. There's an underlying metaphor, a subtext, and I'm not willing to discuss that one.

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Libra: ["I Walk The Line,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00136PLPO/fishinguideto-20) by Johnny Cash. The Man in Black. The coolest singer I know. He was cool before cool was cool. Pisces, too, not that it matters. He was working on music up until his death. Pretty amazing. That one song, I could almost repeat the entire lyrics in the span of this scope, but that's not what I was aiming for, this is about walking a thin line. "because you're mine, I walk the line." That single lick captures what I was seeing in the Libra chart. A simple message, it's about negotiating a precipitous line.

Scorpio: ["We Are The Night,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001NBK2NU/fishinguideto-20) as performed by the *Chemical Brothers*. A good Scorpio gets this completely. The rest? Never mind. If I have to explain it, then...

Sagittarius: ["Come Fly With Me,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000TDSOXI/fishinguideto-20) Frank Sinatra. What's fun I can match a song and sign that should be well-suited for each other. Old Blue Eyes, he was Sagittarius. We stick to our kind. It was the old jet-set Rat Pack. There's a soft drum-set brush, makes for a gentle rhythm.

Capricorn: Couple of years ago, I did a [weblog/journal](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/02/making-music-for-money/) entry that was based on the song by Jimmy Buffett (Capricorn), ["Making Music for Money,"](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B000W1754Q/fishinguideto-20) and make my music for me. Which, in the grand scheme of that particular artist's life, the music has made money. Not a lot of radio airplay, and

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squarely someplace between country and rock, the most famous song is about a drink. Became a franchise of near-global proportions. The Capricorn planets are highlighted by Jupiter in Aires making a tight tension angle to Pluto in Capricorn. And Venus, Venus exeunt. Part of the process. It's about nipping at the hand that feeds you, in the example, it's Buffett's long-standing lack of traditional hits while he became a sensation through incessant touring. Not selling out, or maybe, just maybe, he's singing a little about about the problems he's had along the way. Still, it's about nibbling at the hand that feeds you, as Capricorn, can you keep from biting that hand? Playful nips are fine. No teeth.

Aquarius: "Dream On" (by Aerosmith). Straight-up, old school rock music. Venus slips into your sign, beginning next week. Lunar phase, "Live and learn, from fools and from sages," as sung by Stephen Tyler (Aries). There's a slow progression with the lyrics of the song, as I was listening to a clean rip of the band's Greatest Hits album, the vocals were quite clean. "Dream on, dream until your dreams come true..." that lyric launches it. The song is a little over four minutes long, and the trademark, shredding guitar doesn't really start until after the three minute mark. Dream on Aquarius, this about the build-up, to get to that point where the dreams happen. Dreams come true, this week, on into the next. Takes at least three quarters of the song to get to the robust guitar solo. Takes three quarters of the time to get to the one moment of blazing (Aquarius) glory.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 3.3.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Be that thou know'st thou are, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st."

Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night; or, What You Will* [V.i.136-7]

Jupiter -- in Aries -- squares Pluto -- in Capricorn -- and what that means?

Pisces: I had to throw away two hot dogs the other afternoon. It was a sad, sad time. I'm not sure what it is, something in my upbringing, I'm sure, but throwing away perfectly good food bothers me. However, I'm wise enough to recognize that the hotdogs themselves were discolored. Not in a fun way, either. Time to let them go to the compost pit. I'd sealed them back up in their container, ten hot dogs to a package, cheap, off-brand meat-like products in thin tubes, and I left them, I guess it's been since before Xmas. Didn't know those things would ever go bad, the hotdogs. If they had been the organic, healthy kind, I'd understand, but these? Just animal parts swept up and ground extra-fine, then loaded with salt and preservatives. How those can go bad? I've no idea. However, I'm mature enough to recognize the discoloration, under the plastic wrapper, and I'm just smart enough to know that I really can't cover up spoiled food with cheap mustard. However, as a metaphor for Pisces? This is perfect: there are eight buns in a hotdog bun package. There are ten hotdogs in the store-bought package. Two left over, easy enough to see how this happens. The message is to throw out the stuff that's clearly no longer serviceable, eatable, or usable. Toss.

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Aries: I attended a fairly high-brow function in Austin. Crowd of several hundred people, big pavilion, and the usual rubber chicken kind of meal. It's a cut above cafeteria-style food, but not by much. When we first arrived, I looked around at the crowd, the women all in evening wear and the men -- myself included -- in "business casual." I've lived in and worked in Austin for so long, in any large crowd, I tend to know some of the people. Not my crowd, by a long shot. I laid a small wager, off to one side, that I would know at least one person in the room -- someone I've done a reading for. Two guys sitting at our table, those two looked familiar, but I couldn't place them. Real familiar, but there was no obvious, "Hey, Kramer!" So that didn't count.

At the end of the evening, when the wait staff, again a few familiar faces, but no "Hey, Kramer!" when the wait staff was replaced by the [spartan](http://storyofstuff.org/) road crew, and when it looked like I was going to lose the wager, a tall, lanky roadie, under a shock blonde, of tastefully disarrayed hair, a brown t-shirt with "crew" on its back, he looks down at me. He's way taller than I am. In heels, I was over 6' 2". "Hey, Kramer!" Like me, where you least expect it, from a corner that you least expect, comes a person who you least expect to see, in a place where you'd least expect it. Good or bad? Like me, I'm still trying to collect the twenty dollars from the wager.

Taurus: Ralph. It's a first name. I have no idea, but I have a bunch of guys, either named Ralph, or Taurus, but they all fit the same general description. Clients, buddies, fishing buddies, all from the same general, to me, demographic. Usually, these are robust men. Manly men. Which is weird, as I've always approached Taurus from the feminine perspective, the obvious and overtly sensual side. The "passive" side of femininity, as represented by Venus, the planet associated with the sign. Earth sign. Consummate esthetes, and while the sign is accused of being stubborn, I prefer the term stable and thoughtful. Not prone to

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fast reactions. Which is part of the problem. As the week moves into the weekend and as the next week starts? Cautious, stable, least likely to make a hasty decision and the concomitant mistake from a quick and ill-thought action? The planet's seem to push a little to strong in one direction. I'm not saying don't do it, but if you choose to do that thing? Remember, there will be consequences.

Gemini: One of my Gemini buddies showed up the other afternoon. Quiet February afternoon. I was talking to a client on the phone, so my Gemini friend just mimed to me that he was here, we were supposed to grab a late lunch, and he had a question about some girl he was seeing, and he wouldn't say thing, as he understood I was on the phone with someone else. Then he did, with more mime, make sure I knew it was him, and we did have an appointment, and I should be ready, and he was just going to use the bathroom since I was late. I rang off with the client started to burn the CD, as I record my readings so folks can recall what I said exactly instead of just what they want to remember. My buddy came out of the bathroom, "Certainly plenty of fiber in your diet, old man." Gemini, remember? Before I could ask, he explained that I forgot to flush, and he was leaving me with graphic details. I'll spare you. He didn't spare me. My short version? Shower before the reading, and the reading called early and I was dripping wet and forgot to finish things in the bathroom. Anyone who's ever been rushed knows the feeling. However, instead of trying to explain all of this to my Gemini buddy, I just let it go. However, he still sometimes asks, in poignant and mock agitated manner. Sometimes, listen to me, sometimes? It's just easier if you flush the toilet and forget about it.

Cancer: Rubber chicken. Count on it. I was invited to an awards ceremony. Local celebrity, charitable cause, show up in a suit, or as close as I can get to suit. Everyone has to go these things. Xmas parties, company parities, and I was designated as the "date," or as I

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prefer to call myself, "Plus One." I do clean up nice, so that's not really an issue. Although, to be honest, the accolades, costs and preparation doesn't seem to match the nature of the award. The award was real, a serious accomplishment. The "plates," as it was partially a fundraiser, were about \$100 a head. Table of ten? That's a cool grand, right there. Which was more that what was spent on the food, for sure. Hall, recital, entertainment, everything, doubt it cost near that much. This wasn't about the food, or the occasion, it was about the rubber chicken. It's a chicken breast, baked beyond recognition, probably baked years ago. Or last week. Delivered in a steam tray, artfully arranged with three asparagus spears, like a food version of trefoil. Didn't really work for me. I didn't show up for the food. Mocking food from a somber, joyous event? I can't NOT mock it. Got these things three times a year or so. I knew the food was rubber chicken to begin with; therefore, no complaining. Hats off to the award winner. That was cool. Food was bad. Show up for (some kind of event) and expect (the food) to be different? Cancer, darling, what are you thinking?

Leo: Early March, here in Texas, I've been wearing shorts and working on a summer tan for most near a month now, more or less. Shorts, Hawaiian shirt, sandals, you know the drill, correct? The weather is weird, at best, as there will be a cold snap, and the appropriate attire could be shorts, or perhaps, something a little longer and warmer. Longer and warmer was what I was thinking about for my extra-special Leo friends. I was thinking about this one Leo poet. Long, fluffy "peasant" dress, all black lace and frills. Black turtleneck sweater. Light black jacket. All black. Black eyeliner. The comparison, has to be said, Goth? Yes and no, which means, not really. There's certainly an element there, and the definition begs the comparison but that's not the Leo message. In this example, it was simple. Less ostentatious than a "normal" Leo. Less of the boy peacock and lot more of the girl peacock, which, if you know anything about the animal kingdom, the

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girls do all the work. The boys just look pretty. Which is what this is about. Less about a Leo looking pretty and lot more about just letting a basic (black) covering take care of business. Then you can take care of business. All black, or your equivalent thereof. Works wonders.

Virgo: One of the greatest boons about working on a computer? I can tell the computer exactly what to do. It will do exactly what I've told it to do. Well, mostly. There's a [tendency](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/disclosures/) to anthropomorphize our machines. What it eventually comes down to, though, is nothing more than a series of ones and zeros, all lined up in an order that makes sense to the machine. Either it's on or it's off. There isn't much middle ground. Machines, they don't really have feelings. The machine will only do what I tell it to do. "Tell" might be the wrong word, as I have to type the requests, or point with a mouse pointer thing. Trackball. Joy stick. Something. Ask any person who's ever done any kind of tech support, the end user will come up with a remarkable number of excuses, the most common is, "I didn't do a thing!" Hint: the computer didn't just voluntarily take that action. No, it -- the machine -- needed a prompt from the user. Back to the binary, it's either a one or a zero, as a Virgo, which one will you be? "I don't know what happened, the computer just quit." Or, are you playing tech support? Do you have to figure out just what the user did to make the computer do its digital belch?

Libra: I have a variety of fishing equipment. From long, heavy duty catfish & surf rods to ultra-light for ponds and creeks. I've got a little bit of everything. Some would say quite a bit of everything, but I don't really think so. The two ultra-lights that I used to favor, great for lakes with small bass, crappie, that type of fishing? Big fun. One of the reels is spooled with 8-lbs. Test mono. Lightest I was willing to go and still have fun should I hook a larger fish. The biggest issue, I haven't

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fished any ponds and streams that would work well with that type of a setup. Not lately. I started checking the [fishing log book](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), and I realized that the line had been on there for well over a year. The second pole/reel combo? I know when I put that line on there, the expensive kind, and it's been on there for almost two years. In theory, the fishing line won't go bad, get brittle, or lose any of its tensile strength. In theory. In practical application? Since it looks like I'll be fishing again, soon, the best course of action, for me, for my Libra friends? Go ahead, spend a few dollars and spool up some new fishing line. Why take a chance on losing a big fish because you were too cheap to wind up some new line? The brand of fishing line I'm thinking about, it's about \$4 for a spool. Not too much. A little insurance like new fishing line goes a long way towards making Saturn's influence more manageable.

Scorpio: Stop. [Valentine's Day](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2008/02/true-love-access/) is so over, we need not think about it.

Stop. They pulled the VD stuff off the shelves as fast as they could, saved it for next year.

Stop. There's still a little bit of pink fluff floating loose and free.

Stop. I'm a big discount shopper these days. Love to get me some good stuff cheap.

Stop.

Just stop. I'm unsure if the direction is clear, but someplace between retail giants and my [single-website shop](http://www.astrofish.net/store/), someplace between all of those, there's place for

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Scorpio to [shop](http://www.astrofish.net/book/). I'm also thinking that you should be thinking really long-term. I mean, I think it's time to start thinking about next Valentine's Day this week. Now, even. This is less about the box of stale chocolates and even less about lingerie, and a whole lot more about planning. Planning, plotting, and engaging. Make the plan. Plot the revenge. Figure out how to get what it is that you want. Figure out that now's the time. I keep looking at the Scorpio chart, and I keep thinking about Valentine's Day. As the sign [used to say](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2001/05/permian-basin/), "Get hitched: Wedding Rings and Shotguns on sale now!"

Sagittarius: I no longer own a car. Been a dozen years or more since I've owned a vehicle, speaks well to my pedestrian ways. I tend to think I'm urban, in that respect. Lazy and cheap both come to mind, as well. This coming Sunday/Monday, there's a unique transit, between the Sun and the Moon, and as a fisherman, I'd suggest, this is [Fishing Guide](http://www.astrofish.net/) stuff, there's a window to fish, when the fish are biting and the weather is pleasant, and that's Sunday/Monday. Maybe Tuesday, have to check the charts for your specific location. However, no vehicle means it's a little harder to get out to fish. Not impossible, just difficult. When I lived at the edge of the river, it was much easier, walk out the door, and there was fishing. Times change. Real estate values go up and down. Trailer parks get paved over and turned into High Rise buildings. Progress. Stop. This isn't some sad lament about inevitable change, it's rumination on the immediate future. It's okay to glance back over our Sagittarius shoulders. Stop. Glance. One glance. Coming up, there's a window of opportunity. Me? I'm grabbing a fishing pole, I think, and looking for a pond, stream, creek, river in which to throw bait. Either for real, for reel, or in some other sense? Fish. Plan on it Starting early next week.

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Capricorn: One client of mine, he looks like a thug. Looks like a typical (read: Hollywood version) wise guy. [Hooligan](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=719). Nefarious, criminal type. Looks guilty, like [he's up to](http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/worldnews/article-1310129/British-explorers-map-cave-network-underneath-Borneo-jungle.html) no good, just sitting there. In the real world he's a successful small business man. Small business man, as in, he is the sole operator of his tiny company that has less than ten part-time employees. Wish I was on his payroll, too, but that's not what this is about. This is about what he looks like and what he really is. Looks mean. Looks like he should be working in Waste Management in New Jersey. Or a (euphemistically named) Gentleman's Club, one of those kind of places. Couldn't be further from the truth. Makes for fun times with him, as I'd always want to call upon him to help me with enforcement, but I have little, if any, need for an intimidating presence. As the planets continue their arc and prescribed course, think about making yourself appear more "thug-like." Tough exterior. Never mind there's a soft and sentimental Capricorn underneath the coating, that's not what this is about. For the next few days, the best protection is to "Thug-Up."

Aquarius: There are inherent problems when [shopping online](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). Certain material lend themselves to [this process](http://www.astrofish.net/book/). Others? Yeah, not so much. I was looking at an IKEA item. Online. It wasn't really furniture from that brand name, but the stark, clean, almost minimalist lines? The blonde wood, the impression that the furniture doesn't sit there, more like it floats? The advertising is clever enough, I get the distinct feeling that buying it, from that online ad, I would be thinner, younger, more attractive, more in control. That, my fine Aquarius friend, is an excellent example of a powerful [online](http://astrofish.net/xenon/) message. Which, now

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that the birthdays are over? The planets are arrayed in various quadrants and astrological "houses," and as such, you're shopping. Shopping online is good. Shopping and comparing two similar products, price, performance, positions. All good stuff. There's a problem, though, and this is what I'm trying to get across to you, it's, back to the idea of furniture shopping online. Great idea. If you know exactly what you want, and if you've tried it out in person. Not something similar, something identical. Fit, finish, craftsmanship, color, quality. That will help prevent the heartbreak of, "It looked different in the picture." Shopping online is fine. Unless you're buying a book or reading from me, though? Maybe you don't want to purchase online.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week starting 3.10.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"O, if [your girdle should break], how thy guts would fall about thy knees!"

Shakespeare's Prince Hal to Falstaff in Henry IV, part 1: III.iii.146-7

"The transit of Uranus in Aries, thus begins."

Pisces: One more round of birthdays, and a little relief is in store for my extra-good Pisces friends. Happy Birthday, darlin'! I used to date this one girl, and when I stayed over, as one might expect, I'd use the shower. The shower's control handle-spigot thing, the temperature control for the water was always set at one spot. However, when I would first run the water, and test it? That setting was all wrong for me. Too cold. No, too hot. No, way too hot. How could she stand it like that? Ice princess. What I learned from that girlfriend was to make sure and check the water's temperature before jumping into the shower -- seems like simple enough advice, no? Just check before immersing one's self, correct? I'm unsure if this is about sleep-over with s dear girlfriend, or if this some other watery situation. Just when you think you have the adjustments all made for the perfect temperature. Just when you think the settings are perfect, there's a change. I'd blame the planets, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't check the water before diving in, first.

Aries: I'm a big fan of software that does the automatic update. Or, in the past, I have been a big fan of this software. The message popped, "There is a new version of this software available, update automatically?" I would normally just [click](http://www.SkyFriday.com) on "Yes." You're an Aries, you would

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normally not even think twice about this question, much less what to click on, much less what to do... Think twice. Uranus is a huge, can be quite good, unexpected influence. Use this influence wisely.

Last the time I saw that, "automatic update," it was server-side software for my [main place of business](http://www.astrofish.net/). There are periods of time when server traffic is higher. My first instinct was, "It's okay, it's just minor update, and it won't take long," and it will. You know how this goes, correct? That prompt, that update, that, "click here" button, all of that will wait. I'm not saying don't do it, I'm just suggesting that now isn't the right time. Not yet. Almost, but not quite. Timing is important. I waited until the web traffic slowed to a crawl.

Taurus: "Being a good Catholic girl," one of my friends explained, "I gave up wine for Lent. I'll bring beer." Does this, can anybody, I'm at a loss for words. Me, without words. The multitude of images heap up and overrun themselves. Give up wine, but drink beer? I don't understand, but then, there are eccentricities about that faith that I clearly don't grasp. A set period of denial of certain pleasures could be good, I suppose. I see how the theory might work, although, I really just didn't get that one. Could be me, and the Catholic School Girl always brings up a certain image, as well. That's not really what this is about. I was thinking, after spinning your chart around for a moment, I was considering that the concept of Lenten self-denial, it's not all bad. There's a place in the Taurus life to cut back on certain action. Wine? Maybe. Other issues come to mind as well, more than one kind of way to trim something from your life that doesn't quite fit. I've always suggested that Lent is a good time to get rid of excessive guilt.

Gemini: I've long admired Gemini, the sign, the essence of the symbol itself, for the inherent mental capacity that the symbolism brings to

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the proverbial table. Gemini? Usually smart. Smarter than most, way over the top with bright stuff. Usually. Mostly. Maybe not so much right now. While there's a hint that relief is on its way, there's still the persistent push from the Pisces flavor with Mars and the Sun still there, still leaning on your gentle Gemini self. Don't do something stupid. Air is an admirable quality. I like my airy Gemini friends. The palpable, perceptible shift when Uranus crosses that line, into Aries? While this is a good, if not great, move for Gemini in the grand scheme of life? That benefit might take a few days, more like a few weeks, maybe a few months, to catch up with you. While we're all waiting on this "beneficial influence of Uranus" to catch up with your wondrous Gemini selves? One word of caution: don't be stupid. That's three words, but as a Gemini? Three can count as one, right?

Cancer: I served, as a volunteer, on a Not-For-Profit board. Year was up and I quickly resigned. Being on that board attracted complaints, turned me into a target for activist activists, and, in general, lowered an already low expectation of humans and humanity. My heart might've been in the right place, but my head was clearly in another location. I can help save this kind of pain from happening to my little Cancer friends. *Don't volunteer*. There's a building pressure in Cancer, in all the cardinal signs, but especially in Cancer. *Don't volunteer*. Noble cause. I'm all for helping the downtrodden. I'm all for improving the community. I'm all about helping mankind. *Don't volunteer*. There are righteous fights that need to be fought, demons to be battled and subdued, and so on. Stop. There's a time, and a place, to do this kind of work. Giving back to the community is important, and as a Cancer, you care, possibly more deeply, than others.

The Leo: I was riding with a Leo fishing buddy, we were headed to a lake. To fish. Any surprise? Why else would be heading to lake?

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Spawning bass are fickle but fun. Pre-spawn, might've been. I'm riding shotgun, truck's pulling the boat, my Leo buddy's driving. The three lanes of highway narrow to two, and then to a single lane. Traffic slows to a crawl. Some kind of road construction. My buddy, The Leo, he starts cussing, banging on the steering wheel. Stop. Before you get all worked up over an obstruction in your good forward progress? Stop and think. You really figure that some flunky, a junior executive at the highway department, in this case it would be TXDoT, you really think that guy took a look at my schedule, then planned to arrange for as much highway construction, lane closure and maintenance, just to thwart your Leo access to the lake? Doubtful. However, behind one of the TXDoT buildings in Austin, on the south side of the lake there, I've seen one employee pull his boat to work. I doubt, though, that he has it out for you and that he's scheduled this construction just to irritate your Leo self. There's going to be an obstruction, a delay, something that impedes your good, orderly direction. I can't help that. Thinking that there's a guy pulling the strings to make this problem occur just for you? Little vain, isn't it? However, in the example? I didn't point that out, not me. I'm not that brave.

Virgo: Welsh Rarebit is basically toast and cheese. The first time I recall having it, a little Welsh lass was introducing me to the "delicacy." Sounded like a full meal, and what I got that time? A piece of toast, covered in a cheese sauce. Like, well, like queso, only not so zesty. I was a little let down. However, over the years, I've learned that Welsh Rarebit is a variation on the theme of cheese fondue. Made it a little more palatable, as the version from Wales uses cheddar, not Swiss, cheese. There's an addendum to this, as well, my own version. Born out of necessity and frugality, it's Texas Toast Rarebit. Mexican Cheese. A couple of pickled jalapeno pepper slices. A cup or two of grated "mexican" cheese, which is usually a blend of Colby, sharp cheddar and jack. I like my version better. The bread, a slice of Texas Toast white

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bread. I usually get mine at the leftover grocery store, the outlet mall of baked goods. It's also usually "duck bread," as the kid would call it, or "fish bread," as I would call it. What I've done is taken a barely palatable British dish and turn it sideways into a delicious full-meal deal for me. With taste, flair and spice. I'd like to think of my version as super-charged Welsh Rarebit, Texas Toast style. As a Virgo, there's a situation that's barely palatable. Think about adding your own flare, your own ingredient list. While it might appear to be one thing, the new and improved Virgo version? Much better.

Libra: The biggest problem with www.SkyFriday.com digital media? It's too ephemeral. One minute, it's there and the next minute? Gone. I had a friend -- a talented photographer -- take some bio-pics of me. Used them for years on the website, then, as process and underpinning changed, I lost track of where the originals were, and for that matter, where the website material went. I thought, once uploaded, it would live there, like, forever and ever. Apparently, this isn't the case. Or maybe it's the result of over-zealous house cleaning on the computers. I thought I had everything, and I mean everything, backed up. I wouldn't erase digital images unless they were backed up onto a disk or something. Apparently not. It's not like this a great loss, it's a decades old image of me, thinner, younger, more ambitious, less talent, smarter than I am now, but still, as a historical artifact, it's kind of fun. As anything else? Not really.

Scorpio: It's almost the middle of March, and I had some tax documentation, a simple tax form, catch up with me. Mailed to the www.astrofish.net/about/contact/ old PO Box, then forwarded, then lost, then found, and it gradually made its way to my hands. I'm no accountant, but the deadline was, like, the end of January, right? That's like six weeks overdue. This made perfect

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sense, the six-week delay, if I'd been a Scorpio. I'm not, but who's going to let that interfere here? The six-week delay, "Is this about [Mercury Retrograde](https://www.createspace.com/3411966)? Or something else?" It's about something else. It's about turning your good Scorpio attention to a little matter that you thought you dealt with, but, apparently, you didn't. Or, here's my favorite theory, you did deal with it, just someone else forgot, dropped the ball, didn't do what they were supposed to do, something. While the fault isn't with Scorpio, it is up to Scorpio to pull the details together and make this work. It's about you shouldering the burden, one more time. Fortunately, for a Scorpio, this isn't too difficult. Here's the good news: do this once, for me, and you'll get the credit. In a few days. Maybe a few weeks, but you will get the credit you deserve. Eventually.

Sagittarius: I've seen this referred to as a couple of different terms. I liked "Complexity Creep," best, as the term "complex creep," could be interpreted as the guy with the complex, or the guy at the complex, who is a creep. Or some guy who creeps you out. Which isn't what I wanted to look at for this. What I was concerned with is the overly complex nature of some applications. Website, cell phones, cars. Any number of issues in our [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/about/) lives. Complexity creep. If I don't talk to you about this, who will? The joke circulated some years ago, but it part of the punchline still applies, about entering a pass code on the microwave oven. Complexity Creep. Stop it now. Just say no. Something. Anything? It's a matter of streamlining processes and procedures to fit a lean, acerbic Sagittarius style. It's matter of working with what's there, and not giving into the modern way of making any task, goal, job, more difficult than it needs to be. Avoid the complexity creep. Now, I suggest a detailed, 13-page [plan of action](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) to avoid this kind of problem....

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Capricorn: I'm about six feet tall. I've tended, in the past, to gravitate towards shorter women. They are what I'm attracted to most frequently. It could be a dominance thing, it could be deep-rooted psychological issues, or, it could be, I just find the girls who are "short as a minute, cute as a bug" to be the most attractive. Again, could be me. Just the way I'm wired. Cold winter night, not that long ago, last month? The problem with dating short women is my feet get cold. Not as in euphemistically "cold feet," I mean literally. The women who are closer to my height can help keep my bare feet warm. The short ones? Yeah, not so much. Warm feet are no longer an issue as it's past time for shorts and sandals full-time in my part of Texas. However, the problem still exists. I'm wholly unprepared to take this any further, other than it's an observation about my shortcomings in the selection process. There's a simple solution. In the winter? Those cold nights with short women? Wear socks. As a Capricorn, there's a thorny issue, or persistent issue, and we can spend all kinds of time worrying about the underlying source of the trouble. For now? Wear socks. Take the easier, less mentally indulgent route for the time being.

Aquarius: I'm always amazed at how <http://www.squarerootarch.com/> target="blank">stories -- tales, myths -- get spread. Part of the oral tradition, I'm sure. There might be a science to this, although, I'd be a little concerned with the veracity of the findings. One of my little friends ran into another, distant, "friend of a friend," and by the time the news got back to me, I was a rich guy with lots of properties, here and overseas. Really, I was a guy living in a trailer park in <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/> South Austin, but let's not let the facts interfere with the myth-making. Then, too, when there's an absence of hard facts, soft facts, stretchers, and complete fabrication cut from the cloth of non-reality, all of these are admissible. It was <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/>>last month, and I was dressed in a black t-shirt, jeans,

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boots, sports coat. Normal winter wear. The boots have ben re-soled a half-dozen times. Look exotic, but really, just worn cowhide that's been polished a lot. The sport coat looks expensive, but again, discount shopping. While I might've presented an image of wealth, while I might've looked "rich," I'm just me. However, the projected image? Have to be careful with that. Apparently, relative ease and grace makes me look a lot taller -- and lot richer -- than I really am. This is mostly about Venus, in your sign now, but there's a hint, careful about how successful, you want to look.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 3.17.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"When he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast."

Shakespeare's Portia in The Merchant of Venice [I.ii.80-2]

Pisces: It was an ad, a billboard, greeted me on the <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/> highway into <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/> San Antonio. It read, "We have LIFT-OFF" (San Antonio Rodeo). The visual was a cowboy, getting airborne, off the back of a large, and probably none-to-pleased bull. Maybe the bull was happy now that this his payload was lifted. As I understand it, the brain of the bull is none too large, so maybe there's not much activity in that cranial space. The cowboy getting jettisoned? I'm sure he was looking for a happy landing. I thought it was clever advertising, playing on various themes. I also thought it was a good way to get around to cautions and cares for Pisces. Careful with the lift-off. See, it really isn't the lift-off part that hurts. No the pain is caused by the abrupt return to the arena's dirt floor. It's not the getting airborne, no, that's not the problem. It's the part when the motions stop. So a lift-off might be good, I'm just worried about the sudden and complete stop that might occur afterwards. Happy birthday and I hope, a happy return.

Aries: I watched, in awe, as a buddy of mine, an Aries buddy, was texting on an old number-pad phone. Following last week's Sagittarius advice, was my guess, sticking with an older model of phone like that. "No, it's not a problem," he explained, "it learns words like 'Zombie, Redneck and Werewolf' pretty fast." I was amused at the words the phone learned and I asked if they were in frequent use. "Surprisingly,

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yes," my Aries friend answered. I would think, if he was using a smart phone that the texting would be easier. The convergence of phone and inter-web tech sort of demands such a device.

As an Aries, birthday, right around the corner, as an Aries, there's a question about upgrading. Moving upwards. Then again, if it isn't broken, why try fix it? My Aries buddy is an example of that, with his hopelessly retro-chic cell phone. If it works the way it is? Does this require you to fix it?

Taurus: As I understand it, the original Starbucks motor was simple, if it was a slow store, one person would take the order, ring up the drink, then make the drink. As long as business was slow, each customer got personal service. As the pace picks up, one person works the register, calling drinks while the other two work the coffee-making machine. Espresso machine. Automated espresso machine, now. I won't say which store I was in, but the line of people waiting on drinks was longer than it might ought to be. A particularly snippy lady looked at the little guy behind the counter, as he finally handed over a coffee-based milk beverage. "You're a trainee, aren't you?" She spit out. He looked up from the beverage he was working on for me, "Yes ma'am." In frankly dismissive tone, she replied, "It shows." I was in no hurry so my drink, double on the rocks, rolled out on time. But I wasn't in a hurry, and I'm not complicated Ginseng-Blueberry Mocha blended with white-peppermint-chocolate something. The worker was slow, but he was just learning the intricacies of weird orders. I just thought that reaction was uncalled for, from the customer. What do I know? Skip Starbucks right now, look at the roots: espresso means "expressly made for you." Labor-intensive. When I suggested that the trainee was slow, he was slow but in a methodical, I'm-getting-this-right kind of way. Not slow

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as in mentally deficient. I think that customer was just rude. It cost her about three extra minutes.

Gemini: "Oh man, I usually don't drink coffee," a buddy of mine was saying as he whipped from one end of the store to the other, heroic in his efforts. Herculean, in his efforts, as he hefted two large trash bags. He zipped out the back door. Back in. "There, no, I was dragging this morning, that was a killer party last night, we were playing poker." He careened around, and although I find this an over-used metaphor, he bounced around like a ball in a pinball machine, ricocheting off any available fixed surface. Coffee: it's not pretty if you're not a hardened soul like myself. Amateur, clearly. I looked at his actions, thought back to that morning. I kept thinking of his first comment, "I usually don't drink coffee," and looking at the Gemini chart. However, as a point, this is less about the coffee, and more about how he bounced around. As a Gemini, you can be bouncing like that, keening and careening, deflected and reflected off any available fixed surface, horizontal, vertical, inclined at an angle. Whee! Good times. The caution? When that energy burns out? Bad crash. Slow yourself down before you burn out. I'm not sure it's better to burn out instead of just fade away.

Cancer: One of the biggest problems in Austin is trying to tell tourists from locals. The lines are thinner and thinner. I noticed this, especially, in the last few weeks with the influx of consumer grade tourists. Still, the issue stands, how to tell a tourist from a local denizen. Tourist are fair game, easy prey. Tourists are fun to mess with. Tourists will pay way too much for a given item. [Or service](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). The downside is the rude ones. The [rude tourists](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2006/03/sxsw-guidelines-extended-mix-version/)? Or the rude locals. Bad behavior, ill-tempered attitude isn't limited to tourists. As I've [rude tourists](http://www.astrofish.net/xenon/2006/03/sxsw-guidelines-extended-mix-version/)

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[href="http://www.astrofish.net/"](http://www.astrofish.net/) criss-crossed Texas and the American Southwest, as a perpetual tourist, I've endeavored to be unfailingly polite. Sometimes more, sometimes less, but thereabouts, I try to be as grateful and gracious as possible. As I looked at your chart, I thought about the problem telling tourists from locals. Can't say the grouchy ones are tourists, but it's usually a safer bet. Tourist taxonomy isn't really a big issue. However, looking at your chart, I'm wondering if you're having a similar problem. What's local cottage industry and what was made in a foreign land? Who lives here and who is just visiting? The local wait staff knows me. I'll be here after the tourists are gone. That affords me a small, extra dose of luxury, like getting bumped ahead in line. But how can you tell who's a tourist and who's local?

Leo: What I wanted to do was buy a case of umbrellas, during the last drought. Two, three years back, terrible, no rain for over a year. Umbrellas were cheap. With our spring rains, the umbrella season is on. I was just thinking, standing downtown, on a corner, with a case of umbrellas, and during the rain, as office dwellers scurried hither and yon, offering discount umbrellas. I think I'm onto a hit with this one. I'll be on the busiest corner I can find, by the courthouse or federal building, selling umbrellas when it rains. I'm sure I could easily get \$20 per umbrella, even though the store at the corner was selling them for about [href="http://www.astrofish.net/"](http://www.astrofish.net/) half that price. It's a matter of location, need, speed, and availability. As a Leo, as The Leo, you have all that I'm not suggesting that you sell umbrellas on busy street corner in the rain; although, as business ideas go, that might work. However, you have something, I'm not sure what it is, but you've got something and now's the time to sell. It's like selling umbrellas when it rains. Only, around here? These spring rains sometimes don't last long. Sell while you can.

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Virgo: "Now hiring expert tech." Golden China Palace Buffet. Those two items ran together in my consciousness. The sign, the signs, were on the same pole in front of two stores, located in the same, I guess they shared a parking lot. I'd hate to think that Japanese cars and Chinese food were being prepared in the same place. Although, some of the Chinese buffets I've seen? Might be. Which is why I thought that sign was funny. My mistake. Still, Chinese food, as I understand it, there are more Chinese (probably Chinese-themed) restaurants than the more ubiquitous burger franchises. This weekend, at the end of the weekend, the Sun moves into Aries. Big warning, though, as there's still no relief from Mr. Mars still in Pisces, and that little red orb is still making your life more uncomfortable than we'd both like. You, the Virgo-chart-person, and me, the astrofish.net guy. You're not comfortable with this Mars irritant. Careful. Like that sign I confused in my mind? And the results of that confusion, thinking cars got fixed at the Buffet Palace? Mock me if you must, but I'd warn you to watch out for a similar confusion in your Virgo mind. Mars is still a factor in what's happening in Virgo-land.

Libra: Braided fishing line, we call it "braid," that's some strong stuff. Monofilament line, it's strong too, but in a different way. The braided line, due to marketing and the cost of production, is more expensive, by up to a factor of ten, than the mono line. I've used both. The braid is super strong. It's also, at times, frightfully expensive. Light, limp, superior strength and because of the way it's made? The braid isn't clear. It looks like a fishing line. The monofilament, it can be clear or a tint that is perfect for the conditions, a light green or a light blue, or something, I've even seen camo-colored fishing line. Most of the mono fishing line disappears within moments of hitting the water. The theory, and my testing seems to prove this, the fish can't see that kind of line. However, the braid? The fish can probably see that. Flip that information around though, the lightweight mono? Like a 4 or 6

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pound test line? I've got braid that's tested to 20 pounds, and that line is the same diameter as the 4 pound mono. So, for selecting the right fishing line, there's a cost versus performance versus strength versus what the fish see. For Libra, weigh the cost against the purported and tested strength.

Scorpio: The smell of fresh cotton sheets out of the dryer? No fragrance, none of that fabric softener, other, whatever stuff. One of the New Age fragrances I've seen? "Fresh laundered linen." Still, my favorite, this borders on erotic, is the smell of fresh cotton sheets, right -- hot -- out of the dryer. Here's the amusing part, the last time? It was some of my summer sheets, and they aren't all cotton, it's a cotton-poly blend. Not as soft and gentle, but the polyester stuff made the laundry smell more like laundry, and made the sheets smell more like cotton sheets, right out of the dryer. There are some days, some weeks, now being a good example, instead of the big issues? Stop, smell the clean laundry. Here, want to make a boatload of money? Figure out how to market that fresh, clean scent of cotton sheets, right out of the dryer.

Sagittarius: The Alamo Cafe, in <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/> San Antonio, not so odd, the location on Interstate 10, past the medical turn-off, that location? I was having a late lunch one day, and I was noticing the art on the wall. The one wall, it's got a big, crude mural of <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=5986> The Alamo, then, in the foreground of the mural, a circle of men, characters. A man in an 1830 Mexican Army uniform. A seated man with cigarette burning between his lips, coonskin hat, buckskin color clothing. Two cowboys. An older model pickup truck. The Alamo. The Alamo movie set, art depicting art. The historical Alamo and the movie Alamo are kind of different. Name and general location are similar. Similar themes, thinnest threads of

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coincidence bind the two together. The historical Alamo is in downtown San Antonio, having fallen into a ruin and been resurrected by the various historical interest groups. That movie, no doubt, helped with the image. I liked the idea it was an image of the movie's set rather than trying to guess at the real thing. Art depicting art in Sagittarius.

Capricorn: CTC Tea. I thought it was a reference to a Closed Circuit TV or something. CTC, turns out, it's Curl Tear Crumple. It's way of preparing tea, not like, adding water, but a way of drying the tea. Sounds like the poor, little tea leaves get abused, and I thought that might bruise the tea. Apparently, though, it's a proven method for preparing tea before it's dried and shipped to consumers. The curling then tearing and then crumpling releases more flavor from the leaves. Again, not an area that I have much experience with. Not my arena of interest, other than a slightly academic concern in the production methods, and the final effect as well as the rich, full flavor. There's a situation, you're dealing with it now, and the proper application of the CTC methodology will work well for the Capricorn. Ball it up, shred it, then uncurl it and spread the remaining elements out on the tabletop. The desktop or other work surface. Look at what's left. Try reordering, like, instead of the first step first, doing the second step first, and see if the process doesn't make more sense like that.

Aquarius: I hate that man. He was asleep, eyes closed, a fresh, pink, pressed and starched, button-down shirt. Jeans, fancy shoes, suit jacket. At his feet, a backpack, probably had a laptop. What bothered me, I was on a flight that had been delayed, and he was asleep -- resting -- in the departure lounge. One of the axioms passed down to me from one great man to another, is that truly great men, they know never to pass up a chance to sleep. He was availing himself. I was jealous. I just had a cup of expensive airport coffee, and I was wishing I could sleep, being over-tired from <http://>

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www.astrofish.net/travel/>travel. The biggest problem was I wanted something I couldn't get. There comes a point, I could've taken a quick nap myself, but I slammed a cup of coffee, couldn't just shut my eyes at the moment. So I spent part of my delayed hour hating that man in his pressed pink shirt, obviously on the return leg from a business meeting, casual looking now. He was going to arrive refreshed, and I had hate in my heart. Dislike. Distemper. Follow me on this, you're faced with a similar, envious situation. Like me, you can expend effort hating the other soul. Or, there is another option: isn't there some task you wanted to get accomplished during our little delay? Beats sitting there and hating the guy who's obviously asleep and oblivious to my ire.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 3.24.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"You are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel."
Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part 2 [II.iv.56]

It's Shakespeare's Hostess suggesting Doll keep her mouth shut while she's arguing with Falstaff. I'd add that arguing with Falstaff is an exercise in futility as he was always quick wit the wit.

Aries: Not yet, not yet, not yet. Not yet. I'll mention it one more time, for a certain Aries who isn't getting a clue: not yet. Happy birthday to my fine Aries friends having birthdays this week, the Sun and Uranus, Jupiter and a [Retrograde Mercury](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966) are all ploughing through your sign. That's why I mean, "No, not yet." We're close. We're so very close. We're not there yet. Let's look at this way, it's your birthday, right now, birthday week, birthday month, anyway, soon or for one, just passed, but still, that expectant glee that comes with birthdays, that should be present. Stop. Enjoy the fun stuff. Realize a few people aren't quite geared up in time. I'm just saying, close but not yet. The trigger is Mars, and once Mars gets ensconced in your sign, then we can start to move ahead. But until then? Not yet. Happy birthday!

Taurus: Guacamole secret ingredient: Garlic. In an effort to "eat healthy," I've gradually shifted some of my dietary issues. Doubt I'll give up chips and hot sauce, but I can shift to the no-salt, organic blue-corn chips. Then, instead of slathering that with hot sauce, there's guacamole. Avocado is one of the good fruits, full of good fats, minerals and vitamins. I read it on the inter-web, must be true. One grocery store makes this really good stuff, and I was trying to figure

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out why it was so tasty. Zesty, with a hint of heat, but not too much, low sodium, and so on. I found the secret: big garlic bulbs.

Sometimes intact, like, garlic strong enough to scare off carrion eaters. Renders me un-kiss-able in a single bite. Yet, it's so good. The garlic is what helps it. There's a flavor, a zing, an amount of punch that makes the food desirable. One local chain in Austin, a Tex-Mex chain, a long-time favorite, the same secret. Tons of garlic in the hot sauce. Not just a lot, enough that it coats my mouth. I smell like garlic eater for 24-48 hours afterwards. It's that secret ingredient. Same thing I use in my chili, but I peel that stuff by hand. I don't know about the grocery store guacamole or that chain's hot sauce. I looked at your chart -- and I thought about that special, secret ingredient. Not exactly good for making close friends, but good for impressing culinary friends. Zest, piquant zing, a little punch and enough flavor to be truly good. Problem is the lingering effects? Every been crowded into an elevator with someone breathing this on you? My suggestion is enjoy the meal, the spice, the secret ingredient, alone. Or distant company.

Gemini: I've been at this a very long time, and yet, on certain occasions, my bedside manner leaves much to be desired. I looked at one chart, and all I could say, sort of escaped before I had a chance to clamp my mouth shut, "Eew." It's not really that bad, although, I've heard from one Gemini client who thinks that the Devil is loose in her backyard because <https://www.createspace.com/3411966> Mercury is so retrograde and she claims -- this one Gemini -- she can't get anything done. These are exciting times, and I've already written a book about how to deal with Mercury Retrograde. It's less about getting stuff done and, this time especially, it's about getting ideas out and on the table. Sketches, rough draft, a framework around which you can pin some meat -- at a later date. Just the bones. Maybe not even bones, just a framework, a

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skeletal sketch. There. Took two paragraphs to find the right word, the correct combination. Skeletal Sketch. What this is about. Give me a skeletal sketch of that new (product, idea, problem, solution).

Cancer: I have hairdresser client, calls me whenever business is slow. The nature of her work, it's cyclical, and I tend to see it as [lunar-phase](http://www.astrofish.net/) [reinforced](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966). The phase of the moon makes people more, or less happy, and the happiness quotient effects whether people are going to get their hair done. All of this is pure conjecture on my part; however, it is backed up by year of empirical experience. She calls when she's slow. That's the lot of the astrologer, too, you guys never call when life is good. I've yet to hear, "I just won the lottery like you predicted, here's your cut!" I'm anticipating that all of the little Cancer folks are going to be calling this week, not because there's anything good happening, no, I'll be blamed for a myriad of ills, like a personal economic downturn, a lack of business, a skin condition, anything and everything. Backing up, though, let's look at this: tons of planets in Aries, makes life in Cancer uncomfortable. Bad? Hardly. Just can't reach that spot on your back where it itches. What happens to the client, after she calls me, her phone starts to ring with business calls. Appointment book fills up. Before you call me to book a reading, Cancer friend, think about it. Shoot me an [email](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/) see if I'm available, then let's see if that action doesn't trigger some kind of action in your world. Like my hairdresser client.

Leo: [Fantasy](http://astrofish.net/xenon/) and [reality](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966). What's real and what's the product of your fantasies? What's verifiable and what's a great idea spun out of the airy and eery firmament of the Leo imagination? Again, we're back to the question, what's real and what's

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a dream? There is one school of thought that would suggest, "If you can dream it, you can be it." There's another branch of philosophy that suggests it's right here, right now, and that's all we've got. No dreams, no illusions. I'm sort of stuck in the middle as I can see both sides of this problem. Now, for Leo, the problem is trying to find that middle ground, someplace between your head in the clouds and harsh reality, I'd suggest there's a middle amount of ground, or rather a middle space, wherein you can occupy both some dreams and some reality. There's room for both in Leo, at this moment. Strike out for the middle ground. A little of both, some dreams, some fantasies, some "too good to be true," and then, some "real world." All there. Now. This week. Next couple of days.

Virgo: There are variety of ways to bring pleasure in life. I was thinking about this, working with the idea, and what I came up with, for Virgo? Bag of burgers. There was a [local chain](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/04/red-monday-5/) in Austin that offered just a such a special, I think it was five burgers for about five bucks. Not exactly the biggest, probably some sawdust or soy or something in with the meat-like patties, I'm not sure. But that idea, instead of something big and fancy, all ornate and stuff? A simple gesture, a simple pleasure, an easy way to deal with this situation. I did just this. I showed up a "bag or burgers," they weren't the fancy upscale burgers, just a basic burger, each with lettuce tomato and pickles. Orders of small fries. I skipped the drinks because I was hoping the burgers would be enough, maybe someone else (Virgo) would provide the drinks. In the face of some ongoing problems, a simple solution is the best. Something like bag of burgers.

Libra: Some facts I can't validate, not that it matters, so this one's original source is suspect. A marketing guru, I enjoyed his work, what he told me, "A message has to be seen at least 12 times before a

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customer will act." Might've been, "See the message 12 times before they buy," but I don't recall and I can't find my notes. The problem is [advertising](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/xads.html), he was a marketing guru, advertising has to be seen at least a dozen time before the customer will get the message. Even, then, I'm not sure they get the message. As a Libra, as my favorite Cardinal Air Sign, the symbol of scales and balance? The message has to be seen at least a dozen times before the customer will take action. The Libra Sun sign (or just Libra planets) are under some astrological pressure, even now. Of that, the point to recall is the marketing message. It's going to take at least, very minimum, 12 tries to get the point across. Even dozen. Could take two dozen, as this is just a rough estimate. Marketing isn't an exact science. That number, it was plucked out of the thin air, I'm sure someone, someplace did a study, that proved it, or the conclusion was 12, or whatever. It's about effort and success. I'm just seeing this as 12 -- or more -- attempts to get the message across. Trying packaging as a billboard slogan, see if that helps.

Scorpio: One of the fishing guides I've got, a printed fishing guide, it suggests that the best bait for Red Drum (Redfish) is soft plastics and gold spoons. The guide also suggests the best time is early morning. I've found that fresh shrimp, or fresh-dead shrimp, that works equally well, maybe better, it's the scent trail. Then, I've also discovered that the early morning fishing, while pleasant in the heat of the summer, the big reds still bite into the middle of the afternoon. All a matter of being in the right place at the right time, with the right bait. Sometimes? *Nothing beats live bait*. I trust some of the printed source like that one guide, but I tend to read it as a guide, not as [gospel](http://www.astrofish.net/book/). There's a guiding principal in Scorpio, even now. The rules, are they really rules? Or just guidelines. First part of next week, the reds should be running. For Scorpio. Hint: this isn't just fish, it could be whatever you're

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seeking. Conventional wisdom says one thing. The internal Scorpio fishing guide suggests something else. Might want to listen to your own voice.

Sagittarius: I was using some data I stored on a thumb drive, a lipstick drive, so to speak. I went to eject the drive. I did the keyboard command thing (Mac guy, you know how we are), and the drive disappeared, then reappeared. I used the mouse to eject the drive since I know, every drive has to be properly ejected before removing it, so as to not harm the data stored therein. The drive disappeared and reappeared. I tried three different ways to eject the drive. Nothing worked, it was reported as "Still in use," or "not properly ejected," which was what I was attempting in the first place. I hit the computers "rewind" button (restart), and again, nothing happened. I finally got impatient enough to yank the drive out of the USB slot. Anyone familiar with computers on any level understand this pointless frustration. Just physically removing the drive, unplugging, or, in my example, just giving it a strong tug at the right -- or wrong -- time? Just pulling that sucker out solved the problem. No data was damaged. There wasn't any other problem, it was just a weird computer thing that I am at a loss to explain. To be safe, I hit the "restart" button again, just to clear the machine's memory. If only life was like this. Two things to take away from experience: there will be a level of frustration this week. How you deal with it? Sometimes a simple, direct action resolves the problems with the least of frustration.

Capricorn: When I teach <http://www.BareFootAstrology.com> a class about astrology, usually just start with basic sun-sign stuff, one of the archetypes I introduce for Capricorn is a certain donkey drawn from A.A. Milne's canon of children's stories. With a certain grouping of people, I've found that imagery seems to convey a message. "Oh, no good will come of this...." A

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familiar Capricorn lament? Surely not. That's a sentiment that gets echoed this next few days. "It's not going to get worse, is it?" As the Sun moves in Aries, along with Uranus, Jupiter and Mercury? This creates tension. Worse? Doubtful. However, there will be that pervasive feeling of doom, at one point, in the next few days. I can't -- singlehandedly -- combat that universal feeling of doom and dread in Capricorn-land. I can warn you about it. I'll also offer a simple way out -- action. Pointed, direct action. You might feel like you're moving in the wrong direction, however some movement, [direction unknown](http://www.astrofish.net/), is still good.

Aquarius: In Austin, Texas -- westbound on Oltorf Avenue, just west of the freeway (Interstate 35), there is a sign. Two signs. Right there at the high school, matter of fact, typical South Austin funk: street stop light and two signs, "No Left Turn," and "No right Turn." The exit to the school's driveway is one way: exit. The other street is a one-way street, as well. The sign makes sense, sort of. Only in Austin do the natives need to be told to go straight. Only in Austin does this make absolute sense. Only in Austin. Only in Aquarius, is a sign like this essential. I'd like to reiterate that point. Like West-bound Oltorf in South Austin? I'm giving some sage advice to Aquarius: go straight. Dead ahead. Veer not from thy destined course. I understand the temptation. I, too, I have turned down that one-way street. I too have interpreted those signs as saying, "Yes, just not for me." I understand the allure of going where we ought not go. Not this wee. Stay straight. What this week is all about: the planets suggest you keep going straight. Forward. Whatever.

Pisces: I'm sure there's a science to this, a kind of study done that proves how and why this happens. I recall standing on the platform for a [tube stop](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/2010/08/westminster-tube/). In [tube stop](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/).

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2010/06/way-out-2/">London. I watched as the next train rolled into the station. The first one, two cars were almost empty. Only a handful of passengers in the tube cars. As the train coasted to a stop, "[Mind the gap," I noticed that the rest of the passenger cars were full. People standing, all seats taken, all elbows and bung holes, packed. However, not a 100 meters further down, on the very same train, lots of empty spaces. Seats were available. Along with an admonition to mind the damn gap, the station announcer guy, I wonder, is that thing automated? Anyway, it would help if he -- she in some places -- would suggest that there's seating available if the crowd would just advance further along the station's platform. It's about being aware that there's a much more palatable option available, just move on down the line a bit. Look. And please, mind the gap. Whatever.](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/2010/05/mind-the-gap/)

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 3.31.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"O shame, where is thy blush?"

Shakespeare's Hamlet [III.iv.83]

Hamlet, addressing Gertrude, his mother. Mercury, in apparent retrograde motion. See <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/> listings for details. Neptune enters Pisces. But <https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966> Mercury is still Retrograde.

Aries: As a side-project, I started publishing digital images of San Antonio (Bexar County) TX as a <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/> daily photo weblog. Started as an amusement for myself. Spun off into a truly strange world. The images themselves, some are years old, from <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/> decade-long service in and around Texas, to include San Antonio. The basic assumption is that I'll publish one picture a day. Enter Mars unto Aries, adding a level of fire to an already hot mix, *i.e.*, <https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966> Retrograde Mercury, Sun, Jupiter and Uranus. Adds a level of impatience. Now isn't really soon enough. The way that side-project works, the images appear at whatever time I get around to posting them, once within the 24-hour period. Doesn't occur at the same time, and there's no rhythm, which can further infuriate an Aries. No schedule, loose rules, nothing but <http://astrofish.net/xenon/2008/03/free-astrology-advice/> a simple guideline, all sort of annoying. Here's the hint: learn to bend with our ways. Either that, or keep compulsively clicking to see if/when the

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site's been updated. Usually occurs between six in the AM to ten in the PM. Sometime in there.

Taurus: Austin's [world famous SXSW](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2006/03/sxsw-guidelines-extended-mix-version/) (South By South West) Music, movie, and so on? The weather is usually good for part of the week. However, during the middle of the week, or at one end of the week-long spring-break festival, sometime during the event, it will rain. Cold, gentle, spring rain. Didn't one year, but that was a drought year. The year it didn't rain, natives were fine, but out-of-town guests suffered with debilitating heat. Summer arrived early that year. However, rain during the week is a safe bet. With the line-up in [the sign in front of you](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.aries.html)? "Rain" is a safe bet. Doesn't mean it will really rain in your neighborhood, but it does mean that there will be an upset, there will be a delay, there will be heavy weather, something, some event that upsets the finely tuned Taurus expectations.

The rain to me, is always amusing as it's one of those weather events that happens at the same time, every year. Predictable patterns are what astrology is all about. The predictable pattern here? Delay, whether it's really weather or something else, there's going to be a cause of consternation. How bad? Up to you. Me? I just take a light windbreaker/raincoat. Be surprised how well that works to insure a modicum of harmony.

Gemini: I used a certain brand of advertising that placed contextual ads alongside the horoscopes. The problem with advertising like that is I only see revenue when an ad is clicked on. There's also "click-per-action," which means not only does the browser have to click, but some kind of action, [like a purchase](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966), it has to be made. The contextual adverts were -- and

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continue -- to be amusing for me. One ad featured a "Mercury Retrograde Spray," a blend of 11 herbs and spices guaranteed to ameliorate the effect of retrograde Mercury on the body. Back Flower Remedies, ancient lore, and probably a certain degree of hokum. There's a botanica (Mexican Herb/Holistic Healer) shop, down the street. In fact, there's a strongly latin influenced grocery store here, too, carries this same stuff: Florida Water. Either source is good. While I'm suggesting not buying the expensive spray, the *Florida Water*, it's a universal cologne, I am recommending it. Maybe some in a little spray bottle, keep it handy for Gemini. The computer acts wonky? Spritz it with Florida Water. Cell phone acting up and dropping calls? Spritz it with Florida Water. Mate talking nonsense? Spritz with Florida Water. It's the perfect Mercury Retrograde spray. Cheap, too. Bottle should last all three weeks, costs about a dollar. [Astrologer not making any sense](http://www.astrofish.net/store/)? Spritz him with Florida Water.... See how this goes?

Cancer: "Those people who think they know it all? They really offend those of us who do know it all." I'd like to suggest, in essence, it's an Oscar Wilde quote, although, I can't lay my hands on the correct attribution at this moment. It's a good quote for a Cancer, astrological times being what they are, what with the major confusion going on in Aries. The problem is that the Aries confusion leaks into Caner. Sort of like a stew pot, spilling over, and then the spilled stuff burning up on the flames underneath the pot itself. Causes a burnt dinner smell, and whoever overfilled the pot first? This bodes to be a long -- and testing -- [Mercury Retrograde](https://www.createspace.com/3411966) for Cancer. I know you're smart. You know that. I know you're capable. You know that. I know you're able to deal and cope. You don't feel like you're able to deal and cope, and herein is the crux of the problem. A simple solution is to accept that Mercury is Retrograde (alongside a direct Mars, Sun, Jupiter, Uranus, and even

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the Moon) in Aries. Causes pain, frustration, heartache, frustration, indigestion, frustration and more frustration. How frustrated you get is up to you. If I had more Cancer in my chart, I'd learn to duck. Quack quick.

Leo: I've read, researched, and written about <https://www.createspace.com/3411966>>Mercury being backwards. Technically, Mercury isn't really backwards, it just moves in an apparent retrograde motion. Means it looks like Mercury, the planet of communication, is moving in reverse, when compared to the other planets and the heavens in general. What's weird, it's tax time for some. Tax planning. Or tax evasions, whatever works in your vernacular. I have a good accountant. Honest, thrifty, ever-vigilant. Before I post my tax forms, he manually reviews everything, gives me a quick phone verbal consultation about what's good, what's not, how much, where, and current tax code liabilities. It's a last of the old-school, a manual, visual, "once over," and that's what works. Takes longer. Catches possible mistakes. Gives me, as a client, a thumbnail sketch of what is, and what's coming up. Last year it was only about 30 seconds, and I'll get to it before too long, taxes being an issue and all. Like my accountant with his old-school once over visual check? As The Leo, you need a once-over, visual check, one last look, one last check, one last glimpse to see if anything is out of place. Can save a lot of Mercury (inspired) headaches.

Virgo: There's this one Virgo (girl) and she intimidates me. To this day, I get around her and I'm all, "er, ah, ew, uh, huh." Kind of funny to see someone like me lose it. It happens. There's one Virgo and one Leo, happens to me, I just can't concentrate. It's the special allure. I can concentrate, just can't seem to stay focused on whatever I was supposed to be talking about. Topic. Subject. Stay on track here. Even thinking about that one person, I drift off in reverie and get occluded

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with misty, mysterious eyes. Makes it hard for me to stay focused on work. [Mercury is backwards](https://www.createspace.com/3411966), and this Mercury Retrograde pattern occurs in a very uncomfortable position. Not a lot I can do about that. What I can do, like me, around that one Virgo girl, or, like me, around that one, oh, never mind. Instead of drifting off and staring at her chest, instead of drifting off and having dreamy fantastical thoughts? The trick is to focus. Just stay focused. If that one girl does show up? I'll stare at a spot over her left shoulder. Easiest way to keep me on track.

Libra: "Shoot me an [e-mail](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/), and I'll run by 'legal,' see what we can do." Actual, phone call from me. It was a website deal, and I wasn't sure what I was going to say, but until I saw the proposition in print, I wasn't about to agree to anything. I don't really have a legal department. I know some lawyers, and a couple of hard-working paralegals, a judge, two judges, but no, I don't have a legal department. However, note, I never said I had a legal department, I just said I'd look at the offer. I can play at being a big shot. With the planetary weather -- thunder and lightning in Aries -- Libra needs a break and an out. Now's a good time to use that very line, "Let me run it by 'legal,' see what we can do." It's the perfect Libra line. A sense of fairness, an opportunity, consideration and kindness...and probably a "no." However, you are willing to consider whatever the offer is. The timing is all wrong. That doesn't mean you can't, at the very least, consider the offer. Steal my line. You'll find it's the best available to help ease the offer.

Scorpio: In London, on its ubiquitous "underground" (the tube), there's a single line that I ride religiously: [Waterloo & City](http://www.flat48b.com/wordpress/?p=397). The color, on the cute, color-coded tube map, it's represented by a teal color. Teal to me, call the

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hue whatever you want. The line goes from Bank, that's the station's name, to Waterloo. That's it. A train line, as the companies are organized along the lines of businesses, it's a train line with just two stops. Bank and Waterloo. The name of the train line itself and all the associated material that goes with it? That's longer than a quick a ride on that tube. Waterloo & City. [Mercury is backwards](https://www.createspace.com/3411966) in a position that's discomfiting for Scorpio. Means there's going to be a problem. Last time I was in London, I wandered down to ride the Waterloo & City line. I was going someplace and it actually worked, sort of, for my destination. However, I managed to hit the wrong the platform. [Typical tourist](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/), huh. A station keeper hustled me over to the correct departure point. I can't get worked up over making a mistake like that, as I was a tourist, and -- think -- the train only has two stations -- given the distance? I could walk faster than ride. Which isn't what this is about. It's about appearing on the wrong departure platform and being corrected. You can be embarrassed, or you can jovially accept that you're [a tourist](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/), not from these parts, and you made a mistake.

Sagittarius: I was putting together a -- to me, uncomplicated -- fishing set-up. Girlfriend was watching. "Pretty complex, huh?" Her question. I didn't think it was all that complicated. The reel is spooled with 8-lbs. Mono. At the end will be a swivel, then some more shock leader, a float of some kind, more leader, maybe wire if it's coastal fishing, then hooks, weights, glass beads, brass bearings, all pretty complex looking. My own, special "trout hauler," which includes weights and a cigar float, for coastal (spec) trout fishing. To me, it's an assembly of disparate pieces. I don't think any single part costs more than a dollar, those cigar floats are about three for a dollar. Pulling it all together, though, in the correct order, with the right parts, the right length of leader,

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the best weight for that kind of line? Balancing act. Sometimes, I get the length and selections wrong. There is no bad arrangement, just some are more effective than others. Threading a brass weight then a glass bead then a brass spacer, I thought about the "complicated" question. Parts. To me it's an assemblage of parts, and each one of the pieces has a role. Just parts, though. Matter of sticking them together in the right order. <https://www.createspace.com/3411966> Mercury might be backwards, but as a compatible Fire Sign? Keep sticking the parts together. We're going to stumble into the right answers, the correct assemblage here as long as we keep sticking the parts together.

Capricorn: Some health and wellness "guru" explained that, "Five miles of vigorous walking will help even a relatively unhappy person and improve the disposition." Five miles strikes me as an hour to hour and half ramble. Given my <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/> tourist mentality, I can stop and gawk, stop and talk, or just move slowly. Vigorous walking would have to include a stop for entertainment, along the way. (Male, I get distracted easily enough, you know, "Bright, shiny objects..." Oh, look.) Or a cool beverage on hot spring afternoon. Therein is our problem. No, that's not the problem. The problem is that five miles a day, that long walk, I'm lucky to get a few weekday afternoons for walking. In order to arrange my schedule like that, I've got to have mornings and evening for work. I tend to put in ten hours a day, minimum, but that gets spread out over the morning and evening hours, so I can get that long, vigorous five mile walk. Which, I'll admit, does improve my dubious mental health. Feel <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/> like me? Got a tenuous grasp on reality? Health and wellness guru suggests five miles a day. I suggest whatever you can work out, like maybe a half hour stroll around the old 'hood, after work. Something to stretch it out, air it out.

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Aquarius: Normally, a little [Mercury Retrograde](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966) wouldn't bother you. Normally, you wouldn't be so unpleasantly affected by the Moon going dark. However, add this and few other ingredients into the mix? Recipe for a lot of minor irritations that are starting to get to your fine, Aquarius self. Halt. Stop. Okay, just slow down, don't stop. No need to get all up in my grill because you're not happy. What you'd want with my dirty BBQ grill, I don't know why you'd want to be all up in there. It's easy to merely blame the planets, but a truly advanced and forward thinking soul, like, say, an Aquarius? You'd make plans for ways to get around the Mercurial Problems. Back off. Slow down. Pretend to let your Aquarius commerce come to a complete stop, foiled and spoiled by Mercury's machinations. It's not, you're not really stopping, you're just slowing down to let the rest of us catch up with your pace. I kept thinking of that 18-wheeler's mudflap, "Back OFF!" You're darn-tootin'.

Pisces: There's a little taco place, not far from where I live. Live in Texas, anyone is familiar with this kind of place. English isn't the first language. The place is populated with road construction crews, various blue collar tradesmen, nurses of all stripes from the area hospitals, cops, that type of a place. The odor is strong, fried meat, corn and flour tortillas. In the earlier mornings, fried eggs and a hot griddle with bacon, and other, more culturally correct dishes. At noon, the timbre changes a little, and I was having a special "green enchilada." Chicken, seasoned and boiled, then picked off the bone, savory dark meat mixed in with the white meat, rolled in a corn tortilla, swimming in a piquant green sauce, not too hot, but warm enough. The chicken is what this is about. Various pieces of light and dark meat, pretty heavily salted, stewed for hours, and stripped off the bone. It's excellent food, and even better as it's worth every penny. Good nutrition to

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dollar rating. The problem is the chicken? That's been separated by hand, that very morning, in the kitchen. Sometimes, not often, but sometimes a little piece of bone works its way into the enchiladas. For flavor, essence, atmosphere? I'll take the occasional bone fragment as possible side-effect. Just means, for Pisces, this Mercury period? Chew carefully, perhaps more carefully than before. Savor the flavor.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 4.7.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Our loves and comforts should increase

Even as our days do grow!"

Shakespeare's *Othello, The Moor of Venice* [II.i.195-6]

Mars squares Pluto.

Aries: I got so tired of the misrepresented facts of Mercury Retrograde I wrote a book to dispel the myths. Looking for trouble? It will find you, doesn't matter what the planets say. What I'd like are some solutions to problems. Why I wrote the book. The book can be found at <http://www.astrofish.net/book/>, for starters, or from your favorite [retailer](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966). Why am I pushing a copy of my book on you? As an Aries, you'll find the book short and to the point, unlike many of my horoscopes. It will also suggest that you push ahead with whatever you're working on, just be aware of the usual pitfalls that can accompany a backwards Mercury. It's also about, like my book, going over something we've covered before. That simple. Previously covered work.

Taurus: I rode a regular Amtrak [train](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=1277) for a while, as a commuter special Worked well for me as I lived close enough to the station in Austin, it was, for me, walking distance. Perfect. That train ride got me used to the idea of train music and there's a long history of music that features trains. Lonesome cowboys riding the rails, old blues numbers, all that railroad music. As one more modern (Austin) musician noted though, "The sounds of trains only remain in the memories of the ones like me..." (Steve Fromholz - Gemini) I kept thinking about a [train](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?)

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p=1074">train image for Taurus. The usual metaphor is that there's a train coming, get out of the way.

There is a train coming, only, I want to tweak the image that usually goes here. There's a train, it's twilight and you can see the three headlights of a freight train's engine. Huge headlights they've got. I also got stranded on one train, in South Austin, stuck for almost an hour, while a freight train was unhooked, then hooked back up and moved to a different destination. Stuck. Sitting. I made noise about just getting off the train, but I was politely informed to do so would cause me more trouble later. I was thinking about that train, stuck there on a siding, idling, the big engines not doing a thing but keeping the AC on (it was summer). That big headlight, looming in the distance, seeming to move close to Taurus, but actually? Not moving.

Gemini: A Gemini buddy, she's a young mother. She's also used to the corporate grind, and she's used to being tightly leashed to a smart phone. She's used to being held tightly. Some would say, "Tightly wrapped," but I wouldn't go that far. Just typical Gemini. In the last week, she's been through two phones. One went into the toilet, kids, you know. The other went in the pool, the kids again. At least one Gemini I know would hold onto the phone and let the kid's head slip underwater first. Difference of opinion and I'm not weighing in on that one. I just suggested, after this lament, with <https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966>">Mercury backwards like it is? Get a cheap phone for now, and worry about a smart replacement later. I'm not one to predict disaster, but two phones in a week? What are the odds, Mercury the Gemini planet is backwards, all that Aries stuff, what are the odds the phone is water-logged before the weekend is up? Part of that Aries influence, too, the way I see it? That smart phone had all the contact. "Man, I had to go to [ISBN 0-9744983-8-6](http://</p></div><div data-bbox=)

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www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/">your website to get a phone number and e-mail, how whack is that?"

Cancer: Stuck in a motel, I was watching some show on the limited cable TV. Fifteen channels, one in an Asian language, ten in Spanish, one in German... Not much for English speakers. Gives away my location, as well. It was a crime show, that flashes back and shows hints about how and who did the crime, and then flashes forward to the investigators, and it's kind of lame as there's telegraphed and choreographed data in each scene. What didn't make sense, to me, was the crime itself -- TV-style murder. If it had been me, I'd put up a better struggle. Fighting for my life, I would've made it out of there alive. I wouldn't let the killer catch me like that. Then, if I hadn't been murdered, then there wouldn't be a case for the investigators to solve, with dramatic overtones and backdrop of scenery, and the careful interpersonal dynamics layered in. Nighttime TV isn't really any better than daytime TV. The premise for the whole episode was lost on me since, if I had been the victim, I would've made a clean escape. Or fought back, or fought back then made a clean escape. Mercury, along with other influences, but let's just hang this one on Mercury for now, it's a lot like that episode. Have to go with the premise, lame as it is, or the rest of the action in Cancer doesn't make any sense.

Leo: Certain stocks, in this case stock market stocks, dipped.

Thoroughly irritated one of my Leo friends. Pissed her right off. Her portfolio, against <http://www.astrofish.net/store/>>my advice, was heavy in one sector, and when that took a hit, the value tanked. This stuff is cyclical. It'll be back. That's the least of our troubles in Leo. "What troubles," really, should be the question. Less about problems and more about recognizing cycles. Sun is in Aries, compatible Fire Sign, although, not as great a fire sign as Leo. Neptune and Venus are in Pisces, a watery sign if there ever was one, but that

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doesn't matter, either. It's not a direct conflict with mighty Leo. What this spells out is some good times. Despite what naysayers are saying, despite whatever portents and auguries suggest, despite the 'End of the World' cults, despite all of this? I'd like to suggest there's some good stuff kicking and shaking in Leo. Settle back. You don't have a horse in this race. That means, in case you can't figure it out, you're not intimately interested. You can watch, and be, unusual for a Leo? Dispassionate. Detached. Perfect.

Virgo: Kittens are cute. Kittens turn into cats. Some house cats are just cruel, mean and vindictive. Others are quite pleasant as companions. Temperament varies. After my last house cat passed over, she's buried in a special place in Austin, but after she moved on I thought I'd rush right out and get a new pet. Fill the void left in my heart. Fat house cats are perfect companions. Once she got to "middle-age" for a cat, she was great. Eat, sleep, fill the litter box, and when I was gone, weekend to weekend, the only difference was her position on the couch might change a little. Not too much. Instead of kitten, though, I'd think about adopting an older, possibly abandoned pet. Might still do that, as the pet superstore has an adoption agency. Kids and young parents all want kittens. I'm not interested in a kitten, too much energy. But an older, mature female? Eat, sleep, share books with me, not whine too much? Not botch too much when I'm gone for more than a day at a time? It's time for a new relationship in Virgo. What kind? I wasn't thinking romance, I was thinking more like a new pet. Like adopting a mature pet. One that's already halfway grown up, which, in turn, makes for a better relationship. What this is all about.

Libra: I always figure that, for an accountant, tax season is very much like my buddy who runs a fireworks stand. Once, maybe twice a year, there's big business. I needed some tax advice on a small matter, and what I've discovered, it's best to wait until after the last-minute

filings, the emergency extensions, and so forth, wait until all that settles before I bother my guy. Just easier. Easier for him and easier for me. He can chat, we might discuss his astrology chart, and it's all a more relaxed interaction. It's about picking a time to do this. Wait until the crush is over. Is there an issue that has to be addressed at this very minute? That's kind of the question, as a Libra, that we're faced with. When is the best time to discuss this issue? Does it have to be right now? The answer to most of the questions is a simple, single word: wait. I realize, with Mars opposite you, there's an urgency, but once again, like my buddy and his fireworks stand, the rush only happens so often, and trying to get his attention at this moment? Probably not going to happen. Unless you want to buy a huge amount of somewhat pricey fireworks.

Scorpio: Ever find something you like too much? There's an abandoned gas station, a former Humble Oils station, tucked into a corner in the shadow of the freeway, not far from the office PO box. Weird as can be, as it's just at that corner of disuse and public right-of-way, next to the giant North-South juggernaut of the interstate. The station made the final cut, but didn't make it, onto the National Historic Register of forgotten places. Greatest places that are never seen. I see it because it's one of the pedestrian routes to the post office. I took a number of digital images. Morning, evening, low-light, high-light, Sky Friday, everything but rain. Electronic cameras, been my experience, don't fare well in wet weather. Might be an old-wives' tale, but I'll listen to some old wives. This is borderline obsessive on my part, obsessive-compulsive, and likewise, for Scorpio, this is borderline obsessive. Three letters, OCD, mean anything? If not, then we don't have much to worry about. However, I just love this, one Scorpio will get hung up on and obsess about being OCD. Personally, I've found obsession to be part of the Scorpio make-up and really, it's an endearing quality. Gets the job done. With all that Aries stuff going on,

though, that obsession? The trick is to not let it get too carried away in the next couple of days. Like my pictures of the old Humbles Oils station.

Sagittarius: Some days it's the little things in Texas that makes me feel right. As a Sagittarius, it's the little things, just like this, that we can get away with. She was a young lady, woman, girl, whatever is the appropriate term, between fifteen and twenty-five years of age, be my best guess. Another nice spring day, sun was out, she had an appropriate summer frock, little sundress. Short but not so short it was revealing. Sheer but not so sheer that the sunlit-backlight revealed her under garments. Not particularly form fitting, either. She had longish, blondish hair. Chattering up a storm on a phone, from where I was seated. I'd guess brown eyes, but I'm unsure. Not in my notes or sketch. She wasn't too sunburned as the full roast of summer is still a distant target. Her footwear was "manly footwear," probably custom, handmade cowboy boots. I never had a chance to ascertain, but there were initials on the front of the boots uppers, hence the "custom" designation. I like living in a part of the country where cowboy boots, maybe even custom boots, are considered normal footwear, even with a little sundress. Stop. Just put a big, old pause in your day. It could be a scene as simple as mine, or could some other image. Look at the details. The initials on those boots, what were they? Hers? Someone else? Ostrich, as I recall, and those can last a long time.

Capricorn: I was having dinner with a client. Nominally a steak house, one of those restaurants that treads a narrow line between tacky and elegant, erring on the side of tack. Good food, though. I can suggest avoiding the "jalapeno poppers," although it should be favorite, the rattlesnake bites are more grease than anything else, less cheese and pepper and more fried. However, as the main course was served, my

companion was making a healthy point. With a steak knife in her hand. She was stabbing at the air as the little server came up. Tentative approach. Scared, eyes wide, wondering if she should ask, "Is there a problem here?" No, not a problem, the client was stabbing at an individual who wasn't present and the client's animated delivery was about the passion of the topic, hardly going to be stabbing anyone with a dull steak knife. One of those blunt, serrated-edge things. Good thing despite the decor, the food was good and that steak was tender. Poor, little server, that waitress was terrified of us. We were a strange enough table, to begin with, but that added passionate display of steak-knife wielding, the apparent shenanigans made us questionable at best. "Oh, look, she's scared of us, now." Sure enough, our dinner was cautiously delivered. As a Capricorn, I hope you glean two messages from my little tale: 1) stay way away from fried food appetizers, and 2) careful with the histrionics. That fateful Friday evening, not such a big deal, not for me, but I'm probably not going back to that restaurant ever again. I have to wonder if the little waitress was really scared, or just playing with us. I could never tell. Avoid that fried food.

Aquarius: I wrapped up an intense afternoon of doing back-to-back readings. I tend to get a little loopy after working like that, being "on" for six or eight hours straight, living off a power bar, vitamins and black coffee, I had dinner with friends. Part way through the meal, I think it was steak and fries, one of my redneck friends looks at me, listened to a half-hearted joke, then announced, "Kramer, you're like a dog hit by a truck, not dead yet, but we ought to just leave you lie by the side of the road where we found you." He drawled a little, part southern influence leaking through. Gentle thought, too, just let me be, where they found me, let me die in peace. Or pieces, I wasn't sure how the rest of it went. While that's not a pretty picture, the image my buddy conjured up, it effectively captures a sentiment appropriate for Aquarius. I can just imagine, as an Aquarius, you're listening to

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somebody drone on, perhaps it's a person who, as my buddy suggested, should be just be left by the side of the road. Comes a time in the life of the Aquarius, you can just let it be. Let it go, or better yet, don't pick it up in the first place. By the end of the dinner, I was only partly revived and not exactly coherent. Expecting cogent thought at the time? Not going to happen. Imagine you're an Aquarius, and the dinner companion isn't making a lot of sense. Let it lie. Right there, where you found it. Not your problem? Don't pick it up.

Pisces: When La Salle explored portions of what is now known as Texas, he lost crew members to the local population. Several of his crew defected from the ships to Caddo Indians because the local, indigenous population was friendlier. Incidentally, the word "Tejas," derives from the Caddo's word for "friend." So far, I've crossed French, Spanish, the indigenous language, and English. That's just setting the scene for the scope, four languages, and there's a lot of supposition in there, too. What's fact, what's fiction, what's pleasant myth? I tend to favor the myth aspect more than any linguistic and historical precedent. I tend to favor my Pisces friends following the French explorers, that crew? I'd abandon ship for friendlier natives. Just sounds like a better idea. Food is better, you're treated like royalty, I'm guessing, but plenty of women, or whatever, to serve your Pisces purposes... Find yourself on an unfriendly ship with a tyrannical and despotic boss? Jump ship, assuming the natives have invited you.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 4.14.2011

by Kramer Wetzal

"We cannot call her winds
and waters sighs: they
are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report."

Shakespeare's *Antony & Cleopatra* [I.ii.144-6]

If [Mercury is retrograde](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966) for you, it's retrograde for the IRS as well. Goes around, comes around. How to time the mailing of the tax form?

Aries: The girl's an Aries, I know that. She's got on heavy eyeliner, with little lines, drawn out past the corner of her eyes and endings in swirl-finish. It's both garish and enticing at the same time. I used to fall for those tricks. Still do on some days. Against her olive complexion, the eye liner looks almost natural, accentuating the big, brown eyes. It's a ruse. It's trick. It's not real. The lines around her eyes, they've been drawn on her face with a pencil, pen, maybe even a Sharpie. Who knows, for sure? A trick of the light, the harsh springtime light pointing to little flaws in the plan? That's what this Mercury Retrograde and its implications is about. What's real and what's clever marketing? What's makeup that comes off with soap and water, and what's lasting? Valid questions for the good-looking Aries.

Taurus: There's a distant musical strain that filters through my world. I tend towards the Latin side of town. South side, West Side, whatever-side. It's really a little less geographical other than a relative closeness to old Mexico, new Mexico, and culturally attuned. There's a backdrop of "mexican" music. It can be Tejano, Norteno,

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Conjunto, or a personal favorite, Nortetechno (Norteno mixed with Techno, a la Mexican Institute of Sound).

So when I stopped in a convenience store to get a quick bite, or when I was sitting at the airport, getting my boots shined, the dulcet tones of the accordion, and some crooner warbling in Mexican filters through. I never paid much attention to the music, preferring, when able, to mock it. However, in the last month or so it's become a more persistent background noise. Either I'm hearing it more often, or I'm listening to what I hear. More often. Or, like a Taurus I'm attuned to hearing this now. The background, the backdrop, the material that doesn't usually register? Subconscious material is even more important. "Yo soy consuelo," what is that singer saying?

Gemini: At one point in my academic career, I studied Latin. Other languages include both French and Spanish, although the Spanish I speak tends to be more "mexican" than Spanish, and it tends to what is partially a border patois, and part "restaurant spanish." I can order food and get a table cleaned off, say hello, and get the trash taken out, but other than that? I'm pretty much useless. As much as I have fun with language and sounds, I've found that I have to limit my attempts at foreign languages. Foreign to me, anyway. As a Gemini, you're going to pull one of my favorite stunts, stuck in a little Mexican dive, the food's great, stuck there, you'll answer in grammatically flawless French. Accent will be perfect; you've nailed it. Only, that's the wrong language. One of the oldest extant buildings from the Republic of Texas years (1835-1846), is the French Legation in Austin. The French language isn't such a stretch. France once owned Texas, again, buried history. Practically, the French language is all but useless in South Texas. Sounds nice, looks good on paper, "romance" language, like spanish, and therein the similarities end. The problem is communication,

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and like me, trying to bust out French in a Mexican dive? Bet it doesn't work. Gemini: rethink that language option, make yourself understood.

Cancer: A buddy of mine was advertising a digital product, eBook, that promised to make you thinner, smarter, richer, and get teenage kids to listen and mind better. In his little blurb, he admitted he lied about that last part, about getting teenage kids to mind better, as he thought that was impossible, but the rest of the products he offered would make you thinner, richer, smarter. I'd like to offer the same deal, a simple product that would make you thinner, richer, smarter. Can never be too thin, too rich, or too smart. That's the kicker, on this week, I have no such product to offer, and while I like my buddy, let's be real, all of those from a simple textbook? Probably not really going to happen. I can't make you thinner, I can't make you richer, again, both of these are decisions that lie within your own realm. However, I can help with the smart thing: Uranus, Mercury (RX), Mars, Jupiter, and soon, Venus are in Aries, as is the Sun. This exerts symbolic pressure on your normally good taste. Don't make a decision about color choices that might have a last impact. Bad time to make design decisions. Put that idea on "hold," and you'll appear smarter, almost overnight.

Leo: When I served in the military, I learned to never volunteer for anything. Never volunteer. Never, ever volunteer for anything while in the service. Never volunteer. There's a bevy of astrological "feel goods" going on, in and around, Leo. Good for you. One of the secrets to best employ this energy? Don't volunteer. Don't say, "I'm feeling good, so I can take on this extra task." Won't work, Mercury is working against you. Likewise, "We need a fresh mind to tackle this problem...." You do not raise your Leo paw, you don't wink, you don't move, you do nothing. Stare at the ground. No volunteering. Yes, you have the freshest mind. Yes, you're better able to handle this, and yes, Mercury

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is still retrograde and will cause more trouble than you deserve. The simplest way to avoid the problem? You guessed it: don't volunteer. Yes, you're way better than any other choice, but that doesn't mean you should open your mouth and point that out by volunteering.

Virgo: The black leather jacket. Eventually, everyone has one. Should have one, did have one, will have one. Falls in one -- or more -- of those categories. The black leather jacket, really, it should be a black leather motorcycle jacket, it's less about the actual leather jacket and more about what that jacket symbolizes. My first guess would be the original biker movie, *The Wild Ones*, et al, Marlon Brando with his jacket and cap, a cigarette hanging from his lip. Cuts a certain figure that you belong to no group, except, perhaps a motley gang of ne'er do wells. Even then, you don't belong so much as tolerate the appearance of hanging out in the same area. All attitude and jacket and stuff. I just like the idea of the jacket. This is less about the idea of the an "outlaw" motorcycle gang and more about the attitude of the loner, the image projected by that jacket and its associations. Here? Way too warm to actually wear a leather jacket, it's half to summer broil. I've been in shorts and sandals since parts of January and February. Hardly leather weather for me. However, in Virgo, with what's going on? The astrological portents suggest an attitude that will help you survive and thrive, even when Mercury is retrograde like it is. Think of the pose in the leather jacket. Black leather jacket. Don't have to have one, just strike the pose. See if that helps.

Libra: Mercury Retrograde is a lot like a Black Velvet Elvis I own. That "canvas," as it's really a piece of rather inexpensive black velvet, but that canvas has a long and tortured history. I'd layer another element on top that particular framed image's history, what with the licensing arrangement that's probably not been met. The original should be from a town along the border, since most of the better "black velvet"

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artwork is from the Texas-Mexican border. There was a friendlier time, and I'd like to think that's when this is from. Border, North Texas, Central Texas, South Texas, back to North Texas, then to a trailer park in Austin, eventually. It took many years to travel to those various places. Been around a long time. There's a heavy patina of cigar smoke, a hint of concrete stain, and other elements that have figure into that one image's history. Gets around. This Mercury Retrograde is going to make an attempt to plot and follow that one framed image, its trajectory in my life, before my life, and who knows, maybe after my life, as well.

Scorpio: I'm well-versed in several, very distinct, styles of fishing. For one type of fishing, there's a certain kind of gear required. I keep all my fishing for lake-side bass fishing in one tackle box. In another tackle box, I've got my "sit by the side of the bay" (saltwater) gear -- inshore fishing, as it were. Finally, there's the coastal gear, not even in tackle box, but a tackle bag, heavier gear for the monsters that lurk beneath the waves of the ocean. Gulf of Mexico, but who's counting? This is about segregation and splitting, refinements, and compartments. All about what goes in what. There's spillover, as I've used some fishing pole in two or more places, and there's some common parts with the fishing line, but typically, a lake bass requires a #2 or #3 offset worm hook whereas the Big Reds like the long-shank hook, and the speckled trout like a slightly smaller hook. Just depends. The problem, I had two coastal boxes in the back seat of a girlfriend's car, she slammed on the brakes, and there's now a bunch of fishing gear all tumbled together. It's nice to keep life, like a tackle box, separated into individual compartments, like I prefer my fishing gear.

Sagittarius: An axiom, I do believe I passed this on into the Pink Cake Collection, but one rule? "If you can't be right? Be wrong at the top of voice." While it's not an actual rule I'd suggest we live by, while it's

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not a real "rule," per se, I think it still bares examination as a way through this week. Look at the "fire" planets happening in a compatible sign: Aries. Look as the Sun gets ready to shift into Taurus, Mr. Mercury is still in apparent Retrograde, and as Sagittarius, we are going to be wrong. Horrifically incorrect. Bad judgement, bad data, wrong conclusion, narrow-minded, open-minded, too broad, too little, too much. Something. I'll promise I'll make a call about some situation and be way off. I'll suggest that you're going to do the same. Plausible, neat, sounds correct, and it's wrong. This will only get as blown out of proportion as you let it. Or, in my example, only get blown out of proportion as much as I pursue the part where I'm wrong. Think about it. Find out there's a mistake? Stop. Correct the error. Adjust and change course. Or, you can be like me, with much fanfare and time spent complaining, working it for being wrong. Your choice, Sagittarius.

Capricorn: Using the Tropical Zodiac, traditional western astrology, I'm suggesting you wait until the Moon is in your sign, Capricorn. Wait until then to make your big move. Grand statement, eloquent solution, elegant entrance, whatever it is that you're up to? Might really want to time this one by the Lunar Cycles, and I'd suggest, wait until the Moon is in your sign. The problem is that the collision and collusion of the planets in Aries are combining to make your Capricorn world unsettled, and you're tempted to rush a project. Mercury, backwards (retrograde) in Aries, remember? Timing is critical. I'd like to suggest the best time for you, in this next week? Wait until the Moon is in your sign, Capricorn. Give it a rest. There's no hurry, there's no reason why this has to be done right now, there's no profit gained from a hasty and ill-timed response. I'll get an e-mail, "You suck!" Perfect example of an ill-timed and bad response. In the past I would publicly humiliate the author, but these days, I can't be bothered with the effort to mock some poor soul. See? If you wait until the Moon enters your sign? That issue get resolved. In your favor. Then I don't suck.

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Aquarius: I switched phone systems, yet again, and I found one that I like, for the time being, but since it's one of them "inter-web" phones, VOIP, there will be, at some times, a little lag. Worse, with a reading last week, this happened. I would start to say something on the client on the other end would ask a question. I'd say something, question being fired at me at the same time. I'd stop. Client would stop. At the same time, after about a two-beat pause, we would both say, "You go ahead." It was almost comic, and it was amusing, for the first 15 minutes. But after that initial time? The two of us trying to talk over each other wasn't fun. The timing was off. As an Aquarius, you understand the comment about the timing being off, as it is right now. Off. Blame me, blame the inter-webs, blame imperfect technology, blame whatever you want, but realize it's like that conversation, back and forth at the same time. Was funny. After a couple of weeks, or even, in my example, just fifteen minutes? Not fun anymore. Might try and pad the Aquarius response time with an extra one, maybe two-beat pause. After all, the first liar never has a chance.

Pisces: There's one catch-phrase that will help you more than anything else this week -- quote, after me, "I meant to do that." Mercury is retrograde, with a vengeance. In Aries. Venus is fixing to leave your sign, and all of this adds up to little mistakes that seem to work out well for you. Hence the catch-phrase for the week, "I meant to do that." I pulled out a cheap digital camera, as was my style at the time, and I fumbled a little bit with the camera, visions of it crashing into the ground and a millions pieces danced through my head. I caught it in my left hand, after a bit of a juggle, and I flipped it around, snapped the picture, looked at another observer who was much amused by my fumbling, then I said, those magic words for Pisces, "I meant to do that." Despite the dance and juggle, fumble and subsequent recovery? That picture wasn't worth saving. Not all of my mistakes are good.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 4.21.2011

by Kramer Wetzal

"Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves."

Constable Dogberry in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* [V.i.205-9]

Dogberry exposes the henchmen, Conrade and Borachio.

Taurus: "Yo soy consuelo," what is that singer saying? My best translation is along the lines of a blues song, but while there's a direct translation, the language barrier requires a more liberal expression. The feeling is one where the protagonist of the song, the singer, needs to be consoled for the loss of, presumably, a love. It's mariachi staple, along with Rancho Grande, and the usual, One Ton Tomato. This language barrier, where I suggest the emotionally charged translation is different from the actual words mean? That's what this is all about. It's tough, or good, but mostly tough. The tough part is trying to decipher what the emotional meaning is to the song, the lyrics, rather than what's the literal translation. As a Taurus I did mention happy birthday to that one Taurus, right? As Taurus, this is has been a worse than usual Mercury Retrograde period because you've been unable to locate, isolate and cure the Mercury problem. As these weeks unwind, there's a chance, if you listen with your heart instead of listening with your ears? Or listen with mind as much as you listen with your eyes? Look, listen, learn. Less literal, more liberal, with the essence of the message rather than the actual words.

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Gemini: Rethink that language option, make yourself understood? How did that work? Mercury starts a slow and possibly painful process of unwinding, undoing what has been rent asunder. Not without headache and/or heartache in Gemini land. Not without a few problems. Not without a few extra Gemini-inspired challenges. I have two books, texts rather, that I found particularly useful and inspiring. Especially when Mercury is retrograde. The Tao Te Ching (translated) and the Sabian Symbols in Astrology.

Both are jumping off points. Both are texts that I can "surf," as in, just pick the book up, flip through the pages and find what catches my attention. That's the answer. Bible, King James Version for my tastes, the Complete Works of Shakespeare, a slim volume of Eliot's poetry, any number of these texts will work, but when Mercury is Retrograde? Let's go back to the Tao. There's a zen-like attitude. There's an understanding of being in the flow, how the Tao is life-fore, and how it's important to work within that flow, not work against it. Which is important. It's a jumping off point, and the better translations of the Dao Se Ting are short. Tight little verses that a Gemini can wrap an idea around. Something with which to work. Like dealing with Mercury Retrograde's associated fall out this next few days. Pick up the pieces.

Cancer: "Put that idea on 'hold,' and you'll appear smarter, almost overnight." That was last week's advice. Because Mercury is still retrograde at the beginning of this week, I'll stick to that advice for starters. The book suggests that life is better by this weekend. Let's look at the archetype for Cancer, the Crab. I like the little hermit crabs at the beach, or the baby crabs, scurrying hither and yon on the sand. Moving sideways and when I approach, the crab will hunker down and try to retract everything into its shell. Doesn't quite work, as the onerous pincers, crab claws, are still out there. But mostly it works. Imagine, for the last two-three weeks, you've carefully followed my

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advice and withdrawn to the safety of your own carapace. This weekend, and starting next week? Gradually start to test the issues, test the waters, test atmospheric conditions in your location by cautiously extending one claw. A single appendage, and if you're right-handed (70-80% of the population), then extend your left hand. Claw. I'm not saying it will be taken off or injured, it's just matter of leading with the less valuable extremity. For starters. Just to make sure you're not getting ahead of the problems. Not yet.

Leo: Yes, you're way better than any other choice, but that doesn't mean you should open you mouth and point that out by volunteering. I stick by that selection, and I'd go one step further, I'd try my best to keep you from volunteering an opinion. Another fixed sign, a watery fixed sign, that's Scorpio. Not always a good match for Leo. However, it's a good energy to imitate this next few days. The biggest problem with trying to ape a Scorpio action is the Leo "play" button -- the little arrow pointing to the right? Someone pushed that. One word: don't. Dig back into the Scorpio files, and see what they do. Sneaky guys, them Scorpio. One Scorpio, this is a good Leo lesson, one Scorpio said he wasn't up to anything, really, but he looked suspicious and made other people afraid of him. He intimidated others by saying nothing. Nothing at all. Like I suggested, don't volunteer an opinion. Silence is golden. Leo is gold.

Virgo: Just strike the pose. See if that helps. If that doesn't work, holding still for a few extra counts? Then try a little action. I'd do my best to hold off on the action until after this coming weekend. I realize we'd all like a little action before then, but I've got a specific goal, and verifiable option in mind. It's that pesky Mercury Cycle, and until we're done with it, this weekend, action on your part might be a waste. If you don't mind making a dry run, a symbolic practice gesture, a try that you know will yield no fruits immediately, then it's okay,

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break that pose and move forward. But if it's an earnest motion? Hold off until after the weekend.

Libra: This <https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966> Mercury Retrograde is going to make an attempt to plot and follow that one framed image, its trajectory in my life, before my life, and who knows, maybe after my life, as well. As the Mercury Retrograde pattern draws to a close, that single image's trajectory, it stretches across three states, two countries, and decades of time, that single image -- and its trek -- is a microcosm of the forces at work on your fine, Libra self. It's a special flavor, a special sense, what with Mercury backwards in the sign opposite you, along with a host of other planets. Then, as this week arrives and moves forward, Mercury unwinds while the Sun inches forward in Taurus. It's a small amount of relief, but relief nonetheless. Tracking the way my Black Velvet Elvis crossed boundaries, territories, states and even international boundaries is an intellectual marvel. As a Libra, I'm trying to get you to look at that series of lines, crossing and criss-crossing the countryside. The more time you spend chasing down what might seem like pointless details, the better off you are. "Therein hangs a tale," as they say. Instead of trying to focus on the big objectives? Minute, almost pointless details.

Scorpio: It's nice to keep life, like a tackle box, separated into individual compartments, like I prefer my fishing gear. While last week was a tangled mess, this week promises to be no better. However, there is an upside to the mercurial mess: cross-pollination. I was looking at some old top-water lures for bass fishing, and while the colors never seemed to be particularly effective when I used them, despite what other fishing guides have told me, I found that those selfsame lures work well on the coast. Cross-pollination. While one idea isn't particularly effective in one location, in another place? That idea works quite well. I suspect, always have, that some of the colors are a

mere ruse by other fishermen. Perish the thought that any fisherman would deliberately misrepresent the truth. Out of Mercury's jumbled mess, though, there's a chance when the wrong gear winds up, accidentally, in the right tackle box. Make use of the mercurial mess, see if the mistakes don't yield up some good Scorpio results. Borrow one of my lines, "I meant to do that."

Sagittarius: Your choice, Sagittarius. I had a situation a client came to me with a problem. Legal issue. I'm not lawyer. I'd be hard-pressed to even represent myself as a lawyer on TV, or in the movies, unless I had a lot of training, coaching, and perhaps a ton of makeup. Lights would have to be right, too. Opinions, I can offer that. Real legal advice? Not a chance. So looking at the client's problem, all I could say was, "Talk to a lawyer." I know when a problem, question, issue is clearly out of my realm. I can pontificate for hours, but I can't make an informed decision based on anything else but my relative paucity of common sense and obviously, what the astrology charts indicate. As a Sagittarius, we're used to -- on the right occasion -- listening to ourselves carry on about a topic where we -- as Sagittarius -- have relative little experience. Read it in a book, saw it on TV, or just images that sprout from our imagination. Doesn't matter. This is one of those weeks, someone comes to us for advice. Legal issue? Get a lawyer. Medical issue? See a doctor. Problem with your stars? Call me. Your choice, Sagittarius, but I'd recommend you seek the correct advice from a qualified professional for the particular issue.

Capricorn: I don't suck. We're almost at that point when you'll be able to say that without a hint of irony or sarcasm in your voice. Not quite there, but almost. Point of order, I don't suck, but the planets, all stacked up in Aries, they do suck, and that makes me look bad. But I don't suck. However, until we get to that point, until we get a single, positive reinforcement going for Capricorn, until we get that happening,

I'm going to be pretty high on the (colloquial expression for excrement) list for the Capricorn buddies. I can't change Mars/Jupiter, close and tight, in Aries, making you want to scratch a spot in the middle of your back that you can't quite reach. Or some other spot you can't quite get to, that un-scratchable spot. No, I won't reach over and scratch that itch. Might want to leave well-enough alone. In the coming seven days, from the moment this scopes goes "live," there's one breakthrough that will astound and maze you. One good one. All that other stuff? Suddenly I'm not the bad guy anymore. Neither are you. Unless, of course, you like being the bad guy.

Aquarius: The first liar never has a chance. Remember that. You get a shot at something, probably later this week, maybe into the first part of next week, you get a chance, an opening. Take it? Up to you. I doubt you'll be able to pass it up, one of this "gimme's" that we all get to see from time to time. Hard to pass up a free cheap shot at someone. Especially if that Aquarius Antagonist hands you an opportunity on the proverbial silver platter. How much more cliché can this get? That's the problem. It's not a cliché, it's not an opening, and it's not a good time to take a shot at something -- someone -- who is unarmed. The first shot never gets a second chance. The first liar never has a chance. I'd suggest, just a suggestion, but when you get an opening handed to you and that opportunity, happens next, two, three days? When that opening lands in your Aquarius lap? Don't. That simple. Wait, savor the moment, but don't. Blame me, blame Mercury, or wait, and you can really spike the ball, to coin another tired expression, later. Don't be the first, be the last.

Pisces: Not all of my mistakes are good. I'm aware of that. I've loved the accidental nature of both my art and my craft. I stumbled into writing horoscopes by accident, and I've enjoyed the challenge. This last Mercurial Cycle, it's not all over yet, but this last period, I was

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trying to instruct more about how to harness the accidental nature of art and use this for constructive, productive output. Some days I'm more successful than other days. Some days, I'm "on," and even the mistakes turn out great. Other days, there's a gradual culling process. In Pisces, there's a gradual culling process, and since this a Mercury Retrograde-inspired process, realize that this culling process is part of what is required. Sometimes I have to take two or three passes at a collection before I'll be able to pick and choose the good from the ill. Get the good stuff by pruning away the bad stuff. Get to the real beauty by judiciously removing unwanted material. At the end of this coming weekend, in Pisces, I want two stacks. Crap to toss (recycle, trash, etc.) Important things to hold onto (save, revere, etc.) However, wait until next week before making the final decision. Wait until Mercury is really no longer retrograde before you make a call about what to toss and what to save. One or two items might be in the wrong pile, just now.

Aries: Valid questions for the good-looking Aries, as Mercury unwinds itself, what's the new direction? I suggested, a while a back, that there was an idea, a concept, a hope for a new direction, and I figured this was something that would come spinning out of the Mercury cycle. Inspiration, hope, direction, new idea, something. A concept, a new spin on an old idea. Hint: look at the problem, issue, obstacle? Look at it differently. It's all about tangents, and as Mercury gradually rights what was wrong, I'm pretty sure you came up with a brilliant solution to a problem. The problem with the solution you cooked up? It's good but it's not perfect. Not being of a Virgo mind, not perfect is fine by your Aries self. However, I'd suggest you run with this a little, change, modify, edit, and otherwise mold the material into a newer form. Mercury give you the idea, now fit that answer to the question. It can be done.

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by Kramer Wetzel

"A little harm done to a good end."
Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece" [528]

Uranus, Aries; Venus, Aries; Mercury (not <https://www.createspace.com/3411966> Retrograde), Aries; Jupiter, Aries; Mars, Aries; Sun, Taurus; and last, Saturn, Libra. New Moon on Monday, musical allusion.

Taurus: Happy Birthday. Excellent year on your horizon, I can see that from here. When I was last in London, I saw an ad for the Royal Opera, and the ad itself featured a very familiar image: Ship Rock. Shiprock, NM. It's in the <http://www.SkyFriday.com/2010/06/17/264/> north-western corner of New Mexico. Used to be several different things, but most commonly, it's a volcanic plug or core that looks like, from the right angle, looks like an old man-o-war, schooner, with tail sails and all. Was destination point in the early days of the West and a landmark. Then, too, it's also native holy ground, and I think access is now limited and restricted. Still, as enigmatic an image as anything. What that had to do with the <http://www.astrofish.co.uk/> Royal Opera? I'm at loss. Probably a stock image, as part of the American Wild West as perceived by people not from around here. The black basalt, red sandstone spires rising out of the ochre, faded yellow sands of the desert's floor. I don't recall anything else, other than the advertising, while quite striking, the connection was ill-formed, <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/> and me, as a soul of the <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/> Southwest, just wrong. However, I doubt old desert rats were the Royal Opera's target demographic.

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Gemini: What's for lunch? There are number of Gemini issues that, I'm sure, you feel like these issues deserve some attention. So what's for lunch? Yes, we should adequately, and in great haste, address those Gemini issues. Paramount. Burning issues that require effective action now. So what's for lunch, anyway? Your problems aren't going to get fixed nearly as fast as you'd like them fixed. I can promise that. You might hate the answer, but there you have it.

There's a delay. No, Mercury is no longer [Retrograde](https://wwwcreatespace.com/3411966), that's not what this about. It's about all the planets in Aries plus the Sun/Moon thing in Taurus. Then the Moon's in Gemini. Which gets back to the original question, what's for lunch today? All I'm trying to do is buy you a little time and let matters gets deflected around you. Easiest way to do that? Let's go out for lunch.

Cancer: Austin's Barton Springs and Barton Creek flow at a constant 68 degrees (Fahrenheit). I have friends who swim there, year round. Personally I think that's nuts. Period. Just crazy, when the temperature is lower than the Spring's temperature. That's just insane behavior. Likewise, like now, in the spring? It's still not really warm enough for me to swim. Water's too cold. Period. For me, I'd give it another month, although, I'll be honest, I've been in as early as March and as late as November. This isn't about me, as I'm a fire sign. Cancer is water sign Are you ready for the bracing cold of the springs? Is it warm enough that you can stand swimming in the ice-like waters? There's a spiritual element to the waters of Barton Springs. I just like it because it's way to beat the summer heat. Which isn't here yet. So it's still too cold -- for me, anyway. I might be a little off with e temperatures, but for me, it's not yet swimming season. There's a lot going on, in Cancer, around Cancer and for Cancer, this next few days.

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Are you ready to plunge into the icy-cold creek water? I can't answer that question for you, but I can warn you, that water is very cold and will come as a shock to the Cancer system. Only if you want it.

Leo: Five planets in Aries, Sun in Taurus. For the last dozen years, maybe more, I've predicted, every spring, like, the last week of April, or thereabout, I've predicted it's going to be a hot summer. In the last decade, just to round this off and make it easier for mathematical purposes, in the last decade, I've predicted 10 hot summers. Same predictions, every spring. I base the predictions, ostensibly on new growth weather patterns, planets, the phases of the moon, or, more often than not, just straight numbers. Let's look at my accuracy. So far, out of ten predicted "hot" summers, there have been two misses. One, really, with one falling on the line between "oven," and just mild. I'd give it up, and for the sake of numbers, let's say I missed that prediction twice. In a decade. 4 out of 5, 8 out of 10? Not bad numbers. I'm predicting, again, a hot summer. Odds on me being right? Straight numbers don't lie. 80% success rate, and that's a sampling from a decade. Now, as The Leo, you can make similar assessment and far-ranging prediction. Chances are 80% in your favor. There's still a long shot gamble that this isn't the usual oven-like summer, but what are the odds? For Leo? For The Leo? Odds are in your favor, but that's not a guarantee.

Virgo: I was needling and poking, hopefully in an unobtrusive way, to get some action out of Virgo. Not action out of a specific Virgo, not making that mistake again. Love me my Virgo girls, but no, not going to date another one. The reason for the prodding the Virgo section, it's got to do with coherent action that yields the results that you, the Virgo, want. I want you to get the results you desire. Here's how this works, you've hatched a plan, an idea, something. You're moving in a good direction. You have plans, hopes, dreams, maybe even an action list to

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help get this accomplished. Here's the deal: make it seem like our idea. Simple trick, very effective gets the results you want. Make it seem like our idea. I'm not sure whose idea it's supposed to be, but this one you can't take the credit for. I know. You know. Make it seem like the other party thought this up on their very own. With no help from anyone. Whisper suggestions. Those suggestions are really commands, but make it sound like a suggestion. Whisper the suggestions, coax, tickle, implore, beg, wheedle, whatever. Make it happen. Make it seem like it's not your idea. Results. This is about results. Not taking credit for your work? If you reap the benefits, who cares whose name is on it?

Libra: I kept poking and prodding the Libra chart, and then I got distracted. It happens. I'm easily distracted these days. Did you know that the most volcanically active spot in the solar system is a moon of Jupiter? The Moon is Io. Most volcano activity in the solar system, at least, that we can know as of now. There's a video, online someplace of an island being born, out in the Pacific -- somewhere. Watch the hot lava hit the water. Steam and the fluid rock becomes, well, rock-hard. Like I said, easily distracted. The original idea was the volcano, since that's what I started with before I detoured into cosmology and geology. Interesting, to a point. The problem in Libra is two-fold: easily distracted, like looking for a video clip of lava and an island being formed, while Jupiter (and Mars) are heating you up like a volcano. Or getting Libra ready to go volcanic. Mars super-heats the Libra psyche. Whether you ooze a little like that lava in the video? Or if you blow up? I think, unlike the real volcanoes, you have a choice.

Scorpio: The Western Saddle and Western Tack developed from a cowboy's need to steer the horse, navigate with one hand while hurling a rope with the other hand. Drive with one hand while lassoing with the other hand. Started with the bit, and from there the saddle evolved.

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The original, one-handed arrangement. It originated with the Spanish overlords in Mexico, and gradually evolved as the horse culture permeated the landscape. All from a need to do two things at one time. Drive the horse and catch cows. Riding and herding. Simultaneous. As a Scorpio, you're faced with trying to do two things at one time. Riding and roping, be as good a guess as any. With the right equipment, this is a task that can be accomplished by a good Scorpio. You are a good Scorpio, aren't you? The whole notion that the Western saddle and tack is derived from the cowboys' needs is part of this image, as well. Form should follow function. You've got two hands, now, with the right bit in the horse's mouth, you can drive and herd at the same time. Might take a little bit of extra work to figure out how to do this, but two at one time? That's your goal.

Sagittarius: In the Westminster Abbey gift shop, I asked the counter clerk what was the strangest question she heard from tourists. "Why don't you sell Effeile Towers?" I'm not often dumbfounded. In downtown San Antonio, I asked a cop the weirdest question. "Why did they put the Alamo in the middle of downtown?" I was dumbfounded. Whomever suggested that there are no dumb questions? Never asked what the tourists ask, as that can explore depth of stupidity heretofore unknown. Plumb the depths? As a Sagittarius, we're used to sticking feet in mouth and we're not bothered by this. I'm just thinking, looking at a few items, mostly the planets in Aries and then the Taurus Sun, I'm just thinking that we can come up with some, new, dumber than before questions. Here's the trick, the hint, how to cope with the next couple of days. No. Don't. No way. If we're silent the world will wonder if we're stupid. Open our mouths? We'll prove we got some dumb questions. I'm just saying, keep them guessing, no proof is required.

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Capricorn: One year, when I was in [London](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/), I passed the station master of an Underground (Tube) station. He was looking at a familiar auction site, online. I'm sure this is a frequent occurrence in the work place, world-wide. Civil servant, federal employee, city, state, county, even in the private sector, a frequent diversion. Might not be an auction site, could be any number of online distractions, up to, and including, my horoscopes, or any other sites I run. Diversion that are, not exactly, work-related. Common problem. Here's the problem, Capricorn: there's a guy, works in the IT department, typically, in the basement of your building, and he monitors all inter-web traffic. All the stuff that goes through the Inter-web tubes? He looks at it. He sees what you're seeing. All of it. Surveillance. I thought about the image of that station master, looking at a world-wide recognized auction site, probably trying to buy maybe sell, but I'd guess buy a trinket. On company time. In full view of the public. Not a good idea. Can you be sure your traffic isn't monitored? Better yet, do the stuff that's not related to work? Do that from home. Not on company machines. Someone might be watching.

Aquarius: I was in, never mind where I was. What I saw. Two women were talking, conversing. One [looked](http://www.astrofish.net/2004/06/for-the-week-of-63-92004/) at the other, "You were married, what, in the nineties?" Affirmative answer, nod, other conversation, then, "How did you know?" Other data, then, "Gold wedding ring, the nineties were like that." I wasn't traveling for business, and my wedding ring stories have been done too many times now. What I learned was some conventional wisdom about jewelry and how to date an event. Might be useless data, or sometime, I can look at a client, and make the same prognostication, "You were married, what, in the nineties?" As an Aquarius, this is the week, next few days, this is the time to listen, observe and learn. Much as I wanted to jump into a

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conversation about when certain women of a certain age, looking good here, were married, and what worked, what doesn't work and so on, I didn't. Follow my example, listen, observe, learn. The more you keep your mouth shut, I'm not asking for a long time, I'm just saying for right now, the more time spent observe and the less time spent talking? Better off. Like learning about the color of gold used in wedding rings from a [certain era](http://astrofish.net/xkramerw/blogchive/blog2002.html).

Pisces: One of my clients is a poet. Poetess. Writer of a slim volumes of achingly beautiful poetry that, so far, hasn't been a commercial success. Sad laments, love lost, troubled souls, the injustice of it all, the image of life reflected in a single dewdrop on a spring flower's petal, all the stock and trade of poetry. The loss of humankind's way, man's inhumanity to man, usual stuff. Really lovely material. Little, thin, slim volumes that should be perfumed. I can almost smell an essence when I open one of these careful-bound volumes. Just gorgeous stuff. Lead-free, chemical-free ink on acid-free, hand-made paper. Individually stitched books. Works of art, much more than a book. While there's really just not a lot of money to be made as a poet of this caliber, there is that sense that there's something permanent being made. The Sun is in Taurus. While it might not revolutionize the world, while it might not set a the world on fire with new ideas, I still think there's a chance, this next few days, to lay the groundwork for a similar, permanent, work of art. Like those slim volumes of achingly beautiful poetry.

Aries: It's been a long time since I've run into pure prejudice based on age alone. Like, "You have to be this tall to ride this ride"? Easiest example I could think of. The situation was where one client was possibly too old for a position. Not because there was strength or

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stamina required, like lifeguard at the pool, not like that at all. It was a business decision, and the official word was based on some kind educational background requirement that wasn't fulfilled. What it really was, though, clear as I could see, it was age-ist. Too old. Might not outlive the job. Might not make it the end of the contract. Both of which are absolutely not true, but that's not the point. Age discrimination. I'm guessing, "Not discriminated against based on race, color, creed, or gender" needs to include age. This isn't one for the legal department, I'm just using it as an example from case files I've seen. You're getting discriminated against. The real reason, I'm not sure it's age, but the real reason, you're right, it's not what the official word says. The little document that says, "Rejected?" That's not it. When I [uncovered](http://www.malhanga.com/videosflash/) this, after I pointed it out, and why I thought about this example? I can save you time. No sense fighting some issue that doesn't even have all the facts attached. Can't fight it. Lick you wounds, move on. There is, I promise, something better. I promise. Little window shuts, big, big door opens.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 5.5.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without a book."

Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* [II.i.16-7]

Nota Bene: "con" in this context means "learnt by heart," that silly Elizabethan English. [Cinco de Mayo](http://www.texassecede.com/). Holiday about a jar of mayonnaise?

Taurus: One of my neighbors has a new toy. Birthday toy, as the guy is a Taurus. Here, in the dusty parking lot of this place, yesterday at sunset, last week, really, he was making a tremendous amount of racket with a tiny, gas-powered toy dune-buggy. I think it has a single cylinder, two-stroke motor. Remote control, but only a joystick and throttle, really, not a lot to do. Makes a huge amount of racket as the little single-cylinder motor buzzes around and the speed, if scaled up, would be, like, a hundred miles an hour. Or more. The vehicle itself isn't much bigger than a shoebox, all big tires and roll cage, and plastic body. If it were truly a model, the body should be fiberglass and that would've shattered on the first impact with a speed bump or parking bolster. I played with it -- once. I ran it in figure eight circles until I got a feel for it and then I drove it, pitched it, into a corner so tight it rolled over and over. Spectacular wipe-out. I'm not allowed to play with his toys anymore. But there was no harm. Which one are you? Me? Pushing it too far? Or the other guy, watching his toy crash and burn? (It didn't crash, and it ran just fine, hardly a scratch. You'd think he'd let it go at that.)

Gemini: The lakes haven't turned yet. Taking longer than usual this year, so it seems. What happens is the summer temps heat up the

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water and the water column gets reversed. As soon lakes turn, cool water on bottom, warm water on top, food near the shallows, fish right off the points, the May fishing gets good. At the end of this horoscope, next week, Tuesday or so, the fishing gets really good.

It's cool enough I can almost wear a heavy shirt in the morning, but warms up nicely by 10 so I'm shirtless and shoeless in the back of a boat. As a Gemini, I'm trying to get you to pay attention to the way this cycle starts and finishes. Close, but not quite yet. There isn't a pattern until next week. Then we can go merrily forward with our plans. But I'd do the Gemini dance of indecision for the time being Just until, like Monday. Or Sunday.

Cancer: The Moon Child. Sweet Cancer. Did you know, standing on the Moon, and looking at Earth, the Planet Earth would look 50 times brighter than the moon? As usual, I'm veritable fount of useless trivial information. Useless? I'm not sure. The moon's a big player, as that's the strength you've got. Use it. Use that emotional fortitude as the way to protect yourself from the slings and arrows of others. Last count, there were about three different "enemies" rushing at you. I tend to see these "enemies" as little people with small-minded agendas that really have no overall affect on the Cancer life, right now, especially if the little attacks are taken individually. One at a time? You can brush them off like a piece of white lint off a black shirt. One of those tiny feathers leaked out of a down pillow, and that was on the shirt. Just flick it, and it's gone. Maybe brush it once, or think about lint brush, but you're getting the idea? Only, the problem is, all of these little items conspire to hit you at once. My solution? Retreat to the Moon. Or the strength that the moon's phase lends you.

Leo: I was passing through a neighborhood, light industrial, close to downtown, and I was at a strange vantage point, as I don't tend to look

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upwards at this time. There was a scissor jack lift, which I would call an accordion lift, and the guy was carrying roofing supplies up. Another worker was on the roof already, moving stuff around. I would never have noticed the work occurring if I hadn't glanced skyward. Not a typical direction, not in May, not what I would normally do. Hot sun, not a cloud in the sky, not much of a chance of catching a fish with the barometric pressure like this.

Doesn't matter the moon sign, just not a good day to fish. Which might be why I saw those guys on the roof. I paused, long enough to note that it was a fairly extensive repair, as there was much material being hauled up, but then, the job itself couldn't be too tough, as there were only two, and no truck with a big tar-boiler on it. Look up, that's what this is about. Look down, look around. Look in direction that you're not accustomed to looking. Leo: it's there, in front of you. You just have look in some direction you don't usually look. Like me, looking up.

Virgo: When I lived in East Austin, back in the day, I felt much closer to the native Low Rider culture. I'm somewhat estranged from that connection these days, at least, distanced from any kind of "hands on" experience I might have previously enjoyed. Still have respect for the art form. Still love the tail-draggers and bouncers, and the intricate artwork. Amazing artwork. Rolling sculptures that are, in the finest examples, truly interactive. It's not an art form that I'm particularly motivated to pursue, but I can stand to one side and appreciate the handiwork, the craftsmanship, the detail and orientation. I don't quite understand the motivation, but then, some people don't understand why I like bass fishing. To each his own. Or her own, whatever. Should be non-gender specific. One rolled by the other day, a gorgeous piece of work. Early Sixties, like '61 or so, and had the blue metal-flake paint with a giant Crown of Thorns image on the hood. Quite a dedication. A true

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testament to one's faith, I gathered. One Virgo girl is going to read this and assume I'm instructing her to build a classic low rider. Not what this is about. It's about that project, that secret Virgo project. Could be a low rider. Or a monster truck. Or secret bass weapon, guaranteed to catch fish in any situation. I'm not telling you what your secret project is, because I don't know: it's your secret. However, time is nigh for putting in some effort.

Libra: I've seen two versions of Shakespeare's "12th Night" that stick in my mind. One was on stage in London, an English version, as it should be. Very traditional staging, traditional garb, nothing exciting except that it was just really well-executed. Diction, language, and I did have a front row seat, which didn't suck. So the show was exceptional. A couple of the opening monologues stuck in my mind, why I liked it so much. There was another version of the play, strangest of bedfellows, in Austin, part professional players, part student stock. Again, a proper execution of the play, diction, language and fairly conservative staging, not too outlandish, like setting it in outer-space or something. Just a straight-up, Elizabethan staging, adopted for modern times. What the students lacked in skills was more than made up for by the exuberance of the student stock. The players played at whatever role they had, no matter how small. Malvolio sticks in my head as a tortured soul, and in that play, he can be a tortured old man. While I've seen this one play, maybe a dozen times, it's that one production that sticks in my mind. The clarity of language, the effortless delivery. That kind of effortless delivery can only be obtained through hours, days, weeks or more of painstaking rehearsal. As a Libra, there's still some painstaking rehearsal. As a Libra, make sure you have your lines right. While exuberance can cover up a plethora of sins, nothing beats practice and preparation.

Scorpio: Scorpio is a fixed sign. So is Taurus, and every year, I tend to avoid my Scorpio friends while the Sun is in Taurus. There's a kinetic fission that occurs while the Sun is opposite Scorpio. I can usually get along with Scorpio folks quite well. Love them, respect them, can't date them, but that's not even a question (I'm just not man enough for a Scorpio.) When the Sun opposes your Scorpio self, there's a certain level of misdirected energy, like anger comes easily but without proper direction. To make this worse, in another week, Mars moves in Taurus, and that's just going to ratchet this energy up another notch. Probably "Goes to eleven." To keep this from being played out in a public manner? To keep you from going ballistic in a highly public and potentially embarrassing way? Grab that Scorpio control mechanism, the joystick you use in the game of life, and hold on tight. Death-like grip. Hold onto the controls. This is going to be a bumpy ride. As your emotions get tested and pushed up one side and down the other? Just hold on. If you can keep from blowing your top at something? You'll find out moments later, it wasn't what you thought, and there's no need for the anger and concomitant angst.

Sagittarius: One of my friends, an Austin musician, a successful Austin musician, thanks to my tutelage, he found out what it takes to be successful. Playing music is about ten percent of what he does. Maybe a little less. Then there's ten percent that's writing music, coming up with new songs. The rest of the time? While the numbers vary, it's somewhere between 80 and 90 percent of the time is invested in getting to the show, getting home from the show, setting up, tearing down, handing out flyers, calling radio stations and being polite to DJs. As little as ten percent, even less, can be spent doing what we love and the rest of the time is spent supporting that love. My buddy, critically acclaimed, Sagittarius, once he wrapped his head around the idea that most time is spent coming, going, setting up, tearing down, packing, unpacking, repacking, driving, flying, cajoling, begging and pleading?

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Once he got comfortable with the concept that playing music is less about making music and more about the business of music, he started to be successful. It's all about getting our Sagittarius mind wrapped around an idea. Simple concept. No big deal. Ask the musician, how much time is spent playing music and how much time is spent with the ancillary tasks.

Capricorn: I was in the [post office](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/), and I heard a familiar sound, a lick from a movie's theme song. Some of this material will pre-date me, as I'm not old enough to remember it the first time through. The Legendary Spaghetti Westerns, a trilogy of films, made in Spain, by crew that didn't speak much English, if any, starring our favorite cowboy with no-name, Clint Eastwood. The music was by Ennio Morricone, thank sweet Jesus for the inter-webs, that music, along with more information than I really wanted, is available. Production notes, along with the trilogy's trivia are easily available. What was most amusing to me, in the post office, the familiar tune, the lonely whistling noise, the jew's harp twang, and when I first heard it, it was hot day in April, I looked around, fearful a gunslinger would step out from behind the counter at the post office. An older man fished a phone out of his pocket, glanced sheepishly at me, and answered the ringing. I thought it was a clever ring tone. This little detour into spooky music is my attempt to derail you from the negative thoughts you've been carrying around, especially this week. You're like me, you're hearing the ominous tune, now, look around, just some old guy's ringtone. Harmless. (I hope).

Aquarius: Fishing Line comes in many flavors and sizes. There are hundreds, if not thousands of variations, from tensile strength to rated weight, elasticity, shock rating, not to mention diameter, composition, and then, there's the colors. So many colors. Colors I can't even name. Patterns, clear, or, one favorite, line that is supposed

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to 'disappear' underwater, but above water, it has a coppery sheen to it. The kind of fishing has a lot to do with the type of line required. I've always been on the lookout for a good "median-average" kind of line, something I could purchase in a big spool, a piece of fishing gear that was equally effective in the surf, off-shore, in-shore, and in the power-plant reservoirs that are so plentiful (and full of decent game fish). This is about shopping, and in my example, I'm looking at fishing gear, but as an Aquarius, it might not be fishing gear, it could be any number of tools. Something you use daily. Shopping for a standard, across-the-board replacement tool that can be used in any number of situations. Shopping. Looking. Hunting. The Chase. Someplace between ultra-light 8 lbs, and 60 lbs. Big Game, there's the right answer for me. You've got to shop for your right answer. Let me know what you find.

Pisces: Theme songs, something about this time of year makes me think about theme songs. Old TV theme songs. TV I'm too young to remember in its original format. That means, I never saw this stuff on live TV. The TV show was one that was briefly, and pretty much unsuccessfully resurrected, but the original was sharp, weird and edgy. The show was called "The Prisoner." No secret I admired the opening sequence more than anything else. The audio track, I found it online and ripped it to an iPod, then that very song cycled up. The cool parts of the opening shots was the car, <http://www.astrofish.co.uk/> scenes of London, the car, the bicycle logo, the car and early computerized "big government" images. And the car. Loved the car. The music is a jazzy cross between a twangy surf guitar and a standard TV theme song with just enough of the English Empire factored in, and dragging that much information out of two-minute theme song is a challenge. I'm looking for a two-minute, or less, song for Pisces. Needs to be edgy, campy, and jazzy. All that's happening? This is a good time to work on that theme song. What will it be?

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Aries: "Go to." There's "go to" bait, what I'm familiar with, each fisherman has a special bait that always works. Mechanics have "go to" tools, I'm also guessing that most women have 'go to' dresses. Certain occasions require certain attire.

Mostly I'm looking for the 'go to' that usually works for Aries. I'm unsure of what it is. Some kind of device, tool, outfit, good luck charm, even.

Something.

The usual. The standard tool that you employ in crunch situation. Keep your 'go to' bait handy. You'll want as this is the last week that Mars is in your sign. Use that power wisely. Fishing Guide to the Stars starting

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5.12.2010

"It is the purpose that makes strong the vow."

Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* [V.iii.28]

The chocolate chip cookie was invented in 1933. (Taurus. It's a [Taurus](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.taurus.html) thing.)

Taurus: When I lecture, especially in [workshops](http://www.barefootastrology.com/), I use the examples of a couple of my Taurus lovers. Svelte, sensual, cautious, perhaps pedantic, still, there's always that sensual touch. Just works. Usually. Usually a cautious one, aren't you? Mars, Venus, Mercury, and, of course, the Sun are all in your sign here, before too long. This week. I'd step back and look at that comment from my lecture, that suggestion that a Taurus can fail to render a decision in a hasty manner. Between birthdays and inner planets, and Mars, there's a hastening, a quickening, a "hurry up and do this thing!" It's more of a sense rather than a statement. However, that urgency that your Taurus psyche feels and expresses? I'm not sure every other sign is as worried about the urgency. Part of the problem. You're in a hurry and it would seem like we're not. Therein is the main difficulty. The best things to do? Slow it down. Slow it way down. Crawl to an almost complete stop. Folks expect you react one way, since you're not giving in to the usual Taurus characteristics? Don't expect us to understand. Slow down. Please?

Gemini: Big, puffy, gray clouds blew in from the coast. Along with that came moisture. Clouds laden with water, and air, warm, damp, hot, humid, like a summer's day -- in Houston. Houston is the only place on the planet possibly more humid than Austin. Not that it matters much, this isn't about town and superlatives, it's about that first real, sincere blast of summer heat, portends a long and hot summer, and it

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looks like, here in Gemini, it's starting now. Hot. Humid. Sticky damp, while, in theory, the moisture is good for the skin and hair? Yeah, practically, it's not. What's left of my hair just furls but then stray strands hang down and irritate me. That's not what this is about. It's more about that sticky humidity. Not comfortable, and the only relief is in the AC. Cool, dry air. Some combination of too much water in the air, a high heat index, the sun beating down on the tops of the clouds, the greenhouse effect, carbon dioxide, poison, cars, cattle flatulence, any or all or some combination of all of those elements? That's what this is. More than likely, I see it as the week ends up with Mercury, Venus, Mars and the Sun all in Taurus. It's like a hot, sticky humidity and the only relief is alone, in the AC.

Cancer: Best T-shirt this week? "I speak English, <i>pendejo</i>." Latin male was wearing it and I smiled a broad smile. He didn't get why I was smiling, probably forgot about the shirt he had on. My teeth weren't as white as his. Genetic, I'm guessing, or diet, or both. This is an example of what happens, this week, to my little Cancer friends. There's a T-shirt, a slogan, a bumper sticker piece of wisdom, and you smile broadly at it. No else gets it. Therein is our problem. Like, in my situation? That guy, he might've thought I was gay, or queer, and while I'm a happy person who is a bit daft at times, that's not the slang meaning to which I was referring. That's also just a judgement call I'm putting on body language, intuition, perceived sentiments and other clues, whether it was there, or not.

Leo: I'm thinking, this next couple of days, in Leo? I'm thinking, you know what this reminds me of? It was scene, in London, that would be London, UK. On the tube. I was riding someplace, that inter-urban transportation amazes me. I was on the tube, and everyone was ignoring this young lass in full Victorian

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garb. I mean, imagine this, black bonnet trimmed with lace, pretty white, almost porcelain visage, high-collar, trimmed with black lace that was somehow dingy, then buttons, collars, outer garment, and petticoats. The layers and layers of cloth, mostly lace, mostly black, a beaded handbag as part of the outfit. No one noticed, or seemed to. The child -- she appeared quite young -- was quietly texting on her phone. The rest of the outfit, knickers, bloomers, petticoats, the great bustle and rustle of lace with every move? Her feet were shod in Doc Martens. For some reason, that was the killer for me. As the mighty Leo, what are you going to do? While everyone might find the odd part the cell phone, for me, the amount of attire, it was the shoes. As the Leo, what's the stopping point, the part that arrests the observation?

Virgo: "A red eye is one of the big coffees with one shot of espresso, a black is the same with two shots of espresso and anything over that is S&M." Imagine a Gulp-Buster-sized paper cup filled with coffee and add a couple of shots of espresso to the mix. I do believe that S&M is the correct way to call that one. Abuse. Abusive. Besides, why ruin perfectly good coffee with espresso, or why ruin perfectly good espresso with coffee? Either way, it's a kick. Thinking about the names used on coffee drinks, and looking at the Virgo chart, I kept thinking, this weekend is like a Red Eye. I'm thinking one of those 32-ounce Thirsty-Gulp sized monster cup of coffee. You get motivated. You get full of energy. You've got a great idea, wait, there's another great idea, and there's the driver, determination and most important, Virgo Will Power. Personally, I tend to avoid as many stimulants as I can. I find that too much of anything can ruin the mood. I'd take the planetary boost, use it, and maybe avoid the Red Eye, Black Eye, and so on. Or not. Maybe you need the extra caffeine to help make it through this planetary lift.

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Libra: "Click [HERE](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) if you are not automatically forwarded to the next page, or if you just can't seem to wait the three seconds it takes to process your order..." There's a sign-in, on one of my support website, I'll swear, that's what it says. The subtext message is simple, for you people who just can't wait, go ahead, click here, you'll be pushed to the next page as fast as the machine can go. It's one way to address impatience. So, if you're really impatient, and no one seems to be moving quick enough for your Libra tastes, click here, and we'll rush you to the next point.

Scorpio: I used to "tape" my digitally delivered weekly video podcast on one restaurant's patio. Did it a number of times. Liked that location, short hike with my notebook computer, a comfortable surrounding, while it's outdoors, it's shaded and elevated, so there's the cool breeze and gentle zephyrs that keep the outdoor environment enjoyable. Bit of a problem when recording a video podcast, though, those gentle zephyrs. Wasn't, like, hurricane strength wind, but it was gusty afternoon. With the wind at my back, strands of my hair were whipping around and tickling my face. Got rather annoying. I stopped the video podcast about halfway through the "taping," due to the annoyance factor. As a Scorpio, there's an annoyance factor, and as an astrologer, I have a solution. I was at, let's just say it was like picnic table. I got up and sat on the other side. Faced into the wind. Gentle zephyrs blew the hair out of my face instead into my eyes. The video went smoothly, Down side was I had to start all over again, but I edit it down to about three minutes, so there wasn't a lot of time lost. I'll allow an hour to pull it all together, so it was a good one. After I moved. When faced with an annoying problem, like the wind whipping my hair? Think about a simple change to improve the situation.

Sagittarius: I clearly recall a business associate looking at me, plain as day, "You can't be serious about anything, can you?" In the setting, no,

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I couldn't be serious about anything. [I can be serious](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). However, with that particular associate, no, I didn't judge that the situation was grave enough to require a complete absence of humor, twisted, though, that my humor might be. I thought it was funny, and in the context, I think you'd find it funny, as well, since it's less about what they want and more about what [amuses our Sagittarius selves](https://www.createspace.com/3332401). There is time for humor. There is a time to be serious. There is time when a bleak, macabre sense of the absurd is beneficial. This might be such a time. Or it might not. While I think it's funny, unless you are dealing with another Sagittarius, I suspect you're going to be met with that selfsame line, what I was greeted with years ago, "Can't you be serious for just a minute!" Not even a question, more an exasperation -- on their parts. Not ours. Careful with the wit, laughter. I'm not saying it's not funny, either, but we might do well to keep it to ourselves. "You can't be serious about anything, can you?"

Capricorn: There are two times a year when I shelve my personal beliefs in favor of domestic, familial tranquility. Church, traditional Xtian Church, twice a year. Xmas and Easter. So last Easter, it was, as near as I could tell, a "Call and Response," worship service. This was one of those progressive Protestant sects, light on dogma, easy on ritual, enough arcane, possibly pagan, symbolism to make me happy.... Good deal. The "call and response" part is what got me. I had to look that up, the title, "call and response," since I'm used to this as a music rather than as a worship service. Pastor reads a passage, the audience responds. Cool stuff. So be it. Easter, call and response worship, that was on my mind. There's a suggestion that you can deviate from your normal pattern, a change is underway, and it could be some gesture as simple as going to church with your mother. She gets a kick out of it, and from a purely sociological point, it was an interesting examination

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of the ritual for a church that's light on ritual and guilt. Hour out of my time, but days, week's even months of promised familial, domestic tranquility. Sounds like a good investment. Good investments, and allocation of Capricorn time, too?

Aquarius: "Life is full of little decisions, like Brown or White rice." It was a fortune cookie. I've saved it because that simple fortune cookie bit of wisdom breaks the problem into a binary decision. One or the other. Can't be both. Binary. If I were to update it a little, the question is more like, "<https://www.createspace.com/3332401>">Tex-Mex or BBQ today?" Still binary. Still and either/or kind of conditional statement and answer. One or the other. Can't do both. Can't be in two places at once. Can't have both Tex-Mex and BBQ, in this situation. It's binary. One or the other. Yes/No. Black or White, not a gray area. As an Aquarius, you can expend a great deal of effort trying to <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/>>convince me that there is a middle ground, that there is "maybe" in between the two extremes, but this isn't about you, trying to convince me, it's about you rendering a decision. It's a simple Yes/No. White Rice? Brown Rice? Tex-Mex? BBQ? Chicken Fried Steak again? One or two of the better Aquarius friends won't see this as a problem or rendering a decision like this, so the challenge is to reduce the problem until it gets to the "50/50," binary stage.

Pisces: "To climb the ladder of success, work hard and you'll reach it." It was a fortune cookie. I saved that one fortune for a reason. Seemed like perfect <http://www.astrofish.net/store/>>advice, right now, for my little Pisces friends. Something you need to hear. Now, it all depends, the first time I read that little slip of paper? That first time, I was sure that what it really meant was work hard, and that will get you to the first rung of the ladder of success. Not my thing, you know? I'm not into that "work hard and receive the benefits

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of the toils much later." Just not how I'm wired. However, as a Pisces, and with what's going on, concentrated effort in one area will yield big results. Quickly. Maybe not fast enough for your tastes, but certainly much faster than you expect.

Aries: Taco place close to me, just sort of around the corner? Place I like? Little short on ambience but excellent grub. The breakfast special, drive through? "Drive-Thru," as it's marked? The usual price is \$1.40 for a single, huge bacon/egg breakfast taco. Half dozen would be \$8.40, plus tax. The special deal is ten (10) breakfast tacos for \$7.77 (plus tax). 10 for about 8 bucks, or 6 for about nine dollars? Which makes more sense? This is a simple bit of math, and it doesn't have a lot to do with how good those breakfast tacos are, or the way I once found about half a pound of bacon in a single taco, no, this isn't about that. It's about simple math. While I can only eat two, the other two guys I fish with enjoy the other two, and that means we only need six. However, think about it, it's cheaper to get ten instead of six. Simple math. Those other tacos can find useful homes. Gave one to Department of Wildlife crew one morning. Good will never hurts. Shop smart. Do the math. A simple calculation can save you money and buy goodwill.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 5.19.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings."

<http://www.playshakespeare.com>

target="blank">Shakespeare's Scottish Play [I.iii.149-50]

"I ain't often right

but I've never been wrong

It seldom turns out the way

it does in the song"

("Scarlet Begonias" composed and written by Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter.)

Taurus: One of my biggest lesson that I endeavor to <http://www.astrofish.net/store/> impart is about the difference between <http://www.astrofish.net/book/> love and lust. As a younger person, it was easy to confuse the two. As a much younger guy, I'm sure I did. The two are intertwined, hopelessly and inextricably wrapped up in each other's mess. Love and lust. Both begin with a similar sound, the "L" words. Both move mountains. While faith, good works, heroic deeds and good intentions are still waiting on the coffee to kick in, Love/Lust have moved mountains, even pushed continents aside. Crossed the mighty and fearsome seas -- and back. Good deeds? Still in the waiting room of life. Love and/or Lust are far more powerful than any number of other motivating factors. The problem, with Mars-Venus-Mercury intertwined like this? Makes it hard to separate the two emotions. To a younger mind, or even to old guys like me, the difference can pose a challenge. As a Taurus, right now, right here, right now, you're thusly challenged: love. Or lust? Does it really

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matter? Depends on what your next action is. Depends on what you intend.

Gemini: Sometimes, I only catch portions of conversation. Sometimes, I only hear the last little bit, or partial fragment of whatever was the entire statement. Heard and overheard. Bits and pieces. "I know, it's like watching a dog chase a car, right, he gets it, what's he going to do?" I have no idea what this was in reference to. I was in a bar at the time. I don't know who -- or what -- was chasing whom. My [imagination](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), your Gemini imagination, you can fill in the details as you like. However, I'd like to add my own material to the catch phrase, "Like a dog chasing a car, he get it, what's he going to do?" I can just imagine a Gemini buddy of mine with a bumper of a truck in his mouth, and he's slinging that car around like it was a rag doll. Fairly violent imagery for the birthday crowd, but bear with me.

Other than that one Gemini buddy, you catch the car, what are you going to do with it? You can wish all you want, but what happens when those wishes come true? Anyway, the big push is in Taurus. Mars-Venus-Mercury. Can bring up a lot of your own dog chasing a car I just hope it isn't a parked car you're chasing.

Cancer: I'm not saying this affects all Cancer-types, but my venerable and esteemed Moon Children tend, I'm not saying for sure, but they tend to have natural fear of presentation. Like, the art and act of standing in front of a group of people and giving a lecture. The act and art of doing so in an engaging manner. I've lectured, taught and done workshops, off and on, for years. I got over my fear of presentation. It was a bit daunting at first, but repetitive exposure cured me. I'm not saying that you have a fear of standing in front of a crowd. I'm not suggesting that it's stage fright, or any other of its related fears. I

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would suggest, though, that there an upcoming event where you have to stand in front. Stand out. Something. I found that swishing my long hair, while I was talking at the chalkboard, that seemed to keep students attention. I'm not sure what's going to work for you. Anymore, my hair is less of an issue.

Leo: Client is a nail tech. I asked what color it was. She told me. There are variations, striations and delineations in the color spectrum that I'm clearly not aware of. I have two different plastic that are called "Margarita," presumably, named for the drink as the color tends towards a soft green. Some might call it a lime color. Ask an expert. She's nail tech, she plays with colors all day. Excellent eye. She also paints, but that's not what this is about, her main income is derived from painting nails. After a few years, I noticed, this one client, she's better about color names than anyone else I know. Might be because it's her business. Might be other influences. When I was curious as the what color a certain fishing lure was, I asked her. She gave me a very definite answer. No room for (non-Leo) ambiguity. If you're not sure about an issue. If you're not sure about what a color really is, or what to name a certain thing, <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/>>just ask. No room for (non-Leo) ambiguity.

Virgo: For several years, I had these heavy bookends, just large -- vaguely geometric -- shapes carved from quartz or granite or something. Little dab of felt on the bottom, so as to not mar the bookshelf, or, in this case, the top of the desk. Used those bookends for years. One time, though, I reached up and fetched down a reference manual, and the rest of the books in the line fell over, which, in turn, pushed one of those heavy bookends off the shelf. At the time, it dented the floor in a trailer in a <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/>>South Austin trailer park. I'm just glad a <http://www.BareFootAstrology.com>>barefoot wasn't close.

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I was thinking about bookends because there are two astrological events that seem to bookend this 7-day period. Punctuated by the moon, so to speak. The moon is the heavy bookends. Saturn and good stuff is sandwiched between those bookends. The trick is, if you can, can you, maybe, try accessing material without that heavy object sliding off the shelf, off the book case, falling from the top of the desk. After it dented the floor, I covered that dent with a throw rug, but after that? I shifted the books around so that it wouldn't happen again. With a corner chipped, as well, I had to get rid of those unwieldy and largely too ornamental bookends.

Libra: There's a difference between "beginning anew," the ubiquitous "re-inventing yourself," and merely figuring a few things out. What works. What doesn't work. What fulfills your soul. What pisses you off. What's good and what's not. With Saturn heavy on your soul, at this point, it's not about "reinventing yourself," it's more about jettisoning the part you don't like. Stuff that weighs you down. Excess accumulated crap. Toss the stuff that doesn't work for you. I was fishing with a buddy and when I showed up, I was riding in the back of the boat, I brought a plastic grocery bag full of "plastics." The term "plastics" refers to plastic worms, craw-critters, latex-like lizards, and so forth. Any number of plastic bits and pieces that we use for bait. It's the tale-end of years' of accumulation of material. My buddy, he'll sort through that stuff. Some is good. Some is useful to him, some is trash. Three-inch blue curly-tail grub? Useful for mountain trout, I suppose, but not much good in Texas. Probably toss that. See? Some stuff to toss, some stuff to save. It's not a new beginning, it's a time to [unburden](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/) the Libra soul.

Scorpio: I really must stop procrastinating. I'll get to this tomorrow. Or the day after, but soon. How soon? Very soon. I promise, no really, I

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do. The little planets Mars-Venus-Mercury line up in Taurus, which is opposite you and that makes for some uncomfortable energy. Reread the opening line to the Scorpio horoscope. Instead of me suggesting that you stop procrastinating? I'd suggest you try that line. You'll get around to it. It's on your list. You're working on it. I'll get it tomorrow. I plan to get to that next. I promise, that's next. Just as soon as I finish here, we'll get to that. That much planetary opposition means that you can make events turn in your favor but to do so, I keep suggesting you [buy yourself](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) a little time. Not my time, I mean, get some kind of breathing room. Delay the action. Procrastinate. Never do today what can be put off for a week -- or two. Those little planets opposite you? They can make you do rash things in a big hurry. That creates problems. To save your Scorpio self the trouble and irreparable damage? Procrastinate. I can give you tips on how to do that, as I'm good at it. [Hit me](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/) next week.

Sagittarius: A buddy of mine, not named 'bubba,' and certainly not Sagittarius, was trying to decipher a [fishing solar-lunar table](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). When is the good time to fish, when is the best time, when does the bite turn on, when does the fishing action turn off. "Always around sunrise, too, need to be on the water by sun-up." I agree. While some summer mornings it's just very difficult to roll out of bed, if there is fishing and coffee is on? Then [I'm good to go](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/). Sun-up, sunrise, the early part of the morning, here, in my countryside, the morning is delightful. Cool, damp, with a heavy dew indicating that it's going to be another muggy spring day. Warming up for a real roaster of a summer, too. But here, just as Gemini starts, as a Sagittarius, the key, the trick, the way to maximize the potential fishing times, the way to get it all? Early up and out. Like fishing. Might

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not be fishing for trout or bass, or whatever, all depends. But up and out early. One morning, next week, after this weekend, plan to hit the water, or wherever you fish, plan to be out there earlier than anyone else. There's one lake, east of Austin, I consider it a point of honor to be on the water before the park ranger is in the cabin (office).

Capricorn: I recall sage advice from a buddy of mine, not named "bubba," if that matters, and it doesn't, "Don't take political advice and commentary from a singer whose big hit was '[whang-dang-sweet poontang](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00136LN3S/fishingguideto-20).'" Just doesn't carry the correct gravity." I think my buddy was searching for the word "gravitas," but I'm loathe to insert words into my friend's mouth. I just try and report the facts. However, the point was well-taken. It's about source material. It's about who is [an expert](http://www.astrofish.net/store/), or who is a self-appointed [expert](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), or what the real story is. Or was, in that example. Rockstars don't make good political people. Likewise, politicians don't make good rockstars. You're Capricorn. I'd watch the source material. I'd watch the root of the equation. I'd watch the foundation bits and pieces. The place where you start. I'd watch the beginning point. The source. Like taking political advice from a rockstar whose big hit was, oh, never mind. You get the right image?

Aquarius: The ability to multitask, I'm wondering, isn't it native in an Aquarius? Usually, this is. You can juggle two-three lovers, jobs, events, projects all at the same time. I don't mean, like nine items, but like about three or so, no big deal. Usually. These aren't usual times, not for you. Instead of trying to juggle two or three things, be that lovers, friends, projects, jobs, tasks, or whatever? The pressure is on, I know the Sun is in Gemini, the original symbol for multitasking, but

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no, this isn't about that *Gemini* influence. The "inner planets" (Mars is an exception, but for naming conventions, let's just pretend) Mercury-Venus-Mars are all in *Taurus*, and that creates tension. One thing. Concentrate on one thing at time. It's hard, as you keep wanting to move onto the next item, but no, don't. One thing at time.

One. Thing. At. A. Time. *Aquarius*.

Pisces: Stability and instability. I love this stuff, but then, I'm [an astrologer](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/), so I revel in the planets' actions. I enjoy watching this mix unfold. Mars-Venus-Mercury in tight formation -- in *Taurus* -- are about stability. Saturn, in *Libra*, again, this is about stability. Sun slips into *Gemini*, this is about coherent chaos! This is about fun, games, and best of all, [unpredictable results](http://www.astrofish.net/store/)! Again, there's an inherent tension from stability and order as it fights with instability and certain chaos. Fun and games! Action! Unpredictable results! Here's the catch: I've warned you. I've let you know that this is inherently unstable time. Nothing will go the way you think it should go. However, and that's a good interjection here, however, it does work out for some long-term stability. I'll bet, though, you can't see that at this time.

Aries: I got a coupon for a free coffee drink at a well-known (and occasionally despised) chain. I ordered an extra large, six shots of espresso, dry, non-fat cappuccino. The counter guy didn't blink. The girl making the drink, nodded. "[No sleep 'til Brooklyn](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B001NZJFYS/fishinguideto-20), that's what I call it," I said. She nodded. There are days when my wit is wasted on the masses. Or worse, think about the title to that tune, and the counter help in that store, either that music never crossed their purview, or worse, maybe it had come and gone

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before they were born. I'd hate to think I was that old, or that the music was that dated. Anyway, this isn't about the music at all, or is it? It's about that coffee drink. About six shots of espresso. Perfect way for an Aries to deal with the planets and what's going on. A little extra jolt. This was only worthwhile because it was a free drink. No strings attached. A coupon, in the mail. Free. Free works. Free, the most expensive drink I could think of. Enough caffeine to last for days. That's the point. Something to make it through this mess, alert. Modify the drink order a need be for your individual tastes and needs. "I'd like 12 shots in a big one, and top it off with drip coffee..."

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For the week starting 5.26.2011

Fishing Guide to the Stars

by Kramer Wetzel

"What masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?"
Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* [V.i.36-8]

Gemini: "It was hilarious, I thought so, anyway," a long-winded Gemini explanation, "my husband's truck kept getting broken into, last time, they shattered the driver's window, so he had an alarm installed. Next day, we were out, and he sat on the new remote. He left the truck in gear, and didn't set the parking brake, so it just drove across the parking lot. It was very funny, but he didn't see the humor." Sure it was, as a Gemini you're not immediately involved. However, it was her mate, and he was not amused at her mirth. I thought it was an amusing story, and the truck, trucking across a vacant parking lot? No damage, although a single tree that provided the stopping point, and I'm sure that the tree was inconvenienced. It's about perspective and mistakes. It's all fun and games until someone gets hurt, then it's hilarious. As long as we're not the ones feeling the immediate pain. Dodge the pain, that's part of the message, but be aware that, even though our Gemini selves are much amused? Sometimes it's a good idea to keep our mirth to our collective selves. For the time being.

Cancer: I paused here in the parking lot. A neighbor's car was missing and in its place was a fancy, high-dollar brand of SUV, a Stupid Utility Vehicle. Not his style, my neighbor, but then, apparently, dealer tags on the truck, it was a loaner. The back gate was opening and closing, like a giant monster's jaw, snapping at some unseen enemy. The lights

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were flashing on. The horn would honk, intermittently. Strangest sight. Car -- truck -- SUV -- really, looked like a large toy that had gone haywire. I walked off and when I returned, hours later, I ran into that neighbor. We chatted then he explained, his car was in the shop, which explained why there was that SUV. He asked if I saw the show. I nodded. "That's what happens when you wash the remote of the dealer's loaner."

He grinned amicably. Since the car was a loaner, and since it had dealer tags, and the whole "remote in the jeans' pocket" was a good excuse, no harm, no foul. The trick here, the catch, it wasn't my buddy's remote. It was a dealer loaner, which makes it okay to heap that type of abuse upon the vehicle, it's working parts, and the remote. The source of the problem, other than an unfamiliar car with a remote on the key fob? Not checking the pockets before tossing them in the clothes washer at the laundry room. Simple problem, hilarious results. Amusing because it wasn't really his car. If it had been? Probably a lot less funny. It's only truly hilarious when we're not directly involved, "So there I was with a hair dryer, giving the remote a blow-dry...."

Leo: Buddy of mine is a 'Sensi,' master of martial arts. He can probably kill you with a single index finger, he could probably kill with one finger while his hands are tied behind his back. Very good. Ran his own studio, and so forth. Trained Law Enforcement Officers, he's that good. We were out one night, coming out of a movie and some young hooligans started to mock us. I wondered why my buddy didn't use some of that kick-butt martial arts stuff to go over and whup up on those young punks. "Did't perceive a threat," was his answer. The verbal ribbing included mocking our collective manhood. Not a perceived threat? Turns out, when my buddy does open a can of his brand of whoop-ass, dismemberment and disfigurement are part of the deal. Those punks weren't, according to my buddy, worth some skinned knuckles.

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Although, I doubt he'd have even hurt himself that much. If there is no perception of a real threat, I strongly advise against opening a can of that Leo-brand whoop-ass. Verbal threats are just that, not real. Imaginary words, no real threat. If need be, let's a wait a few weeks -- if need be -- there's always next time. Nobody has a bigger can of Whoop-Ass than a mighty Leo. This is definitely not the week to open it.

Virgo: Sun's in Gemini, and the next few planets are in Taurus. Ever wonder where the term "Ten Gallon Hat" came from? It's from the Spanish term, "galon," which means braid. A ten gallon hat was a hat that could support ten braids. That tall. The Sun makes for uncomfortable Virgo "stuff" while the rest of that, Mercury-Venus-Mars in Taurus makes for fun stuff. The caution is hasty conclusions. So where did you think the term Ten Gallon Hat originated?

Libra: I've caught a couple of near-record (speckled) sea-trout. Last big one was on lure that skated along, just below the surface. That lure, good stuff, would float at about a depth of six inches. Just below the surface. In shallow water, like flats fishing, that "just below the surface" is even more important. In Libra, now, more so than before, that "just below the surface" aspect is important. Might not be fishing for specs this week, although, I heard, down at the Coast, they were running good. However, as a Libra, there's something you fishing for. Against the tide and times being what they are? Look for something that runs just below the surface. Like a good lure, that skates a few inches deep.

Scorpio: Party Favor - it was a party favor, I'm sure. Someone gave me a couple of pre-packaged bags of snack-food like substances. One of the bags was a trail mix that I liked. Sort of liked. It peanuts, almonds, pumpkin seeds and then, these mildly hot cracker strips and some

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sesame crackers. I poured it into a bowl and I ate the stuff I liked, the almonds and the sesame crackers. And those little orange things that were hot, well, zesty, anyway, and what I was left with? Bowl full of stuff I didn't care for, the good stuff was all picked out. My hands were also salty and some of the orange had rubbed off, it's on the keyboard now. These days are like that, you know. The Scorpio portion of the sky leaves you with a bowl of mixed nuts, a trail mix of some kind, and all the good stuff is gone. Hey, at least you've got something to eat even if some other person -- like me -- has already picked out the best bits. All you're left with are salty peanuts. However, on a hot summer afternoon? Maybe all that sodium-chloride is good.

Sagittarius: Two <http://www.astrofish.net/book/>Sagittarius buddies work the counter at BBQ place. I like my buddies just fine, Sagittarius brethren. Sagittarius sister, too, like them as well, but in this case, it was pair of stud (study) Sagittarius guys. One is infectious with laughter, glib manner, quick retort and an unsubtle bounce to his stride. He bubbles at work, the interaction, people, running the cutting block or the cash register. The other one, he was way more laid back. Iconic, as this pair of Sagittarius bookends made for a good example. With what's happening, now? The casual Sagittarius looked at the other one bouncing along, and he just grinned. Laconic? Might be the right word. <http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.sagittarius.html>Feigned ennui? Sure, that too. Not total disdain, but casual, offhand, slightly aloof stance might serve our Sagittarius selves better, especially now. I order a two-meat plate, and that second Sagittarius made sure that I got an end-cut of brisket, and since it was little, he gave me a couple of extra slices. All about who you know, and remaining aloof, bemused, at the exuberance of others.

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Capricorn: I was on a fishing trip and replaced some fishing line. Box said "10 lbs. Mono." I assumed, since that's what the box said, that the fishing line on the spool inside would be ten pound monofilament. Felt like it, and I wasn't too worried, other than to replace the frayed line. Week, two weeks later, at home, I was digging through the tackle from that one trip, cleaning and getting ready for the next trip. I pulled out that box of fishing line and looked. The box had gotten soggy and fell apart. The spool said, "12 lbs. Mono." My mistake, but it was an error in a good way. I'd rather have the heavier line than the lighter line. In that situation, anyway. I thought the line was a little heavier, but I couldn't tell. I thought things were slightly off, but again, it wasn't until almost two weeks later that I discovered my simple error. The original box? It has sale price on it, so, I'm sure, something was changed, slipped up, mistakes are made, and the only real problem was I didn't read the label on the spool of fishing line. What the box said and what the actual spool said were close, same color, same monofilament fishing line, and yet, the weight, and presumably tensile strength, were slightly different. Look inside the box this week. Don't just read the marketing material, look at the actual (thing). "It said so on the box," that won't work. Okay, it worked fine for me, but won't work for Capricorn, not now.

Aquarius: The disassociated disorder, the ADD, the ADHD, the lack of interest over time? I associate that with the "snooze" button. I don't recall snooze buttons on old-school alarm clocks, and I don't recall that generation, the one without the snooze button, having the problems with attention deficit. Me? I'll blame the snooze button. More than TV, more than MTV, more than the inter-web, it's the snooze button that is the fall of mankind and the current state of downward spiral for civilization as we know it. When I lined up your chart, when I got my little chart program wrapped around www.SkyFriday.com, what I noticed was an incessant

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desire to hit the snooze button (maybe on the alarm clock of life). Made me realize that all of our modern problems can be traced back to that one invention. "Five more minutes," that becomes, a half day late. Hence the source of trouble, and from whence all our modern toils and troubles originate. I can't fix that, and the interrupted sleep patterns is the real root, but again, it's that snooze button. To deal with what's happening -- right now -- the planets' influences -- to deal effectively? No snooze button. Not on life, not in the morning, not at all, at least, not now. You'll also see I'm right, the snooze button is the work of the devil.

Pisces: Computers, and by extension, the world [home page](http://www.SkyFriday.com) web [thing](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/), all of that supposed to simplify our lives. Not that we care much about the other signs, but life should be better for Pisces because the computers can look after all the stupid details that are so beneath our Pisces purview. The problem? Spurious, little details. The bigger problem? "God is in the details." The biggest issue? Not getting [bogged down](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/) looking at those details. I have a picture of me, there, with a fish. No surprise -- have lots of [those pictures](http://www.astrofish.net/aimages/index.html) -- [Fishing Guide to the Stars](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/)? But I was searching for a very specific image of me with a certain fish, and that was harder to locate. I got bogged down, looking at years' old images, then looking at some spots online, trying to find that one picture. I know I posted it someplace, the question is, where? Finally, it was just quicker to dig through the digital archives I've got, and that's where there is trouble. You go looking for one thing, one item, or in my case a single image. You get hopelessly mired in the cacophony of background images -- or whatever you're searching for -- and you get distracted. Focus. Stay on track and don't get lost, at least not like I

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did. Might be difficult, but keep your original objective in mind. Foremost in mind. No looking, poking, shopping along the way. Stay focused.

Aries: Buddy of mine, from the [old trailer park](http://www.astrofish.net/book/), in [South Austin](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/), when we all got kicked out, he moved his trailer to a temporary warehouse space, industrial side of town. That was years ago. He still lives there. Big warehouse, back half of it is his. His trailer, plugged in, with electricity, sewage and water, all piped in, plastic pipes, the water's through a garden hose, but it's been like that, literally, for years. He's happy enough. Permanent solution. Supposed to be a temporary fix, yet, to this day, he's still there. He lives in a trailer that's parked in the vacant portion of a warehouse. In exchange for space, electricity and water -- sewage, too -- the warehouse has a live-in guard. My buddy, he's not always there, but he is most nights, and his slightly erratic schedule makes for an even better guard. This is a case where a temporary fix has become a permanent solution. If you know him, it's not weird. If it's the first time, a trailer inside a large warehouse? It's a little on the stranger than strange side. When the AC is on, now, and in all truth, he probably couldn't hear it if someone broke in, but does that matter? As an Aries, he's mean enough looking to serve as more than adequate prevention. Permanent solution, temporary fix, careful, Aries, what's not meant to be permanent, not now, it could become, like my buddy, permanent.

Taurus: House Trance Dance is a sub-genre of music. Kind of a blend of styles, and I found most of the material originated in Northern Europe. I started thinking, and it was, in my mind, at one time, anyway, sort of like hip-hop for those types -- like me -- who are obviously challenged in certain ways. The last time I picked up a CD of that material, Dance-

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Trance, something-something, one of the songs reminds me of the way it works. Song, I guess, is a loose definition, since the material is just cut and pasted together from tracks from other albums. The song started slow, hence the "trance" designation. Ended with quite a catchy dance number, all bass and drums and up and in your face. Good stuff. Started deceptively slow. Like monks singing a chant kind-of-slow. Works up to that fast dance beat before too long, and the elegiac tones are looped back end, although, the rhythm accelerates. Like having Mars-Venus-Mercury in your sign. Like now. I'm not saying that you should purchase this material. I'm giving you an example that covers how this starts. Slow, Peaceful, and then it starts to get moving. Don't be deceived by a slow start to a quick week. Long and droning sermon becomes a fast-break beat dance song.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 6.2.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"To the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

Shakespeare's Hamlet, Price of Denmark [III.i.112-3]

Jupiter bumps into Taurus.

[Gemini](http://www.astrofish.co.uk/?p=624): Blueberry nachos. Born out of necessity, it was a kitchen experiment that should be rated as an epic fail. Epic-fail. Blueberries are good. Good for you. Nachos, usually melted cheese substance and corn chips, combined, layered, heaped, something, together, perhaps with sliced peppers or other condiments, on top. Not blueberries. I tried. Just really doesn't work. I have some kitchen experiments that have turned out well. Other, not quite as good. Occasionally, there is an epic failure that generates the "What were you thinking" comment. Blueberry nachos was one such experiment. I'm all for a naturally curious Gemini to experiment. I'm all in favor of some tinkering, toying with, modifying and other forms of experimentation. I'm not for you making one of our typical Gemini leaps that results in conjuring a massive failure like Blueberry Nachos. That doesn't work. Doesn't work on many levels. Some of our ideas are good, others are bad.

Cancer: Deepest, darkest secret? Deep, dark fears? What really scares you? As a Cancer, or a Cancer-influenced person, the biggest fears are what matters. The biggest fear, the boogeyman you're most afraid of? The thing that goes bump in the night that frightens you the most. Deepest fears are going to get trotted out for your own, internal pleasure at first. Then, as the this weekend melts into next week?

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Maybe someone else gets clued in on the Cancer nightmare and fear. I'd suggest that the fears, the deep, dark and most secret fears, I'd suggest that these are self-manufactured. Figments of your own, fervid and fevered Cancer imagination.

Leo: The tattoo, looked like prison ink, said, "Trust No One." Either Gothic or what is called "Old English" scrolled letter-work. "Blackmoor LET" was the closest computer screen version I could find. Similar, but not quite the same and doesn't carry the same weight as that tattoo. It was spread out on the underside of a man's right forearm. A blocking reminder, be the way I would read it. Then, too, other than Leo, what sign can you really trust?

While it's not really "hard times," it does call for a few tough answers from the Leo side of the sky. The Leo side of the slice of the sky is under a weird, intense, subtle pressure. I'd follow the advice, tattooed on the underside of that arm, "Trust No One."

The real problem is Mars-Venus getting the Leo to make a hasty decision. Don't.

It's really that simple.

Virgo: "Dignity. Honor. Respect." Bumper sticker wisdom. I'd prefer the signpost, at the rest area just inside the New Mexico State Line, right before Las Cruces, NM. Probably in Anthony, NM. The rest area, tourist stop has several warning signs. "Beware of rattlesnakes." Always a favorite. It's high desert, framed on one side by the lazy Rio Grande Valley, flowing down from Albuquerque, and the tail-end of the Rockies, really just called the Organ Pipe Mountains. Or Franklin Mountains, I'm unsure at that precise [location](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/). I think the Organ Pipe

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Mountains are up the road from there, just a little to one side. What I wanted for Virgo was the first one, "Dignity. Honor. Respect." What I got was the signpost, up ahead, "Beware of snakes." As Gemini unfolds, and events start to get going, a little bumper sticker wisdom goes a long way. I'd treat you with dignity, honor and respect. But I'm the only one who knows Virgo that well. If you're not dealing with me? Beware of snakes.

Libra: The way I acquired this information, my usual source? Hearsay. Inadmissible in a court of law. Doesn't pass the journalistic test. Doesn't bother me, as innuendo and [half-truths](http://en.wikipedia.org), and occasionally, outright fiction is generally a lot more interesting. First drag strip was in Santa Ana (So. Cal.), circa 1950. Seems about right. The "drag race" is a uniquely American form of motor-sport. Stoplight to stoplight. Drag racing in the street. Street rods. The American hotrod. Drag racing never really appealed much to me. Short sprint down a quarter-mile strip. Still, any gear-head worth his 30-weight absolutely has to admire the mechanics of the sport. One of my fishing buddies has an ongoing obsession with top-fuel racing boats. Takes all types. Like a drag racer, like that first challenge in Southern California, more than half a century ago, there's a challenge for Libra. How quick? Can you clear that quarter-mile with excellent urgency? How quick. Can you clear it.

Scorpio: Racing outfit, from New Mexico, race horses, I'm pretty sure. The name of the company isn't important. But I did see, emblazoned across the back-glass of a company truck, the company's name, the term, "Racing," and the motto: "'2nd Place' is just the first loser." I liked that a great deal as it carried the appropriate gravity. Strong message. A challenge, even, to some. A not so subtle reminder about which elements are most important. In racing, at least, in their eyes, I'm sure, nothing is more important than first place. Near-miss doesn't

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count. "Almost" isn't good enough. Win-Place-Show, the traditional calling in horse racing, "Win" counts, and everything else needs improvement. As a Scorpio, I'm sure you quite understand. As a Scorpio, I'm sure you like the sentiments embodied by that truck's back-glass. As a Scorpio, the only thing different is that you'd probably put that motto on card or sticker, not advertise it. As a Scorpio, we both know, you and me, Astrologer and Scorpio, we both know you like Win, and anything else is just not as good, but as a Scorpio, do you really want to advertise that drive and determination? Not this week. No need to etch it on the Scorpio back-glass.

Sagittarius: Mourning Doves are some of the least intelligent birds I've ever encountered. Crows, ravens, and the most common, Mexican Blackbird (grackles)? Clever birds. Some have been documented as tool users, in order to gain access to food, a sign of intelligence. But those Mourning Doves? Nearly as dumb as a doorknob. I watched, I was out in the desert, on a sojourn, and I watched one morning, against the dawn's light creeping over the mountains, I watched as this dove, Mourning Dove, landed on the spindly little branch of an ocotillo bush. There's a flower-like appendage at the end of the bush's limb. Dove would land on that, the branch would bend, the dove would flutter, then settle again and then the branch would bend again. Repeat about three times. Eventually, as the bush's arm, weighed down with dove, leaned closer and closer to the ground, the dove would take flight, white stripes on its wings against the morning's sun. I have no idea what the fascination was for that one branch, a limb of an ocotillo cactus, no idea what the fascination was. Dove came back and repeated the process, trying to land on an object that would clearly not support its weight. Our Sagittarius lesson is clear, try a couple of times, but if it doesn't work? Find some place else to perch.

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Capricorn: Stuck between holidays. Stuck between planets. Stuck between assignments. Stuck between the end of the school year and the first summer "semester." Stuck, basically. To earn my keep, I'll make a suggestion or two. Ways to get unglued from the position that you're in, just as an idea... If you've been dining out frequently? Consider a meal at home. If you've been cooking at home, consider raw food at home. If you're tired of eating at home, consider dining out. If you like (insert favorite ethnic food group) then try (scary ethnic food group). In that last example, I was going to use the idea of TexMex and suggesting, as an alternative, Indian. Similar and yet, different. Same spices and heat, only, the effect in each food is achieved with different spices. Same effect, different route to get there. Alternative. If you've been eating from one group, consider a different group. I like the idea of this being an exploratory visit to a new and possibly strange place for a Capricorn. I didn't say that this was a permanent change, but trying one thing, one experience, one step outside of the Capricorn comfort circle, okay, two steps, take two steps away from your comfort. That will change it up. And that will bring in new ideas, ready at the end of the horoscope. This week.

Aquarius: "Don't ever give a baby corn beef and cabbage," buddy of mine explained, "I had one of those baby food blenders, made some up. I went through a whole package of diapers. Whole thing." Not having children myself, I can't validate this, but I'm of the opinion that feeding and diapering is a shared parental duty. Culinary guidelines for babies, though, I'd check with experts first. I'm not sure I trust the host of "mommy blogs" for dietary information. From what I've observed, kids will eat -- and digest -- just about anything. As my buddy proved, kids can eat it all. When I mentioned this fact to a female friend, she merely rolled her eyes and suggested I was full of organic male bovine byproduct. No person would feed a baby corn beef and cabbage. You don't know my friends. There's a kind of logic, a kind

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of silliness, and a pervasive aromatic overlay of testosterone in this submitted (factual) example. Most mom-types will look at this example and roll their collective eyes. Most guys will go, "What? The message, since you're missing it so far, don't feed babies corn beef and cabbage, creates more output than necessary. By extension, don't be feeding anyone, especially that someone, this next few days, don't be feeding them straight lines. Or is it corn beed and cabbage?

Pisces: I'm all about the temporary fix. I'm all about band-aids and bandages instead of real solutions. I'm all about "quick-fix," instead of serious, long-term remedy, because, let's face it, I'm a Sagittarius with the attention span of hyperactive gnat. I'm not a Pisces. But let's pretend I was a Pisces.

My "fix it quick and get on down the road" methodology isn't going to work.

Simple as that. A quick-fix is the wrong solution to this week's Pisces Problem. While it works for me, as in, I'll patch the Pisces problem and move on with other tasks at hand? That really, no really, doesn't work. Not for a real Pisces.

The problem needs the correct fix. The correct medicine. Can't just slap a band-aid on the issue and and hope it heals over time. Not going to work. My quick-fix? Your quick Pisces patch for the problem? Falls off before the next scope rolls over. Which means, it din't work and the long-term remedy was really what was called for, in the first place.

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A little extra time this next couple of days can save a huge amount of work, later.

Aries: There was a loud crack of thunder. The trailer rattled. Wasn't my trailer, so the image is me and a special friend, in bed. Lights flickered then went out. I think we'd been watching the news. Probably didn't predict any rain, which was why the sudden thunderstorm was fun. Spring rain is welcome. Heavy weather can be fun. Trailer rocked. "Well," she said, turning to me, "we have a power problem." I suggested one solution, she suggested it was good idea, but then, there was another issue first. The little refrigerator in trailer doesn't keep frozen stuff frozen, and, apparently, that was an issue. Half gallon of off-brand Rocky Road Ice Cream. We had to gnaw our way through that, first. While it sounds kind of like fun, about halfway through a half gallon, I was starting to feel a little ill. Still, the power was out, and this was in the interest of preserving food. I was doing it for my hostess, of course. The problem is that I'm only good, at best, for a pint or so of ice cream. The half-gallon, and imitation rocky road, neither was my choice. As an Aries, you're going to be faced with a decision, soldier on? Push on through the pain? Work your way through the issue? Is the pay off worth it? Since she might read this, yes, it was worth it. Finished that half gallon off in the dark. Think the lightning hit a transformer, didn't have power for three hours or more.

Taurus: "I'm from New Orleans," he drawled, then scooped some fresh guacamole onto a chip, "you had to learn how to cook -- or die." There was an air of fatal finality in his voice's tone. His Louisiana accent was faded from years in Central Texas. Enough time in a bass boat, and you'll sound like us. Still, he's one of the better cooks. I'm totally unsure of how that works, from Louisiana, and therefore, can cook. Still, the proof was in the shrimp boil that evening, and the guacamole.

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Typical, as far as I'm concerned, Louisiana appetites, too, gathering a spoonful of green dip between two chips and leveraging it into this mouth. It's about appetites, this week, it's about a sense of place, and it's about what has to be done. "I had to learn how to cook -- or die." There's a sense -- in Taurus -- that there really is fatal issue. Not really fatal, I doubt he would've died, but still, as a motivating factor? A little hyperbole can illustrate a point, which is what this is about. Make some decisions, good -- or -- bad, and lit looks like you've put this off. Decide, now.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week 6.9.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't."

Shakespeare's *Antony & Cleopatra* [II.ii.12-3]

Gemini: Gemini Birthdays! Yes! Party! Happy birthday to that one, special Gemini. Old story, there. Don't have time or space for that tale, but I do have some happy birthday material for my little Gemini friends. Hillsboro, TX: the sleepy, little hamlet was thrust into the national spotlight some years ago when Willie Nelson (music icon, legend, Taurus, Space Cadet) was arrested for alleged drug possession. Other than that, the only remarkable comment I had for Hillsboro, it's between Waco and Ft. Worth on the Interstate, and it hosts the annual "Guitar and Gun" show. It's one of those uniquely Texas kind of event. Guitars and guns, where else would those two seemingly distant items mix so well together? Which makes it the perfect June celebration destination for Gemini. There is so much cooking in Gemini, and this week adds Venus to the fray. Mercury, Sun, Full Moon in Sagittarius, and Venus pops into Gemini. Need a new destination a little off the usual Gemini track. Pick one. Pick any. My suggestion is choosing something just like that Guitar and Gun Show. Two items that don't belong together. Perfect for the Gemini celebrations. This week, make it happen.

Cancer: For most of its history, [San Antonio](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com) has been larger -- and the most cosmopolitan -- destination in Texas. Bigger than the other big cities, like Houston, Dallas, Austin. For most of the region's history, San Antonio was the largest city in Texas. It wasn't until the last hundred years or less, the other towns started explosive growth. I'd attribute it to "We got discovered." Folks figured out that the climate

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was good, the fishing was good, the hunting was good (if you're into that sort of thing), and the business climate was excellent. Maybe not so much anymore, but at one time, this was the place to be. Texas isn't really "southwest," and it's certainly not really "deep south," which leaves it alone unto its self. San Antonio, was, at one time, the center. "Remember the Alamo."

And San Antonio has been surpassed by its neighbors, Houston, oil and sports, Dallas, money and sports, Austin, weirdness and state government. Bypassed. Just a historical (foot) note, these days. As a Cancer, you're going to feel that pain, that sense that you've been bypassed, overlooked, your grandeur and history is being ignored. It's not, you're just feeling a little (planetary) ennui, foisted by the current arrangement. The bypassed feeling will leave in a few weeks. In a little while, you'll realize that you're a more important destination than any of the neighbors, or siblings, or co-workers. Might take a few weeks, but your time is coming. Don't let the "I've been bypassed blues" get you down. I still look out for you.

Leo: The run up to the full moon is fun. The aftermath of the full moon, it's easy for a mighty Leo because you read this and you were warned. As each day passes, we're closer and closer to that sense of relief for the mighty Leo. There's a sense, a pervading feeling, a thought that you know in your gut that everything is going to work out. There's still a chance. A break, a welcome opportunity, coming along. As it sits, this week, the early Leo friends, those born in July, have a shot at a break. The rest of my extra-fine Leo friends would do well to wait. Patiently. Ha. Like any Leo is patient. However, a little patience might pay off big, you just never know. I do. I'd suggest patience.

Virgo: At the big, high-dollar grocery store, over yonder in the "nice" part of town? They have organic ice cream sandwiches. Every heard of

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these? "The same taste you enjoyed as a child, only enriched and organic!" I wonder how that works, enriched with organic compounds rather than chemicals? I don't know. Costs more than regular ice cream sandwiches, but because I was on an "all-organic" kick, I figured I'd try them. Tasty, for sure, but the ingredients, nothing special, milk cream, cane sugar, natural flavors, gums and gars to hold stuff together, and all the ingredients were labelled "organic, all-natural." Like my [horoscopes](http://www.astrofish.net/), [organic and all-natural](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint/). I dug a little deeper and eventually, I popped that "all organic" ice cream sandwiches next to the regular ice cream sandwiches. Much of the ingredient list is similar, if not the same, only, the nutritional value was different. The cheap, non-organic variety had about a third less calories. More inorganic filler? Just more filler? An ability to lie about nutritional value since fewer people read that label? This might have nothing to do with questions about organic versus regular (inorganic) ice cream sandwiches. This is more about, the Sun is in Gemini, this is about propping up two items (Gemini, Twins), next to each other for a valid side-by-side comparison. Determine real value that way. Just reading one label won't work.

Libra: Lady sat down across from me, looked at my sheet that said, "[Astrology Readings](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/)," and then told me she wanted a [Tarot Card Reading](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). What I'm capable of, although, not a skill set that I employ too often these days. I'm good, I just don't advertise, or for that matter, I don't even travel with cards as often as I used to. Just not what I do much these days. The cards and their "magical" symbols tie directly to astrology, and the currents of the heavens have a lot to do with the currency of events here on Planet Earth. Home, for the time being. However, I'm always willing to give the customer what they want, and if it was Tarot Card Reading that I

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was being paid for, then it was a Tarot Card Reading that she got. "What's your birthday?" I asked. She told me, and I proceeded to hand her the cards to shuffle. Then I recited material that had to do with the approximate location of the her (Libra) Sun, and interpreted the images on the cards as I laid them out. Two messages, always give the customer what the customer wants. Second, and it's more arcane, but the symbolism is about listening to the obvious symbols and slowing down, paying attention, and giving the customer what the customer has determined that the customer wants.

Scorpio: "If you can't be right, be wrong at the top of your voice!" It's a rule of some kind; pretty sure it's buried in the quote book, too. (*Pink Cake*, see <http://www.astrofish.net/book> for details.) As rule, it's good. As a Scorpio, it's not rule that you'd like to follow. If you're going to be loud, Scorpio-loud, then you want to be right, Scorpio-right. That's where I'm suggesting we slow down with Scorpio, right/wrong, loud/quiet. Quiet. Just as Jupiter starts ingress to Taurus, just as Venus exits Taurus, there's a point where you want to be loud. Attract attention. Scream something from the rooftops. Do they scream from rooftops anymore? Doubt that. But still. You get the idea, right? Make it known. *In Italics.* **Bold.** **ALL CAPS.** *ALL THREE.* Here's the sticking point: don't. Or rather, I suggest, no shouting. Go back to the original quote, "If you can't be right..." Which is the problem: you're probably mistaken about some of the data. Just because it appears correct at the time? Careful about hasty conclusions. Careful about jumping. Careful about shouting when about two minutes of Scorpio silence would've saved you a week-load of embarrassment.

Sagittarius: I found myself wrestling, intellectually wrestling, that is, with a thorny problem that had no apparent easy solution. As a mighty

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Sagittarius, I'm not unfamiliar with insurmountable objects and obstacles that have no easy way around. This isn't the first time for me. Not a big deal. I can find a work around. I can usually figure out a solution or, at the very least, a mutually agreeable position that seems to work, even if my answer to the problem is only a temporary, quick fix. So I was faced with this issue, and I couldn't really find an easy way around it. Not through it, not around it, not over to one side, not over the top. Got nothing as an answer. Doesn't mean there isn't a way to solve this riddle. It's just a puzzler, for the moment. The big problem is our Sagittarius moment of frustration and puzzlement seems to stretch on and on. All week. That's a long time not to have a quick, witty response to an issue. Stop. Stop struggling, stop wrestling with the issue and just, in general stop. It's Gemini time. Twins. Takes twice as long to figure stuff out. Way it is, this week. Best way to figure it out? Forget about it for now.

Capricorn: The <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/> assumption is, that, as an avid sports fisherman, I have little regard for nature. However, to me, one of the selling points about bass fishing is the little lake with its Osprey and Eagles, and the turkey buzzards. Another tale is about the only truly wild flock of Whooping Cranes. Before concerted conservation efforts were made, the population dwindled to 15 Whooping Cranes. They mate for life, and while the female lays two eggs, only one chick is raised each year. I've seen, even got a few fuzzy photos, of the winter Texans, the Whooping Cranes. They are cool, in person, in the winter up in the flats. Like that wildlife, brought back from the edge of extinction by a dedicated and prolonged effort by numerous concerned individuals, there is a task at hand. A task at hand for <http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.capricorn.html> Capricorn. A huge, formidable job. Almost insurmountable odds. 15 birds were left before conservation efforts brought them back. There are over 400 now. Can you do it? All by

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yourself, all by your Capricorn self? Probably not. However, like the song suggests, "With a little help from your friends...." The impossible is possible, if you ask for help and keep the (Capricorn) faith.

Aquarius: "I just heard bout this stuff, it's really good for you, 'yerba matte,' like, from the rain forest in Brazil," buddy of mine explained, "you should try it." I have. Maybe it wasn't a good preparation, but I did try it, several ways, including clogging my favorite French Press. Didn't work for me. Looked like lawn clippings. Tasted like lawn clippings, too. Maybe I'm just not sensitive in that area. Maybe I don't a cultivated tea sense. Or maybe, the stuff isn't that great, not without added sugar, chemicals, and so forth. Acquired taste, or maybe, I don't want a coffee substitute. I want coffee, acrid, bitter, caffeinated. Besides, Yerba Matte is available from a number of sources, and it's not just South American Rain Forest old-growth stuff. It's available from Central America, and parts of Mexico. I don't like it. Tastes like dirt, to me. I should note, that's my opinion, and maybe I haven't had the best, yet. I listened to my buddy whole he extolled the virtues of this new drink he discovered, and I didn't interrupt. [Not my place](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/). This isn't really about coffee, Yerba Matte, or a coffee substitute. This about learning to listen and learning not to pass judgement when one of your buddies shows up with the "latest, greatest (craze)." Listen. Pay attention. Perhaps take notes and be prepared to point out fallacies, at a later date. Most important, listen. Open mouthes only catch bugs. Closed mouth, open mind.

Pisces: Victorian prose is not one of my favorite styles. The Victorians, from what I've read and consumed, seemed to prize style and it was an ornate style at that, over more utilitarian (shorter) verbiage. Never use one sentence when three are better. Never use an adjective when an adverbial phrase, and a subordinate clause, will help layer on the

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sentiments. Also helps bury the intended meaning under a heavy coating of innuendo, supposition, and sometimes pointless meandering that might, or might not, have some stylistic merit. Long, intricate sentences with dependent clauses tacked on the end, sometimes for subtle nuance, and sometimes, just trackless woolgathering. The highly ornate and occasionally difficult style, baroque in some ways, I can't navigate that material as well as I can work with either earlier or later variations. Shakespeare, Elizabethan, they used meter and rhyme, and the more modern novels use a concise form of language. Which one will work best? For me, it's matter of taste. I like my material shorter, meaningful and direct. As a Pisces, what's going to work? These days? I'll tell you: less style, more direct. Cut the high-blown rhetorical style, while quite pretty and flows well? Doesn't convey much information. Not much to say? Don't use many words.

Aries: "Data-driven decision making." Actual <http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=320> phrase from a <http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/06/herberts-sign/> resume a prospective employee sent me. Likelihood of being hired? Not very good. Four words. "Data Driven Decision Making." If it had been 4 D, instead of three, the wordsmith in me might have thought about it. But please, that's resume-speak, and while I'm frequently long of verbiage, that's the way I am, I want an Aries resume to speak to me in short, concise, taut, tight clumps of information. You're an Aries. I know you make fast decisions based upon real-world experience and hard facts. Facts, too, usually, not material that merely represents itself as a fact. Facts, not fancy phrases, are what drive decisions. Adjust your wording accordingly.

Taurus: Typically, Sagittarius is equated with <http://afmarcom.com/> [leaping](#) forward. Typically, Sagittarius is linked to Jupiter. Typically, when Jupiter enters a sign,

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this is symbolic of great leaps forward. Typically. Look around, is there anything typical about what's happening now? You have to ask yourself that much. Since it's not typical, then this idea that Jupiter triggers a great leap forward, we might want to revisit that idea. Redefine, or better yet, put in terms that makes sense to a pedantic Taurus pace in the middle of the summer. Slow it down a notch. Friends of mine have a pair of box turtles in their backyard. Might be a breeding pair, I don't know, can't tell with turtles. The males tend to have a slightly more stumpy tail, but with those critters? Who can tell? Does it matter? Not really, because this isn't about the sex of the turtles, it's about the turtles' progress as they motor around the yard. Don't seem to move fast. Don't seem to make a lot of progress, but I was out in the backyard, talking under a [summer's eve's sky](http://www.SkyFriday.com), and the turtles were suddenly on the side of the yard. In turtle terms, that's huge progress. I never saw them move, but that's turtle time versus my time. What might seem slow and pedantic forward motion? Jupiter is like those turtles, motoring around the yard. Didn't seem like they were moving that fast, but there was lots of good progress.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 6.16.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"There's small choice in rotten apples."

Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* [I.i.132-3]

It's Hortensio commenting to Gremio, as the two decide to find a husband for Kate -- the rest is in the plot outline.

Gemini: In the vast quantity of material I've got, out of the [acres and acres](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) of [written](http://www.astrofish.net/toc.shtml), [spoken and visual](http://www.BAreFootAstrology.com) record of my work, a single Gemini comment stands out. As I was lecturing, I recall the exact moment, I likened Gemini to a finely cut gem-stone. Many different facets, as an outside observer, we see all the different angles. As the Gemini, though, you're going to feel like the same person, through and through, on the inside. "I don't get this whole 'two-faced' thing," more than one Gemini has commented, "I just don't see it." That's because you're not on the outside, looking in. Out here, what we see? I've actually watched, seen it before my very eyes, as a Gemini face has morphed, changed construction and the mood has slipped from one point to another. Right before my eyes. Happens. Get used to it. With what's shaking, even as we speak? It's going to be hard to remind everyone that you're like a fine-cut gem-stone, however, you know it, I know it, and that's all that matters. Remember that some people see you as multi-faceted. We, they, we're not sure which face, or which tiny angle, we're looking at. "But it's just me," your Gemini self intones. I understand that. Not everyone does. Work with us. You're moving faster, changing quicker, than anyone else. Happy birthday!

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Cancer: Birthdays start next week -- that's the fun part. There's still Venus cooking along a little too slow, in Gemini. That's the not so fun part. One of my secret vices has always been dollar stores. Goes back to formative years in my life, in old East Austin, and the dollar store there was the most interesting. Some good deals, so not so good deals, some crap and some clever marketing. It was the clever marketing that caught my attention the other afternoon.

Wasn't a dollar store, but it was a location known and noted for steep discounts over regular retail price. The sign read, "\$1.75 each or 2 for \$4!" I worked through college calculus. I understand math. Not my favorite thing, but I understand it well enough to manipulate the numbers, and that's some clever marketing. Buy 2, imply it's cheaper and get more money. Move twice as much product, as well. Clever. Clever Cancer, you are. Watch for deals just like that. Better yet, make your own. There's always someone willing to buy it. My suggestion, though, under this influence? Good time for Cancer to sell, bad time for Cancer to buy.

Leo: This is <http://users.wolfdcrews.com/toys/vikings/> convoluted, but then, what's new? Fancy, swanky hotel downtown SA, has a public access, part of the roadway, part of the tax-payer supported street, part of that is a landing for the valet service. Legally, I can park a girlfriend's car there, provided I adhere to the posted laws. Buddy of mine, Leo, works in the sort of hip coffee shop next door. My buddy depends on the good graces and tips (monetary and referential) of the valet. When I've parked there, girlfriend's car has the right downtown stickers, it pisses off the valets. The problem is, in the letter (and intent) of the law, city ordinances and so forth? I'm right. Car can be parked right there in front of the fancy hotel. However, this makes for bad blood between

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the valet and the coffee shop and that means reduced tips and directions like, "There's Starbucks about three blocks away," instead of "This is a good place for coffee...." My parking there, and my running legal argument with the valet, the hotel manager and car hops, while I'm legally, right? In the interest of what's best for my Leo buddy, not directly affected, but indirectly affected? I shouldn't be having a pissing match and war of wits with humor-challenged, dim-witted valet guys. Creates bad blood, all the way around, and my Leo buddy suffers when his buddies, the car hops, have a pissing argument with me. Moral high ground is one thing, but practical application, and real world situations, that is another situation altogether. Be nice. Actions can have far-ranging implications. I never, ever want to make trouble for my Leo buddy.

Virgo: Lot of people are out of work. Buddy of mine, he does construction-type work, and he's been busy the last few months. Virgo buddy, at that, not named 'bubba,' if you have to know, and I'm sure you do. He basically works for himself, and as a Virgo, you know how dangerous that can be, being Virgo and all, your own, worst critic. His lament was classic for where we're at, "I got new Ought-Six, man, I haven't even sited that baby in yet. Been too busy to even do that." New ought-six means a new deer rifle, as in 30.06, the ubiquitous deer hunter tool. Takes a few hours, but most of that is spent driving to a secluded spot, setting up a target, walking back and forth to judge where the bullets are going, make the tiniest of adjustments to the scope's mount, and get comfortable with firing that weapon. Deer rifle. This isn't about hunting, whether it's for sport or food (my buddy does it for both, has the best recipe for venison sausage). This isn't about deer hunting, or rifles, or shooting animals in the woods. This about being too busy to take time out for the things we love. No time to site-in the new aught six? In this day and age, if the last of Gemini Sun is

providing work, paying work? We can always go out and site the rifles in some other weekend.

Libra: I got an [e-mail question](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/), but I'd rather answer it here. There no specifics, but my answer? The short form? "Oh how little you know about a bureaucracy." The best example is now debunked by Snopes, however, it's still a valid point. My short answer still stands. It's a patronizing tone, coming from me. It's a frankly vicious comment, from me. While I intend no harm, it's still that tone. The message is clear, too, just because, as a knowledgeable and capable Libra, just because you see a way to make this easier? Just because there is an obviously superior way to get this done? That doesn't mean anyone, well, other than me, no one will be willing to listen to your idea. I think it's bloody well brilliant, and it could save dollars and hours, but that doesn't mean anyone will let you through the bureaucratic nightmare and legal entanglements therein, nope, not getting through any of that to get what you want. Sorry. So my answer to this week's question? Again, "Oh how little you know about a bureaucracy."

Scorpio: I sat down with a Scorpio, doing a reading for her. In her chart, there was there was strong, non-Scorpio signature. Very un-Scorpio-like. On the table, I had an almost empty glass of water, maybe an inch or two of water in the bottom of tall glass. "Half-empty or half-full?" I asked. "Look, see," then with uncharacteristic wit, "there's some water -- here, I'll get you a refill..." I smiled broadly. A good Scorpio will say, "It's almost empty!" And, "It's summer, we're on the verge of the desert! This terrible! Drought! Pestilence and ruin, oh rue the day!" Difference is degrees. In this example, which one are you? The good Scorpio by my definition? Or the non-Scorpio Scorpio, like that one girl? Basic, very binary consideration for Scorpio and

attitude is all about how well or how poorly, you get by this next few days. Half-full. Half-empty?

[Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.sagittarius.html): *Hoja Santa*, also known as, "The Root Beer Plant," is a common ingredient in one South Texas restaurant. Of note, because the first time I read the menu item, *Hoja Santa*, I was rather curious. I tried something else that time, but my date had the *Hoja Santa* chicken, and in true Tex-Mex, fusion cuisine fashion, a Mesoamerican name for the herb and yet, the frankly English name for the chicken. Anyway, it is difficult to describe what the flavor is like, sort licorice or mint, but the purported medicinal qualities of the herb were equally intriguing. As the Sun concludes its annual trip through the sign opposite our Sagittarius selves, what better way to celebrate the opposition and other divergent elements than with a new dish? Something a little different. Something that isn't exactly new, and it isn't exactly that safe, it is, but it is also a little on the daring side. Just what you need.

Capricorn: On Interstate 35, between San Antonio and Austin, on the right-hand side of the freeway, there's this one spot, I passed it for years, sign said, "Outlet Mall." The sign was over a bald patch of earth with a single concrete slab in one corner of the lot. Nothing else. What kind of outlet was it? What stood there before? Where did it go? Why is the sign left there? Is there going to be another outlet mall of some kind? A single observation, but after running up and down that Old Austin Highway a number of times, and seeing the same scene, I'm inclined to make up stories. It was, my guess, a mobile home "outlet mall," and as such, when the hard times hit, the owners pulled up stakes and skated. I don't know, for sure. Just hazarding a guess. There was a boom for that kind of housing, at one time. And there still is, quite frequently alongside the old Austin Highway, mobile home dealers of

various ilk. New, used, repo, got them all. Come and go. Which is why I was curious why the "outlet mall" was never developed into a second (retail) life. The only permanent fixture was the concrete slab and the sign. Obviously, since it's been, like, a [decade or more](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) that I've been running up and down that road, those fixtures have withstood the test of time. As a Capricorn, careful about what's a fluid state, like a mobile home business, and what's not, like a concrete slab. Perhaps a signpost, too, but more, I'm thinking, concrete slab. What can you pick up and take with you, if you need (have a sudden urge) to decamp in a hurry? Hook that office up to the bumper of the truck and roll.

Aquarius: "There's nothing like a man in chaps," one of my clients was telling me. I'll guess that comment is more than tinged with sexual innuendo. The problem being, I'm used to Brush Country chaps, which are short, just a heavy canvas that covers the thighs and sometimes, goes as far as the mid-calf, but this style of chaps is for working in the harsh, South Texas mesquite-brush filled cow country. These aren't the long chaps of TV cowboys, or movies. These are working chaps. So, in context, the original comment doesn't do a lot for me. However, I can understand, emotionally, I can grasp the concept of the comment, the TV iconography makes the chaps look sexy. The black, fringe encrusted motorcycle chaps I've seen, that makes sense. The shape and cut seems to emphasize a certain portion of the anatomy of the male wearing them, wearing the chaps.

Pisces: Because [travel](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) is ingrained in the very fiber of my being, to this day, I carry emergency reserves of numerous items. There's an iPod/iPhone connector cord, just a spare. There's little red Fang Sway envelope with a coin in it. There a handful of various pills and potions, in plastic bags. A digital camera cable, sort a generic USB cable. I keep all this

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stuff, and an earring, a travel toothbrush, some lip balm, and more, in simple, zip-up tote bag. Just handy stuff, some emergency supplies, and a lot of material that would normally roll around in the bottom of the travel bag. All I did was collect the spurious crap and put it all into a single, soft-sided tote inside a tote. Collecting extraneous crap, day-to-day stuff, and the odd selection of material that we tote around in life, collect all of this and put it in one place. There's a good luck charm, a St. Christopher pedant, and more. What stuff, items, tokens, treasures and tools are you going to carry forward? Next question, how are you going to carry these things?

Aries: As the pressure mounts in Aries again, I'm amazed. I'm amazed at the short-term memory of the Aries mind. Usually a quick mind that rapidly assimilates material, digests data and arrives at a sound and reasoned conclusion, yes, usually. Really? Yes. You sure? Yes. No, really? Yes. See how this is going? Second guessing doesn't work. Sun/Pluto oppose each other in another week, ten days, looks like. Two weeks. Both those create a tension angle (square) to Uranus, cooking along in the early degrees of Aries. How you play this out, what you do with this tension is purely up to you. I'm thinking, though, that you've got a chance to make single, sensible decision. Not a choice like I'd make, wherein I would be wrong, but a choice that would help your Aries self move forward. Matter of properly engaging the energy, as dictated by the planets. It's there, don't vacillate. There's a very clearly right decision. Might not be the most comfortable, but you know what to do.

Taurus: <http://www.rachelcay.com/>Buddy of mine asked, as he had two-day layover in London, "<http://www.astrofish.co.uk/>You know London, what should I do?" Two days? Not a lot of time. I'd hit a few things, like pick one of the museums, my personal preference is obviously the Tate Modern, but

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either Tate, depending on personal taste, or the Museum of London, which is an excellent overview of London's history. Pick one. Skip the British Museum as it's too overwhelming. The British Museum deserves two weeks. Two days, remember? Then I'd hit High Tea, pick a spot, consider it a meal. In fact, for two days? High Tea be enough food. Call it the only meal. Finally, I'd have to include the noon communion at Westminster Abbey. Half-hour, High Anglican (low church) service. While St. Paul's is arguably more famous, that noon service at Westminster Abbey is amazing. The other option, depends on what's on stage at the moment, but same day tickets for theater are usually a good deal, but that option depends on personal preference for live theater. Me? I'd hit something by Shakespeare. Just pick a few high points, next couple of days.

Don't try to do everything, my fine Taurus friend.

Don't try to do everything. Pick a couple of high points, pick a few important items.

Don't try to do too much, like, in two days, shoot for, maybe, three items to check off that Taurus list.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 6.23.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"O most insatiate and luxurious woman!"
Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus [5.i.88]

Cancer: Chunking Bait into the Inter-Coastal. It was a moonless night with a reasonably stiff offshore breeze. Being located in just one place, on a friend's dock, we were kind of limited in what would work. The water gets churned up and bait needs to smell awfully bad to be of interest to the fish. The idea is that the stinkier the bait, the bigger the fish. There's something about sitting at the edge of the canal, the juggernaut of a watery road, watching huge barges push pass with billions of pounds of payload, and there, at the edge, as the waves gently lap against the pier's support. It's quiet and restful and yet, it's also that intersection of world, the high-tech, low-tech worlds collide. Whether it's the barges with their carrier loads, or the fishing gear, baited with dead fish parts. High-tech and low-tech, all next to each other. Get that relief where you can find it, no?

Leo: "Best place in town? You come to the Y, then before the car wash, Mary Lou's, best place in town." The Y refers to a fork in the road, the single intersection in that town. Not like there's even a crossroads, just one road fork a little to left, goes to another small town. I like rural Texas, and I love me some Leo girls, and combine the two? That was the best set of directions.

The following morning, I came to the Y in the road. I didn't arrive, I didn't drive to it, I came to it. Fork to the left, see the car wash, and there was a ramshackle place called Mary Lou's. Hand lettered sign and

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all. Good food. Uncertain? Ask. Ask for <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/contact/>>directions and ask local.

Virgo: "No, I mean, yes, they knew each other for three days before they got married. Three days!" The story gets better. It was a drunken hook-up in a singles bar, almost 35 years ago. Still married, to this day. Devoted, even. But only 3 days? Doubt that will happen in this day and age with all the online distractions, and folks being as contentious as they are, especially now. Especially Virgo. I can't smooth things out but one of the tenets of that relationship was the expression, "I'm in this for the long haul." Good mantra for the (Virgo) times.

Libra: "Yeah, Bubba? He got that and hornswaggled it around to work," answer to a question about a piece of home-made engineering that boggles the mind. Been a long time since I heard the expression "hornswaggled." I'm always afraid I'll employ an expression or use a colloquial reference point that doesn't translate well outside of my neighborhood -- just exactly like the term "hornswaggled." However, I think there's sufficient underlying material to make the image clear even if the wording and expression is localized. It takes some creative, outside-the-normal-lines of thinking to arrive at a conclusion. Can it be done? Yes. Is it easy? Depends. For my buddy, incidentally, his name is Bubba, his strange concoction worked. He took a square peg and whittled it down to fit, more or less, in that round hole. Hornswaggle. Do what it takes to get there from here. It can be done. Sort of easy, too, if you ask him. Took a might bit of work, but yeah, it works now.

Scorpio: So I was sitting in a bay boat, in the middle of Matagorda Bay, and it started to rain. We'd been wade fishing and chasing spot tails up in the cuts. Early morning wades, I can get up to chest high in the water, and it's sometimes well worth it, rewarding. Summer showers were blowing through and the perception is that the rain cools the

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bay's water. No idea, I'm not sure. However, we were sitting the boat, taking a break, and when the squall line moved over, We grabbed raincoats. As I zipped up the rain coat, buddy looks at me, "We were just chest-deep in water, right? So why are we putting these on?" He smiled. As both a Scorpio and a water sign, think about the obvious. Why are you doing that? Why are you -- okay, like me -- pulling on rain gear when you've been chest-deep in water all morning long?

Sagittarius: One of the more remote spots on the Texas Gulf coast, the Devil's Elbow, as it was named, one of the spots is, relatively speaking, remote. The town itself, while named as a location on the map, for the last century, it's been unincorporated. There is no mail delivery in that part of the county. There's a satellite post office, and anything addressed there gets "general delivery," which means, if I understand this correctly, means the person addressed has to go to the post office and pick up the mail. No rural delivery. No house-to-house mailman. Kind of a cool, rural touch, and speaks well to why I like that one spot. Remote without being really remote, less that two hours from town, and yet, still armed with classic old-world, small-town charm. And eccentricities. Part of what makes this so interesting, well, interesting to me. Fishing is good, too. It's the little eccentricities that delineate the changes. There are changes underfoot. Under the Sagittarius feet. Careful, don't stumble over

Capricorn: The *Bluebonnet Cafe* in Marble Falls, one of the last great diners -- Marble Falls is an hour west of Austin -- one of the noted features is pie. Pies. Coconut Cream Pie, Pecan Pie, in the early summer, fresh peaches from nearby orchards? The deal is, was, is, the deal is there's only so many pies made on any given day, and now, right before July 4th? Not so many of the Chocolate Coconut Meringue pies. "All we got left is fruit pies." Got there too late in the afternoon, although, breakfast is served all day. Life is like the Bluebonnet Cafe,

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Capricorn Life, and the pies at the Bluebonnet Cafe. If you're not there in time? You miss out. Missed out of the Chocolate Coconut Creme Pie, but stumbled into Cherry Pie that just rocked my world. Facing a shortage of some kind? There are two options, get there earlier, that's always a good plan, or realize that only so many of certain item are manufactured on any given day, and that the shortage -- or relative paucity -- it s not your problem. It is your problem, but like my hapy stumble into a fresh cherry pie? Not a bad mistake.

Aquarius: Couple of years ago, we experienced a bone-dry drought. Two summers in a row exceeded the previous records, and in one case, the record number of days over a 100? Sure beat that record with plenty of room. Almost tripled it with the triple digit heat. The next year, the rains started. On two separate occasions, one time was a half-foot of rain and another time was almost a full 12-inches of rain. In one day. I live in a land of contrasts, a land of extremes. Drought one year, floods the next. Can't get enough one minute and the next minute, there's too much. As an [Aquarius](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gt9j80Jkc_A), the Water Bearer, as a matter of function, you know what this is like, too little or too much. I'd like to provide you with middle ground. I'd like for it to be just enough, but not too much. I can't do that, and right now, you're looking at too little or too much. Doesn't matter which one it is, drought or flood, there will be a change, in the blink of an Aquarius eye, and no matter what was too little, there will be too much. Or too much? Next comes scarcity.

Pisces: Movie, no, there's this one movie and I've only seen it twice. I saw it once from the bed of a pick-up truck -- me and cousins all piled high with blankets under the early spring sky at the drive-in. Then, in repertoire, as a summer movie at the old downtown theater in Austin. Excellent movie palace. Good venue for a show, and for some reason,

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that movie, like I suggested, I've only seen it twice, but there are parts of that film which ingrained in our day-to-day fabric of life. Partly because it was of genre that died off and has resurfaced, made popular by a new generation of movie-makers, and in part, because, although it was inexpensive to produce, there was thought, care and craft involved in the production. Classics that have, over time, stood up well. When I was researching this horoscope's material, I found more than one academic treatise on the subject, and the title of that film. So my fascination isn't far from wrong. A movie I've sat through twice. I'm sure it's on TV, too, but that detracts from the movie-going experience. Classics. In one form or another, as Pisces, you have to pause long enough to consider some action, some undertaking, what it is that you're doing, what part of this will be a classic? Careful what you commit to, as well, as the casual remarks can live forever on the inter-webs.

Hippie Liberal Democrat Dope-Smoking Freak

Aries: Buddy, not named 'bubba,' to be sure you know which one, buddy invited me over to hang out. "Apartment's pool, man, you got to see the women!" Not sure of that's the exact phrase but it's close enough. Newer complex, south side of town, interesting mix. Skinny blonde girls in tiny bikinis, sure, but I was more intrigued by another character. Hispanic guy, two afternoons in a row, middle of the week, too hot for me to fish, and this guy was drinking a brand of beer that has Tomato and Clam juice included in the can. I've heard of 'red beer,' the hangover cure, but I never liked it. So I'm rather sure I really wouldn't like Clam Juice and Tomato Juice mixed with beer. However, that one guy, he was enjoying himself. He smiled broadly, referred to me as "brother," his white teeth against brown, sun-baked skin. I like Clam Juice. I like some Tomato Juice. Not much for the beer thing these days, but that's me. I know what I like and what I don't like. No

need for to me to experiment with a brand of beer that has all three items in it, no, no reason. As an Aries, do you want to experiment and make costly mistakes? Or stick to what you know best? I suggest you stick to what you know works.

Taurus: "The bigger the hair, the closer to heaven," old, not exactly tired expression that applies in portions of Texas. Not long ago, I stumbled on a corollary, "The higher the heels, the closer to heaven," and the accompanying image? Six-inch stiletto heels. Perhaps the rest is best left to the imagination. Big hair and high heels, must be a summer month for Taurus (or winter, for that one Taurus in Australia), but around here, there's a fashion statement, as simple as a T-shirt, bumper-sticker slogan, that can help ease the (Taurus) problems. "I fail to understand how a bumper-sticker about my fashion is going to help with my problem this week!" Okay, figure it like this, it's an expression on a T-shirt you're wearing. Someone sees it make a lurid comment that, for some reason, a comment that would usually evoke a sneer? You grin, instead. Mood lightened. Suddenly, the day is a little better as that one passer-by understood, grinned and you grinned back. Reminds me of another bumper-sticker that would be equally useful, and would certainly produce a smile on my face, "Go ahead and honk; I'm reloading."

Gemini: Back to the bottom of the list? Hardly. Just looks that way. Anyway, this isn't about where you rank, not as the Gemini that I try to look out for. I was at the dentist office for a routine scraping, cleaning, and lecture. You've heard the lecture, "Are you flossing every day? Blah-blah-blah." There was a new tech and she was going to work inside my mouth. She took one look at my snapshot of a medical history, and she pulled on an apron, latex gloves, a face mask, then a faceplate over her mask. Rather scared. Something in my history spooked her. She was well-insulated from me. Distant. I like that one dentist office,

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the TV tends to play Xtian music, and the office staff is a collection of -- apparently -- Hispanic women that could be, to me, interchangeable. Smiling faces, but I'm in and out so quickly, that I don't notice much. One had highlights in her hair, I think. Very pleasant surroundings. Recommended highly. That last time, though, the mask, the faceplate, the extra layer of protection, am I really that spooky? I'm not sure. The regular tech doesn't use any of that and we compare family notes. Doc always takes time to shake my hand, but that's about all I see of him, which, if you ask me, works just fine. It was that extra layer of protection, the paper mask under the faceplate. As a Gemini, are you over doing it? Is there a good reason to over due it? As far as her touch? Gentle as could be. Good tech. Once I got over the layers of protection.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 6.30.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Thou art the cap of all the fools alive."

Apemantus in Shakespeare's Timon of Athens [IV.iii.355]

Cancer: Happy Birthday! During the next week, the Sun "squares" Saturn. Means that mean Mr. Saturn is going to apply some pressure to certain aspect of the otherwise kind and gentle Moon Child. During the next couple of days, especially if your birthday is around now, there's a point where there's a problem. Needs some attention. The more traditional interpretation of this, during your birthday week, is that your home's foundation needs to be bolstered. In the simple trailer park analogy, this merely translates to more cinder blocks under the old homestead. Simple. Easy. Maybe a few pieces of boards as shims for the "foundation" repair. Since this is a birthday time for Cancer, my first words of advice: seek assistance. Don't undertake that foundation repair all by your lonesome. The second batch of words of advice? Instead of a concrete foundation repair? Given where the rest of the planets, not Saturn, but other influences might be? Go back to my idea of wooden boards, cinder blocks, building blocks and removable adjusters instead of more permanent items. Might want to change this again, in the future.

Leo: The boulevard of broken dreams, there's a place, just, well, it's not close to me, but I'm sure there's a location that has a similar sentiment, someplace close to you. It's a long, narrow block of mid-rise buildings, adjacent to downtown, like a seldom used corridor, leading to the center of the city. One of the building's is now a hotel and another building is apartments (Weekly rentals available! All bills paid!). At one time, the buildings have been a high-class restaurant and bar, a nice

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hotel, a diner, lawyer offices, and basically abandoned downtown real estate. It's really three different facades, at one time, part of it was a department store. The exterior sign is still there. For that and the hotel. The apartment building one is just a simple board, hanging below the roof.

I was in West Texas and New Mexico, and the canyon lands reminded me of that single corridor downtown. Boulevard of Broken Dreams. Many different facades that have been upscale, down scale, and now, abandoned until a cool and hip developer comes along. Or the city just levels the historical site. Boulevard of broken dreams. That's what we're looking at in Leo. Do you have the vision and backing to "redevelop" downtown real estate, Leo real estate? Or are you going to let the city -- or some other government entity (authority figure) -- just demolish everything and start over?

Virgo: Three's an early morning aroma. Conditions have to be just right for this, first off, it has to be dry, no rain, last few days. Then, there has to be lawn on one of those automated sprinkler systems, goes off every morning, at, like, three A.M. Finally part of the equation, the lawn service, I'll assume it's a service, not just an individual, the service needs to have just visited yesterday, preferably, yesterday afternoon. So the dry lawn was mowed yesterday afternoon, and then the sprinkler kicked in early this morning, earlier than it should've, maybe, and there I was, just before sun-up, able to appreciate the aromatic blend. It's like fresh, dry grass that's just been shorn. It's crackling with the fresh watered smell, a summer fragrance that only happens when all the conditions are just perfect. The astrological conditions are just right. What was I doing up at that hour, without a fishing pole in my hand? Coolest part of the day. So part of this message is about getting up and being the moist correct person in the right place at the best time. The results, while I won't promise success for sure, but

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lining up as much as possible for the best solution, goes a long way towards insuring Virgo success. This next few days. Early. Earlier than everyone else.

Libra: In New Mexico (New Mexico State, a united state since 1912), the most common breakfast question, frequent culinary inquiry, the one I heard every morning? "Red or Green?" Refers to either piquant and smokey red sauces or zesty and piquant green sauce. Fire-roasted chilies, as grown in New Mexico, and the counterpoint question I had? "Which one is hotter?" Implied in my counter-question is the heat index of the sauce, as most Texans don't fare well with the hotter New Mexico Chilies. I do. Hotter is better. Food should be painfully hot to be really enjoyable. Saturn is in Libra, making some uncomfortable energy. What works, as I've asked this question from Las Cruces (south part of the state) to Taos & Raton (north part of the state), I've inquired, "Which is hotter, red or green?" What I found out: it depends. The relative heat factor of the food varies from location to location and store to store. Kitchen by kitchen, cook by cook, even. I never got a consistent answer, sometimes it was Red and sometimes, it was Green. No two alike. No consistency. Ask. Politely inquire. As a Libra, you're good with the idea that it varies from location to location, and as we wrestle with Saturn's implications, don't hesitate to ask which is hotter. Might not be the question, but don't hesitate to inquire. The answer changes, so be prepared to ask every time.

Scorpio: As a winter dish, the chili I make, my usual recipe, I'm all about process, not a strict cookbook format, and that recipe, I tend towards a dozen or more "winter" jalapeños. The winter produce is sweet, tender. Hot but not overwhelmingly so. Peppers that are almost as sweet as bell peppers, for example. Just sweet, tender fruit, not even a pepper. Good flavor, mild chili. Excellent flavor as it has that "jalapeño" scent without the burn. Or without the afterburner. I

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grabbed a dozen peppers the other day at the little grocery down here, last of the barrel, so to speak, the peppers had seen better days. Summer produce, as well, which means they'd been hanging out in that little grocery for a few days. Not as perky as I'm used to. There was reason. Those were full-on, mean-spirited 'summer' peppers. Hot. Hot like the [Habaneros](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/09/austin-pepper-prOn/) in the bin next to the jalapeños. Really hot. Hotter than usual. I was making stuffed peppers, slice the japs open, gut them, add cheese, wrap a piece of bacon around it, and grill it until the bacon is cooked. The winter version is tasty and delightful. Those summer japs? Too hot for even me. Mean peppers. Ornery. Okay, from my little culinary exercise, what does Scorpio learn? Test produce. Test product. Test, sample, taste test before you cook up a whole batch. Especially this next ten days or so.

Sagittarius: "Thank you, that was very good, you're an excellent cook." I was addressing the waitress. Cute, young thing, too. Sagittarius. I had followed her recommendation on the evening's special, and it was, predictably, good. Excellent. Her quick response, "Oh, honey, it's all the kitchen, I can't cook. I can't even boil water." ("Ah cain't EVENNNN bo-ahl waterh....." Very distinct West Texas Twang) The rest of the evening was filled with comments about her cooking, and every time, she popped on around, she would point out, with great pain, that she wasn't a good cook. Which just meant that I pursued the question further with a semblance of ribald riposting from either side. It was fun, it was amusing and it was an evening's delight. The language and couched reticence, call and answer singsong, a delicious Sagittarius sentiment warmed by the running gag. Food was good; I ordered coffee and dessert. Running gags are of dubious value. As the summer (summer in the northern hemisphere) boils away, there's fine-tuned sense of the absurd that is required. Whether it's the idea of the Sagittarius cook (some Sagittarius are good cooks), or the prolonged running gag

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(that one of us just won't let alone), there's the inherent sense of the absurd that is required to help negotiate this next couple of days.
Week.

Capricorn: In my various [meanderings](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) around the American Southwest, one image that seared its way into my mind -- it was a Native American Artist, a potter. His medium was the traditional clay, fired in a traditional manner; however, the artwork on the glazing? One piece was titled "Paris and Helene," as in Trojan War stuff. Trojan War Motif. Myth. The two characters on the pottery were engaged in a possibly pornographic act. "Pottery porn," what ran through my prurient brain. Couldn't help it. Glazed, forever, or, at least, for a long time. Shards of some pottery has lasted, like 30,000 years, or more. In an art gallery, I'm sure this stuff was a high art. I was impressed with the price tag, the art itself was a little less than I was willing to pay for, but that could be me, and if you've ever seen my typical attire, you'll understand that I'm not the best when it comes to style and color combinations. The pottery porn, though, reminded me of Capricorn. This week. This very week. Careful about what you commit to a medium that is, literally, set in stone. Or cast in stone, as was the example of the pottery. That stuff can follow you around for years. Millenniums, really.

Aquarius: Spend enough time [traveling](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/), and sooner or later, there's something that defies description. It was an older (Japanese) sedan, little four door, faded paint, chrome strip still in place. Going the opposite way on the interstate highway, windows down on a hot summer afternoon, and there was obvious baggage in the back seat, on top, strapped to the roof. Prominent, was a Dish TV dish, facing forward, on the roof, in front of the other boxes and suitcase. Then, with both windows down?

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Passenger side, the passenger had his right foot out. Driver's side? Left barefoot. Looked like, with that dish antenna pointed forward and the individual feet out? Looked sort of like a person. Or an alien, some kind of space alien. Strangest image, just a quick glance revealed that much. Matter of paying attention to the details, assimilating as much information -- Aquarius in data-acquisition mode -- get as much information as possible. First glance, first blush? Looked weird. Turns out it was car with at least two people in it, not some hybrid person fleeing down the freeway.

Pisces: "Twelve Hours, all it took." I was explaining, it was a situation, and I'd been visiting my "wee Scorpio mum," and in less than 12 hours, I took off in car to run an errand, and I succeeded in finding the longest, most time-consuming, least effective route to get from one place to another. Ten-minute errand took two hours. More. It's the familial influence. 12 hours in her direct presences and I was completely reduced to the boy-child, and worse, discombobulated. Doesn't take long.

Aries: One of my great quests, one of the undertakings I've attended to in this lifetime is the Holy Grail of Chili Cheese Fries. In a small resort in Northern New Mexico, I found a close runner-up in the contest. Can't say they were really chili cheese fries, not in the conventional sense of the food group. What they were? Long, thin strips of green chili, probably, allegedly Hatch Green Chilies, and those strips were dusted with potato dust, potato flakes, and then flash-fried. Not really "chili cheese fries" in the conventional sense. However, as long as we're dealing with Uranus in Aries, unconventional is a working phrase. Let's work it in. Instead of turning your Aries nose up at my suggestion, stop. Think about it. It's not traditional, yet it was very tasty. Certain, rather loose, parameters were met, like, it was fried, it did have potato parts, and there was chili. That one didn't

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have cheese, but then, some have suggested I'm cheesy enough. The quest is ever ongoing. It's open-ended. There will be new number one each week or year. Guidelines shift and change. Which doesn't mean that there isn't a new goal, or, for that matter that the new champion, Green Chile/Potato (flake) Crusted fries aren't a new contender. Open your eyes -- and other senses. See what your Aries quest turns up. I'm still open for new suggestions for chili cheese fries, too.

Taurus: One novelist I'm fond of, in his online material, he claimed that his latest and greatest secret was "gravity boots." He would turn himself upside down for a period of minutes between bouts with the word processor. Claimed it expanded his horizons while not having to leave his apartment. Gave him that "other worldly perspective" for which his novels are (justifiably) famous. I don't believe it. That he's famous? No, that he uses gravity boots several times a day. That's time-consuming and disconcerting. Not to mention turns my whole world upside down -- guess that's the purpose -- but still. I'd lose my lunch. Or breakfast. Or I'd lose that quart of coffee I just consumed. I just fail to understand why turning myself upside down would help. Maybe I'm too narrow minded about this. I don't get it. Then again, <http://www.astrofish.net/book/> my novels don't make the best seller lists and reprinted ad infinitum. Maybe there is a trick to hanging upside down. Would you be willing, as a Taurus experiment, as an astrological experiment, to hang upside for a few moments? There's a particular influence, and all I would encourage, in the Taurus world, all I'm suggesting is that we try looking at this "situation" from a different angle. Personally, I'm not going to hang upside down. I don't really think you need to, either. But try a different perspective.

Gemini: I heard the perfect homeopathic cure for Mars in Gemini -- "You soak golden raisins in gin..." I recall none of the rest of the problem, nor, for that matter, do I recall much about how this

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"homeopathic" solution was supposed to work. However, I'd suggest, as natural cures go, a gin-soaked raisin, or a liquor soaked fruit of any kind, would be a good way to start. I'm not really a doctor, and I doubt I could ever play one on TV; however, legally, I can be addressed as Dr. Kramer. Or, as I prefer, the "Good Dr. Kramer and his astrological solutions." My astrological solution is seek out a good, realistic, homeopathic cure. I understand that liquor doesn't solve all problems. Some of us no longer touch the stuff. Vary and modulate the solution as need be for individual exigent circumstances. I still like the purported effects of grain alcohol (ever clear) on Baptist watermelon. Seemed to work wonders. I'm not saying this is an excuse to drink excessively, but there's a hint, a party solution, a homeopathic remedy, something that works for Gemini. Still, the original versions, "Golden raisins soaked in Gin," that might be the correct remedy. It's mostly Mars, and anything helps.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 7.7.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"He jests at scars, that never felt a wound."
Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* [II.ii.3]

Alas, poor Romeo.

Cancer: A very happy birthday to that one, extra-special Cancer.

Leo: "Why don't you do something with your life? Why don't you get me a beer?" To be honest, it was a T-shirt, however, it's no stretch of the imagination to see either one of my friends wearing such a shirt, or, better yet, telling that to one of his children. Her children. Just not much of a stretch at all. I liked it, but to some of my friends, it might have undesirable connotations. Some days, I don't get it, if a person is easily offended or doesn't understand my offbeat humor, why read this material in the first place?

Doesn't matter. Leo, dear one, how I love my Leo's best. This is about an offensive to some, amusing to others, message. Like that T-shirt. After looking at the array of planets? I'd suggest we laugh it off now.

Virgo: I must learn from my own mistakes. I was messing around with a piece of software, a camera "app," and I stumbled across a beautiful summer's image, a hibiscus, not quite in full bloom. On its way, but not there yet. Gorgeous. Since I was fishing, I had a cheap camera with me, but I opted to try the new software in the phone. I took the image, fiddled with it, adjust hue, saturation, colors, the whole spectrum of adjustments and when I tried to save the phone app's image? The little

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thing burped. Electronic burp. Lost it. Either make a back-up, or you might lose it before you're done. Save early, save often.

Libra: The story, perhaps apocryphal, is about the Harvey House restaurants, associated with the historical Santa Fe Railway. Fred Harvey established a line of restaurants. Noted for good food at decent prices, the tale is that a single restaurant was losing much money so the manager skimped on service and portions, cutting the losses. That manager was fired because the quality and the reputation of quality was more important than lose of income from a single location. What was more important? I'm sure modern marketing people could learn a thing or two from Mr. Fred Harvey. The loss from one store could easily be offset by the continued gain from every place else. AS a Libra, like Mr. Harvey. You're obsessed with good quality. Are you willing to suffer a small loss to insure that your reputation is intact?

Scorpio: South Texas lays claim to three historic cities, the Hill Country and the fertile Lower Rio Grande Valley. Austin, San Antonio and Houston are part of the history, in name and locus for events. The Hill Country compares favorably to the hills of Tuscany, while the Gulf Coast qualifies as ocean, sporting the longest barrier island in the Northern Hemisphere, and Rio Grande Valley is still one of the richest, most fertile regions for produce. With this much history in one place, with this much commerce in one place, with this much population in one place, you would think that

Sagittarius: Run in with them peppers again. I know, I've written about these before, but I was rooting around in the ice box to find something, and there was a half bag of those jalapeño peppers again. I sliced one up and added it to salad. And again, I regretted my decision. I endeavor to live my life with as few regrets as possible. I want a

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clean slate when I go into the hereafter. I regretted those mean peppers. I was lulled into a false sense of security because I used so many "winter" peppers, none too hot. One bite of the super-hot summer pepper did it. I regret throwing away food. Usually, I didn't regret, nor did I suffer any further misgivings, about tossing what was left of that pepper batch, in the trash. Finally, a saucy pepper too hot for me. It could be advancing age. It could be changing taste buds and greater sensitivity. Or, and I like this best, the summer peppers are just mean. I threw out what I had left. Shriveled little beasties. I'm Sagittarius, so take heed, this next few days. You're repeating a mistake you've made earlier. Don't. If you do repeat the same offense and if you do wind up with the same results, don't say I didn't try to warn you.

Capricorn: Change, sometimes, just for the sake of change, that doesn't work. I was inshore fishing, that's coastal tidal flats, and I had on a Mirror Lure. I'd get some attention, as it was a floater/sinker lure. I stopped a few times, changed lures, but I kept going back to the Mirror Lure, as that had proved effective and its color should have been perfect for the cloud/water conditions. Chartreuse. Metallic sides. Like a chrome-plated side-panel. Sort of. Didn't fool me, but judging from the way fish would explode around the lure, I had to guess that it was working. When wade fishing, like I was, in order to change, I have to stop, park the pole in a safe spot, clip to the old bait off then affix a new bait, then park everything a second time then I can unlimber and get back to fishing. Can take a few minutes to change up gear. Some guys carry two poles, each rigged different, just switch poles. I've had problems with the top-water lure, the hooks get caught in my clothes, so I tend to just carry one pole. That afternoon, I'd changed baits a few times, but I kept trying that Mirror Lure because I had a feeling. Bait was popping up everywhere. I fished in earnest. I was rewarded with a big trout. On that Mirror Lure. Changing, then

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changing back? Wasted effort. As a Capricorn, like me (fishing), change for the sake of change isn't required. Stick to one.

Aquarius: I am well-versed in certain types of [fishing](http://kikolani.com). Nomenclature, equipment, terminology, techniques. I live in South Texas, so my location dictates what I can accomplish. What I'm good at, or, at least, what I can succeed with. Tools and techniques. While off-shore is big business, big fish and probably big fun, it's a perfect example of fishing I don't have any experience with. Same goes for certain species in sub-Arctic areas, like, on the other side of Oklahoma. Another example of fishing that I can do, but I lack skills, equipment, and for that matter, a certain lack of motivation on my part. However, for pursuing local fish, be it bass, catfish, Reds, Specs, and so forth? I'm well-equipped and well-versed. I know what my strengths are, and these strengths are dictated by considerations, like, financial, location, ease of access, likelihood of success, and, in many situations, [tried and true successes](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/09/fish-tales/). While I like to have adventures and try new stuff? While, as an Aquarius likes new tips and techniques, new locations and new species of targets? I'd suggest, like me, in the dog days of summer, coming up, yes, in the heat of the moment, next couple of days, I'd suggest you stick with locations, techniques and hardware that you're familiar with. New is good. New isn't a good idea now. New stuff is usually good. Stick with what you know and what works. What you know works.

Pisces: Mustangs -- the image of the horse wild on the prairies of the American West, manes in the wind, that Mustang? The horses were/are feral descendants of horses brought over by the Spanish Conquistadores. Furthermore, the name derives from the Spanish term that means "stray." (mestengo) My little diversion, a look at language and names, where the term "Mustang" comes from? Dig a little. Dig a

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little deeper. Whatever you do, even though Pisces intuition is highlighted? Even though Pisces can usually intuit the correct response? Don't do that spooky stuff now. Just as a caution, just as a valid warning, just as a quick, Pisces, head's up? Dig. Dig a little deeper. In strict journalism, there used to be a fact-checking and vetting process. Me? Hardly. I can't afford an office or a copy editor, or, for that matter, a proofreader. Doesn't much matter, not around here. This isn't about me, this is about Pisces, fact-checking and validating. Here's the way it works: you have an idea, an answer to a problem. Usually, your first intuition is spot-on. Don't take that purported fact at face value. Dig. Dig a little deeper. Validate, cross-check and corroborate. You're right, but it helps, it really helps, to validate that you're right.

Aries: "Yeah, they got married at that church," buddy (not named Bubba), was driving, and he indicated a Baptist Church, as we rode past. "So they're Baptist now?" I asked. "No, not any more, they're more Christian now. Go to a different church." More Christian than Baptist? Especially the Southern or First variant of that family? Silly me. I thought they all were Christian and I never realized that there were some churches that were "more christian," which, by extension, would suggest that there were some that were less Christian. Religious tints and some distinctions I fail to grasp, as I fail to see the doctrine and diction differences, and I tend to seek out similarities. Religion is, at best, a very delicate issue, and one I shouldn't be using as an example. My Aries buddy driving, his words, not mine, that's what started this example. I think his expression was less about religious doctrine and not a commentary about what faith is either "more" or "less" of a particular ilk, and it was more evidence of working language as opposed to perfectly correct legalese. What's more important? Getting the message across with working language? Or being perfectly correct? It's a critical point, for Aries, with the influence of Uranus, even now.

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Taurus: My old cat, she used to love tuna fish from the can. She really liked the "juice" best. I'd open a can of tun fish, and she'd hear me cranking on the opener, and she'd be right there, all friendly, cuddly and cute, as cute as a fat cat can be. I'd drain the contents of the can into her dish, then save the dry, flaky tuna for me. She didn't care for the fish as much as she licked the sauce. "Tuna Packed in Spring Water," what the label said. One evening, I fetched home some fresh Sushi. Tiny bits of expensive "sushi-grade" tuna. I like the stuff, myself, despite my friends' jokes about bait. Cat turned her nose up at the real thing. Wouldn't have anything to do with real, raw fish, Supposedly a cat delicacy. So much for spoiling the cat. She liked canned tuna instead. There is no accounting for a particular animal's tastes. I tend to believe that Taurus, as a sign is usually the symbol of epicurean tastes. However, like my old cat, I tend to trust that not everything measures up to what the Taurus wants. Do not hesitate to reject an offer, no matter how well-intentioned that offer might be? Do not pause when it comes to rejecting. Could be really fine, sushi-grade tuna, like my old cat, poor dear, she never had it so good. Do not feel bad about rejection. Other signs, like me, might not understand what it is, but whatever the source of your judgement call? We (the other signs) need to respect it -- for whatever reason.

Gemini: *Casino Royal* (1966) with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Orson Wells, Woody Allen, William Holden, Ursula Andress and so on. It's a weird film, a take-off on the James Bond genre and franchise of films, a slightly scatological, satirical movie that spirals out of control, and I'm unsure if it ever really makes sense. It's funny, and amusing on so many levels, that the absolute lack of a plot isn't that big of an issue, or shouldn't be. There's at least one element missed by most of the "art school" film critiques I've read, so mention of thematic elements from the final scenes. Hint: Wild (wild) West. As such, this

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film and its loose collection of seemingly unconnected bits, fantastic casting and some good cameo roles, as such? It's a perfect symbol for what the coming days in Gemini look like. Weird. Everything seems unconnected. The film itself shows up on cable TV from time to time, worth a glance. Thoroughly weird, even to me. As a timeless classic, in its own way. Like a Gemini. Your life, next few days? Just like that film. Great, in the proper light.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 7.14.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd e'en by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory."

Shakespeare's [Sonnet XV](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/sonnets/15.html) 5-8

Cancer: Johnson City -- in Central Texas -- passing through -- I know good BBQ that way -- in Johnson City, TX, there was roadside sign tickled me. Sign said, "RV Park, Full Bath, Full Hook-ups." My big-city brain was wandering where it ought not wander with "Full Hook-ups." I think what was being marketed was entirely different from what I was envisioning. Point to either my brain being a scary place, or big-city boys like me are scary in the rural countryside, or maybe, I shouldn't be reading, at least not too literally, the signs along the way. What signs are along your way? Misdirection, misguidance, and the typically good Cancer internal organization and sense of propriety? All gone. You're going to follow in my footsteps and completely mis-configure a simple piece of symbolism. You're going to twist it all around. You're going find prurient content where, quite frankly, there is none. There's at least one Cancer who will read this and snicker. She'll read this and think all sorts of twisted and evil little thoughts. Stop. That's not what this is about. This is about not listening to the very first item that pops into your head. Sometimes, oftentimes, your intuition is good. It's your birthday time. Sit back and be pleasantly surprised at how, well, pleasant, other people will be. Don't read too much into it.

Leo: There's a Rock/Blues musician, locally famous guy in Austin, and one his songs spells this out for Leo. It's all about putting one foot in front of the other because that's how it's done. Simple advice. Put one

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foot in front of another. The image came to me when I was looking at your chart, and I could see the usual dance, three steps forward, two steps back then three steps forward, again, then a single step backwards, then again, three steps forward and two steps back. Total that up, though and there's a net gain for Leo.

You're coming out ahead. You're winning. With Mercury in Leo, even now, this doesn't always feel like you're winning, but you are. I'd suggest you do the math on the this one -- we use math every day -- but you're going to find tedious calculations loathsome. Three steps forward; one step backwards. Three steps forward, two steps back. Three steps forward, pause. No slippage. "Wait, I know, Mr. 'smart-fishing-guide-guy,' I know I'll step back on that last one. Maybe. Maybe not. Allow for me to be correct, which then supposes that you're incorrect about being incorrect, and we're good. Step forward. There will be some back-pedaling, and there will be a little Leo back-stepping. To me? Graceful as you are, looks like dance.

Virgo: "Hold on, I got something!" I was fishing, buddy's boat, and he stopped. "You're hooked on the bottom," he drily observed. "No, it was pulling back, watch," and I showed him as the boat gently drifted away from the spot where my lure was buried in some submerged obstacle. To me, it looked like there was something exerting pressure to move in the other direction. There was. The boat was caught in a slight eddy, being gently pulled downstream. Looked like, and for a minute, it felt like I had a fish. I was just snagged on something. Hung, as it were. It's a relative thing, the physics, not really rocket science, as soon as the boat quit moving the "fish" was no longer a catch, just equipment hung up on an obstruction. You're going to want to be like my buddy, driving the boat, not like me, acting like, "Hey, I got a fish! Hey, I got really big fish!" (Hey, I got stump!) We're weeks away from the start of Virgo, less by the end of this horoscope. It's at that end, therein

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where it gets good. But we're not there yet. Hold on, sit tight, wait this one out, and if you think you have a fish, if you think you caught something? Hold on before making a big deal out of it. Next time I hooked a fish, it was a good one, but I almost lost it because my buddy didn't believe I had a real fish; he thought I was hung again.

Libra: Handy phrase that will serve your Libra self well in the next couple of days. Might happen more than once, given the planetary influences.

"I'm not speechless; I have nothing to say."

Because you're Libra, I try to be sweet and gentle. However, Saturn and his "difficult times" scenario make it a little harder for me to be diplomatic and politic. Shut up. Open mouth gathers no flying debris. The way that comment was original punctuated was without punctuation.

"I'm not speechless I have nothing to say."

There might be a clue in the grammatically incorrect but perfectly plausible version I was shooting out. The phrase taken directly from my notes along with a Saturn symbol and a question mark. Perhaps the little Libra emblem as well. Over the course of the full moon, the fall out from that moon, and the placement of everything else in the heavens?

"I'm not speechless, I just have nothing to say."

You can quote me.

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Scorpio: In South Central Texas, other parts, too, but mostly here, in my back yard, there's a local grocery chain that's grown in size. The call letters are HEB, stood, at one time, as the initials to the first owner's name: Henry E. Butts. Advertising has subverted the name, as has the vernacular. The HEB grocery chain started a spin-off, a direct, targeted approach at the organic, upscale grocer from Austin: Whole Foods. Or, as my Austin friends often call it, "Whole Paycheck." The HEB replacement, competition, direct competition, is called Central Market. Same stuff as Whole Foods, usually a little less expensive. One of my friends calls it, "The Gucci Bee," as a little play on words. With its spartan fittings and hand-lettered (looking) signs, the Gucci Bee is popular. Organic, free samples, all the usual stuff plus the Pink Cake preferred by some local folks. Buddy of mine was looking for a date, Scorpio buddy. If it was she, looking for a he, I'd suggested something like Home Depot. However, my Scorpio buddy was a guy, in this case. "Try the Gucci Bee, it's like a Home Depot for chicks." Wrap your Scorpio mind around this, it isn't about the hook-up or pick-up, it's about putting your Scorpio self into the target area. Where you'll find suitable targets. Like attracts like.

Sagittarius: Mars is opposite Sagittarius, and Mars is creeping through Gemini. Makes it doubly tough on us Sagittarius types. First, it Mars opposite us, then it's Mars in Gemini, two for the price one, free admission for kids under 18, etc. Mars in Gemini means twice as much fun, being the sign of the twins and all, and then, this compounded by opposite the Sagittarius. In this position, irritability, irrational irritability. Irrational irritability (something). I couldn't come up with the right word as fast as I was typing. Maybe, as a brother or sister Sagittarius, you'll hit the button and let me know what that word was. While, in general, we're not known for hasty and what turns out to be, stupid, decisions, I'd be careful. With Mars, thusly placed in Gemini, we're going to be a little more on edge, a little more quick to jump to a

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hasty conclusion, a little too fast on the draw, and little easily provoked. I have at least one immediate member of my family who will take advantage of this, and do her best to engage me in a pointless argument that I have no hope of winning. As a matter of principle, that's okay, because we can assiduously stick our beloved principles when we're sure we're right. The side of right has to be on our side, right? Wrong. Gemini/Mars, that can confuse the issue. Realize where Mars is, and realize that he's pushing our irrational irritability (something). Understand the locus for the problem. Doesn't solve it, but it could help prevent a stupid, hasty, quick, ill-conceived action. Or word. Words.

Capricorn: I was talking with a buddy about a coast fishing trip. Six (eight) weeks from now, maybe late August, better yet, early September, after Labor Day when the summer prices go down and the weather cools off. "Have to be before that, you know, September First, the Redneck Xmas." Never heard it put that way before, but the real outdoorsmen, the guys who hunt in the winter and fish in the summer, those guys are headed to the deer lease in September. I'm not looking quite that far down the road for Capricorn, but I'm getting to the point where we need to warm you up to a new idea, and get ready for it now. I realize, in the middle of the South Texas Summer, it's a little difficult to discuss long underwear, and sighting in a deer rifle for the "opener" (Nov. 1). This isn't about deer hunting, or duck hunting or dove hunting, or any of that. It's not even about fishing. It's about planning and forethought. There's a big event headed your way -- next month. Think about preparing, now.

Aquarius: Make do with more for less. Make less go further. Farther. Make less last longer than before. I think that's the message I'm attempting to get across to my fine little Aquarius brethren (sistren.) A single roll of film would have 12, 18, 24, maybe 36 images available.

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Especially later on, the standard roll of 35mm film would have space for 36 images. What I've heard, I never used such a camera, but what I've heard is that the process always involved "burning" the first shot, either luck or hardware, but the first image wasn't ever a keeper. So we're down to 35. The last couple of shots on a roll of film were also considered unlucky. I never really shot with film. I've been digital from the beginning, the very first inception. What I've discovered is that the first shot with my point-and-click camera, I'll typically take at least three pictures, but the first one is the best. It's all digital. Doesn't matter, there's plenty of space. The last time I looked, a camera chip held over 1,000 pictures. I can take three pictures. What I've discovered, frequently, it's that first picture, that image, that first impression that is the best. Off guard, not staged, no pretense and artifice. The choice is to take one picture or three. Make more with less is this week's suggestion. Maybe just take one, or maybe, throw out the subsequent images that don't work.

Pisces: There's a quote from [American Modernist](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2010/08/museum-sign-sepia/) [Georgia O'Keefe](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2008/09/vegas-baby/) (Scorpio), a one line tag for a painting of hers. That I am fan, no secret. She -- in my mind -- single-handedly opened up new vistas through her vision which came to embrace the American Southwest, a real kickstart to the New Mexico Vision, the New Mexico School, and all that crap it entails. "The drawing is of something I never saw except in the drawing." While working both as a realist and an abstract artist, the way the two forms collided in her work, this is about some of her earlier work, it evokes that kind of response. In respect to Pisces, this is an important statement, about seeing something where no one else sees a shape. A form, a figure, a figurine. Pisces vision, possibly artistic vision, where no one else can perceive a shape, or a form. With Neptune at the inception point for Pisces, while

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technically, Neptune is retrograde, still... It's about what you see. Might be something that only you see, too.

Aries: I've been through several [books](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) about the taxonomy of wildflowers -- wildlife in general -- in my native Texas. Bird books, flower books, biology, botany, all manner of stuff. The big issue, for me, and what I have to do from time to time, is go through, sort through, look through, all of those books and see which ones I've really used. I've got one bird book that's actually been useful. The rest of them, while pretty to look at, or with authoritative sounding names, they don't work for me. I've given up. I'm down to just two books, and those are well-thumbed. I'll leaf through the book, trying to figure out what it was, I know it was a hawk family, but it wasn't the ever-present Red-Tail Hawk, so what other bird of prey would it be? After years of searching for a good, usable reference manual, I got one. The rest of them, gifts, sentimental and attractive on a bookshelf? Useless for me. I took them all to the library and donated them to annual fund-raising book sale thing they do. It's about cutting loose with items, functions, processes that bring no value to the Aries life. Let go. Doesn't work? Or rather, doesn't work for you? Ditch it.

Taurus: I've had a chance to stand off to one side and [observe](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/). To me, it looked like harmless flirtation. What was missing, though, it wasn't exactly harmless. I recognize, in a male, a certain sense of [urgency](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/). A need, a desire, a longing. I watched as this one guy kept flirting with this one barmaid. She's married. Not always happily married, but married, nonetheless. She's not interested in another mate. The guy earnestly perusing and pursuing her, he doesn't get it. He's chasing after a relationship, a love affair, a hopeful encounter that will lead nowhere. No where fast. I've

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seen the guy, asking about her welfare, when she'll be on duty next, several times, and there's a sad longing in his eyes. Been there, done that. Jupiter is the lucky star. Jupiter is the fulfiller of wishes. Jupiter is in Taurus. Wish for that, which can be obtained. Longing for something -- someone -- that is clearly not available? Horrible waste of time, and that guy's going to ruin his liver and maybe go broke, trying to prove his unrequited love. Taurus: it can be fulfilled. Make sure you're really clear about what you're looking for, that which you seek.

Gemini: I've got a couple of clients, and I've been doing [readings](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) for these people long enough that I'm onto their tricks. At the beginning of the consultation, there will be statements and recitations. Going over material I've previously covered and touching on the general comments and the usual, "I love [Gemini](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/g.gemini.html) because they are SO..." material. Then there's the client's agenda, fishing for a very specific answer. The questions will drive around and since I tend towards a client-directed methodology, I'll listen as the same question pops up in various guises. Still pushing, hoping that perceptions drive reality. Sometimes they do, but in my case, I tend to stick to what the chart suggests. Mr. Mars suggests you're trying to push, hammer, advance and/or get across a particular point. The full moon suggests you feel like you're not getting your point across. Not everyone can be perspicacious astrology consultant who is onto your tricks. You might be able to fool some of them. The real problem, though is realizing that Mars is pushing further, farther, faster, and some people might just nod and pretend to keep up. Stop and check on us. Like I do. Stop and check to make sure you really are advancing that Gemini agenda.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 7.21.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"The nature of bad news infects the teller."

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* [I.ii.96]

"Thwack!" (The sound of cane being bent about the messenger's head, same play, different act.)

Leo starts, later this week. Weekend. Welcome the mightiest of the Fire Signs. Absolutely -- the very finest fixed fire sign: Leo.

Leo: The Chinese Ideogram for "trouble" depicts two women living under one roof. After watching a stand off between girlfriends (my cat and a real, live woman), I can understand why that might be true. Those two achieved a detente, of sorts, but that's not what this is about. This is about avoiding trouble. Two women under one roof, according the ancient Chinese Ideogram, spells trouble. I wonder if that's with a capital T? To avoid trouble? Keep those two girlfriends separated. To avoid trouble with Leo? Keep the two problem areas separated. Two women under one roof? What sort of miserable hell can that be?

Virgo: I have, combined, just a huge collection of musical CDs. The majority of the CDs I bought, for the songs, or a song, and to show I support the artist. Artists. I found that CDs last longer than records or tapes, that's definite. More than a decade ago, I started shifting to all digital. Still, I have the CDs. Most are stored, out of sight, locked in a cabinet. I still prefer the idea that I have tangible, "hard copy" version of disposable media, like music.

In separate arena, I'll lament the passing of "album art," when a record's cover was a full square foot of space for artwork. Still, the CD seems to hold up over time much better. The problem? I started

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looking for one song. It's on a Beastie Boys CD, early 1986. I'm not Virgo. My CDs are not arranged by title, genre, alphabetical or otherwise. By the time I made it through the third or fourth box of CDs, I was thinking, "Hey, it would be easier to pay iTunes for the one song instead of digging it out." As a Virgo, you see the logic in that. As a Virgo, you would also do like I did, and keep on digging to find that one CD. It was in the last box. Can you believe that?

Libra: My very first idea, the original piece of advice to go with this week? "Take the stairs." I was thinking about one client, he works in a three-story office building, state office, in Austin. Takes the elevator, usually, to the top floor, to his office. The state got onto a health kick and for a while, he was gladly loping up the three floor to the office, no problem. Problem: the state got off its health initiative because it was costing money and taxpayers frequently don't care a long as there is a cheaper alternative. No more health initiative. He forgot about taking the stairs. This isn't about a forgotten state initiative to keep employees healthy; this is about extra steps that will help improve the life of Libra. The other part of this astrological equation, to add some friction? The knees can be affected by Saturn, so maybe taking the stairs isn't the best example. However, if you'll follow my logic, you can see that there is an easy-to-implement set of steps that makes your life better. Like taking the stair to the third floor.

Scorpio: Buy larger pants. That's a whole month's worth of advice in a simple, three-word sentence. The Scorpio sense is that something's not right, something doesn't fit, the skin isn't on correctly. Or, in my example, and my solution? Buy larger pants. Something isn't quite right. Not off by a lot, it's just like pulling on the old, familiar jeans and they feel tight. Like, they feel like, it's as if someone ran them through the wash on high, shrunk that favorite pair by about half a size. Not so much that it's really bad, not doing to sausage in a casing,

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but still, something's just not right. This involves Jupiter in Taurus, opposite Scorpio. The sense, between Jupiter the phase of the moon, the feeling that goes with this, plus the stupid sun is going in stupid Leo, and that just makes all of this worse, stupid planets. So anyway, the sensation is that the jeans feel like they are too snug. Gain a little wait? A little puffy from sunburn? The simplest solution? Buy clothes that fit. I'm back to my original comment, buy larger pants.

Sagittarius: "It's a beauty pageant," buddy of mine explained. I'm clueless because I thought a "beauty pageant" involved women in bathing suits, answering inane question, maybe doing a trick or something, like a dog, balancing a biscuit on its nose. "It's a 'show and tell,' or a chance to trot out what they think we want to see, what will close the deal. Beauty pageant." I pretended to understand. I don't, not really, it's one of those expression that applies in a certain field, in a specific line of work, and it's not one I'm personally acquainted with. Nor, for that matter, does it sound like it's a kind of job I'm interested in. Either. One expression I'm used to, but haven't heard in a while? "dog and pony show," although, I'll guess, it's about the same thing. Only, in the beauty pageant, the suitor puts forth, I'm guessing, the best possible scenario, paints in the most luminous light available. Attractive packaging. Canine excrement wrapped in a pretty box and when you open it, well, I'm sure the suitable analogy isn't lost on Sagittarius. As a sSagittarius, we're being wooed with the beauty pageant. Don't let a pretty wrapper (face, packaging) fool you.

Capricorn: One of my great passions is Shakespeare's life and work. There are, maybe, three documents with verified signatures, maybe a few scraps of real evidence, but other than that? Birth and death is largely a mystery, not to mention the intervening years when (and where) he worked. The best book I've read about the life and work of Shakespeare is a the slightly controversial *The Truth Will Out*, which,

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to me, seemed like a reasoned and clear line of logic. The problem being, it's constructed from what amounts to circumstantial evidence, as, despite the years, there's still not a lot of hard facts -- while plausible enough, that book would never hold up in court as fact. Not an issue. The scholarship and the drawn conclusions are sound, well-argued. Good book. Possibly fiction. Posited as fact, but in my own way, I see a wink and a nod, my own interpretation of the British. Facts. Facts are facts. Factoids are fun, but not really admissible in a court of law. Have to give the material more than my sniff test. My sniff test suggests that the book might be correct in its assumptions. My internal fact-checker (such as it is) sees big, gaping, holes in the lines of real evidence. Fact or fiction? Fact or just another story built upon a number of well-drawn, but ultimately unprovable

Aquarius: Custom phone rings are kind of passe by now. However, that being suggested, I like one I custom built. It was a cacophony of sounds, and I assigned it my sister. Door slamming, machinery getting kicked into gear, all manner of noises, bells, whistles, warnings. I was in restaurant the other afternoon and I heard a new ringtone. "I want you to want me, I need you to need me..." Woman, looked a little sheepish, gave a wan smile and the faintest hint of a blush as she dug around to grab the phone. She didn't actually say it, but I could easily see her saying, "It's him, you know..." I'm unsure of what all is implied. Is it a crush? A suitor she wanted to be more? A friend she wanted to be a suitor? A reluctant, recalcitrant lover? When I was putting together various foley noises to represent my sister as a phone ring, I carefully thought about how that noise would appear, if I were in a public place. While I'm sure the message is clear about that other phone ring, before you put it into place, think how it will sound. As an Aquarius, as the Moon slides through the last quarter, I'm thinking that you're not thinking. It could be something as simple as an embarrassing phone ring. Think about it. It could be much worse. Think about it.

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Pisces: When Neptune is at a zero-degree mark, like zero degrees of Pisces (Tropical Zodiac), that single influence will heighten Pisces insight. Intuition. Prescience. You're good, but as a Pisces, this is a time to be selfless and forward-thinking. It's not about this next week. It's not about this next couple of days. It's not about the hours or minutes ahead, it's about days, weeks, months, even years on down the Pisces road of life. Your Pisces pathway, there's short-term goals and long-term goals. Look at the long-term stuff. Think about the far-reaching, the material that's way over the next horizon. Think in terms of years not weeks or months. Think. Stop, analyze, then peer into this next two, three years with the Pisces mind's eye. Probably should punctuate that differently but the editor will be asleep at the wheel, it could be Pisces' Minds' Eyes. Skip it. Look further ahead than just the next week or even the next few days. Mapping long-term goals is a better way to use this week's energy. Week's energies.

Aries: I enjoyed a short career as a furniture designer. I built about three pieces of note. One, a favorite to this day, it was an amalgam of a draftsman table and a computer workbench, with a side of serious study added in, just a leavening agent. The desk was over six feet long, three feet wide, and the top surface, essentially the size of a door, it was canted at, I think it was 27 degrees. An open text book could reside on the desk's surface, but pens, pencils, junk mail and so forth would slide right off. I called it a "Self-dumping desk." Worked well for many years. Didn't fit in the last trailer, but that's another tale. Currently, it's at a friend's house, hopefully, its final resting place. With the onset of Leo, with Uranus, Saturn, and so forth, there's a clean sweep required. Stop and start all over again. Clear the desk, so to speak. Nuke everything then restore it all from a back-up. The "self-dumping desk" served its purpose well. It's not everything we're trying to get rid of in Aries Land, it's just certain stuff. Like, with

that desk, research material, like books? They didn't slide off. Don't dump everything, just the stuff that you don't want to stick. Try getting rid of just some things.

Taurus: A perennial favorite for me is the Georgia O'Keefe Museum in Santa Fe (NM). One of my dinner companions, one evening, he was explaining that he was underwhelmed by the museum. "It's so small," he said. It is small, relatively speaking, to something like the Museums of Modern Art, here and abroad. It's not a huge museum space. It's almost tiny, relatively speaking. One of my other favorite Museums is the Tate Modern in London, and I'm almost certain that the Tate's gift shop is larger than the whole Georgia O'Keefe museum. It's not about quantity, it's about what's in there. The Georgia O'Keefe collection is not as expansive as the assembled collection of modern masters, like a real museum would have. There's only room for so much to be on display. I got lucky and I had an opportunity to see one of the pictures, up close, that hung in the White House. Good experience. But it's quantity or quality, which is more important to Taurus? One good, little museum, or a big one that's just packed with too much stuff to see in one trip? Or, in other world, one good (thing) instead of many, maybe not as good (things). The question is quantity versus quality. I like the little museum because it's has a tight focus. Something a Taurus would do well to learn this next few days.

Gemini: I wandered into a diner. Real diner, kind of off the beaten track, in New Mexico, if you must know. Looked at the menu items, and looked at the time. It was about quarter until eleven. "Could I get the lunch special?" "Oh no, not today. Cook is mean. Really mean." Snappy retort. Snappy comeback before I even had a chance to say anything else. The ferocity of the waitress's comeback suggested that sticking to breakfast, something with eggs and green chilies, that would be fine. Predictably, it was very good. Matter of listening. Matter of listening

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to what others are saying. If I had been with a Gemini companion, traveling with a Gemini, that Gemini would've argued about the time, and then, to push it further, the Gemini would wander back and argue with the mean cook. Obvious Gemini hint: don't argue with people who prepare your food. Another obvious clue: don't argue with people who handle your food. You're going to get some clear instructions, next couple of days. Mars makes you argumentative. You're going to lose and it's not going to be pretty. I can save you that heartache and embarrassment: don't. "Cook is mean today."

Cancer: I was talking about diet and I was talking about the "low carb" attributes best associated with BBQ. Which launched into a discussion about various berries and protein shakes that were available. Which led to a discussion and subsequent recipe for Blueberry - Vanilla Soy - BBQ Brisket shake. Sounds about right. The blueberries were fresh, the brisket was day-old and I can't say anything about the vanilla soy milk. I found some vanilla soy milk that had a shelf life of over a year. Compared to regular dairy milk, that was good. Little creepy, but then, soy milk and real milk are related only in terminology, not biology. Venus is still in your sign, but only just barely, by the end of this scope. To make the best use of the Venus energy? Given where the rest of the planets are, I'd suggest that there is a good way to use this, but you've got to open up that Cancer mind. My experiment, the brisket, blueberry protein shake wasn't as successful as I hoped. Doesn't stop it from being a good idea, or a valid experiment. Consider combining elements that don't belong together. Might not be successful. Might fail miserably. But I tried.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 7.28.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."
Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* [I.i.86-7]

Over 60% of *Love's Labour's Lost* is rhyming lines, making it the most rhymed play out of the Bard's canon.

Leo: Kittens who are weaned too young, or sometimes, just abandoned by their parents, those kittens have a certain observed behavior pattern. What I've watched, I'm cat guy, I like house cats as companions, what I've seen with kittens, weaned too young, they develop this strange tick. Pet one for too long and she'll turn on you so fast. Pet, pet, love, love, and suddenly, she turns and bites. Or claws. Or, my favorite, she turns and digs her claws in then chomps down. Biting the hand that feeds her. Huh. Think there's a lesson here? In the event I'm not perfectly clear, I've seen this behavior. Many times. My old cat used to be like that, she'd turn around and nip at the petting hand, after a certain amount of time. I picked her up from the pound, pretty sure she was abandoned before that, and guessing from the behavior, let go too soon. I watched as one friend tried to correct an adult cat, tried to change that cat's behavior. Cat won -- some surprise -- every time. If you can't change it, why do you keep trying? Dear Leo, don't argue with the cat, the cat's behavior is hardwired. If you can't change it? Why keep trying?

Virgo: "I hate Scorpio's. They are so irresponsible!" Little friend, having a fit of pique. Kind of a tight fit of pique, too, as she's Virgo. "What's his birthday?" Normal question from me. "November. That's Scorpio, right?" "When in November?" "Like, at the end of it."

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Subsequent (Virgo) investigation revealed that the problem male was Sagittarius, not Scorpio. Hence the trouble. August Virgo and [November](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/) [Sagittarius](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/bio/), we make great friends, but in any other situation? Not so much. Which was the source of the Virgo girl's ire. I'd stick up for my Sagittarius brothers-in-arms, but you know, after hearing the whole tale? Not so much.

He deserved the anger. Probably been good to smack him around a little, too, but I doubt that the Virgo will do that. The funny part, amusing, at least, to me, was that, this was, like last week, in the next week, they will reconcile. Live happily after? Not so much, but Virgo's point of contention will be forgotten for the time being. Next week, it will be a Scorpio, or some fixed sign, that will be raining on the Virgo parade. And me, a Sagittarius, to make it all better again? Sure. That works, too. Might want to sit out this next fray, sort of avoid the problems.

Libra: The original "penny university" was a coffee house. Coffee Houses. At their first inception, as a place to meet and get caffeine beverages, the first version of coffee houses were all about frank and open discussion. Penny Universities because, for a penny, a cup of coffee and conversation. Nowadays, it's more like three to five dollars for that coffee, and it's more like free WiFi instead of conversation, although, on occasion, there are frank discussions. In a student area, the kind of places that I enjoy, more likely there are real students studying arcane topics like physics and math. Good stuff. Not exactly what I had in mind.

There's some cheap education available. Cheap learning. Listen, don't talk.

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Accept help, don't push. Penny universities are long gone, as the big companies have taken over, looking for that "coffee shop experience," and I can't think of any place where coffee is less than couple of bucks. However, go for the least expensive option. Listen to the conversations. Might help learn your Libra self something.

Scorpio: My Sister has this image of me, fishing. She imagines that I spend hours at a time, sitting perfectly still, on the dock, with a single line in the water, waiting and watching. Which I have done, from time to time, but I've also gone trolling, I've walked most of Austin's Lake Lady Bird, with a pole in hand, from Pleasant Valley to MoPac. Fished almost the whole way, at one time or another. There are several versions of in-shore coastal fishing, boat, wade fishing, kayak, and so forth. There's a lot of activity, for a hobby, as far as a Sister is concerned, involves just sitting there, watching and waiting on the bobber to disappear. I've done that, too. I've had client phone calls interrupt my fishing, as well. Sister's notion that I just sit there is basically a myth of her own making. Scorpio lack of action, like the myth that I'm just sitting at the edge of the dock, doing nothing, waiting, is a fallacy. As a Scorpio, it's up to you to determine what's the best course of action. Action. Not sitting there. Some kind of action, and just because other people, like my sister, seem to think you're doing nothing? Not your problem.

Sagittarius: There's a patch of bare cobblestone in downtown. Brick, I think, really, exposed brick that was once the street, then overlaid, then scraped clean again to expose the original paving. I watched in mock (Sagittarius) horror as a lady approached the street crossing. In heels. High heels. Shorts and stiletto heels. I was worried. She deftly crossed the pavement and its inherent pitfalls with nary a slip. She looked at me. "Honey," she drawled, "I'm from the South. We can do anything in heels." She marched on down the sidewalk. She was old

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enough to know better, but youthful enough to garner a second glance as she pranced away. I think there was an additional sway to her step, probably for the show. Worked for me. This isn't about sex, sexuality, or what friggin' part of the country you're from. Y'all from. Whatever. It's about a minor Sagittarius obstacle. Like cobblestone streets. In high heels. How you negotiate, what kind of face you put on the problems, that's up to you. But I do suggest her attitude, and inflection, as much as possible. If it were me in the heels, I'd think it was like fire-walking, but again, that's just me.

Capricorn: The problem with the increasing miniaturization of our world, the issue is the size. Smaller and smaller. Less and less heft to any particular object. The easiest example is phones. My favorite phone, well, I've had several. One had a little speaker that extended out like a boom mike, and flipping it open activated the phone. It was cool tech at the time, maybe, what 12 years ago? Smallest phone I had. After that one, I had candy-bar phone, between smart phones, and that candy bar phone was also a favorite. It did one thing: make phone calls. That was it. Not too fancy, and pretty simple to operate. Just dial a number. It did have a speed dial, but that's not that this is about as I never thought I'd hold onto it very long, I never wasted time programming in numbers. I always figured that phone would suffer an inglorious death, in fit of pique, being hurled through the air at [a brick wall](http://www.astrofish.net/xabyss/) or similar, hard obstacle. Maybe tossed into the lake. Or fall over board. That turned into an iPhone, and I'm sort of careful with those. The problem being, as things get smaller and smaller, they are less satisfying to hurl. As a Capricorn, you're going to get mad enough to want to throw something, like a phone, against something, like a brick wall, which results in shattered tech. Hint: not a good idea. Find a [constructive](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com) way to express that emotion.

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Aquarius: I was chatting with a client about her daughter. Client's daughter, pre-teen. Tween. Whatever that age is, and I can't keep track, kid was 10 or 12 or so, at the time. It was about the music the kid listened to. "She doesn't like (name of some haircut boy-band). She's more into," then the mom named some hard rock groups. Music, I'd guess, that the mom listened. Or had listened, perhaps when the baby was being formed. Even before. It's Austin, an alternative town, as "alt" as they get. So the kid, living and going to school in Austin, will be as alt as possible. Which will, naturally, invade and pervade her musical tastes. Alternative. Or alternative to alternative, or maybe that Austin sound, the indie rock-country-folk noise. It was absolutely no shock at all that the kid was into different music. I'd expect it. The mom, a forward thinking Aquarian type, she supported most musical explorations until it got to the point about the explicit, "Kill your mother" lyrics. Even, then, it's -- never mind -- it's Austin. You had to be there to understand. While some parents will enforce, or attempt to censor a child's listening, this mom, think Aquarius, embraces most, if not all, of the child's choices. Instead of arguing with the kid about what to listen, or forcing it upon the child, it's all open for discussion, but not limited. Well-balanced kid, growing up in a nurturing environment that fosters intellectual curiosity. Conform? Or conform to what you're not expected to conform to?

Pisces: I've got a flashlight, keep it by the bed. Doubt I'll ever need as ambient light, glow-in-the-dark paint, moonlight and so forth is usually good enough. I know where the bathroom is and in this place? All that matters in the dark. However, I still have a flashlight, bedside. I picked it up the other afternoon, to see if it still worked. I flipped the switch. Nothing. Then a dim light, then a brilliant beam. I had to shake and massage the flashlight, just a little, sort of a gentle thump, but it worked, and looks like it will work well. I'm not expecting an emergency.

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Nothing of the sort. As Mars and Neptune make a tight angle, there's a moment, when you, as Pisces, you will be just like that dormant, probably never used flashlight. Suddenly, you're on. Might take a moment, but the light shines clearly. You see clearly, or, the way I prefer to think about Pisces, you perceive clearly. Bright, shining moment, end of this week. Use it.

Aries: I'm a pedestrian. Way I roll. Walking gives me the proper pace to figure stuff out. On some occasions, I'll have an earpiece, and I'll be talking on the phone. Other times, I'll listen to music. When I'm dealing with a serious "issue," whether it's programming, writing, astrological or epistemological, my solution is to pop out the earbuds, turn the phone's ringer off, and I'll sweat it out in the sun for a few miles. Come up with solutions and answers, that spark of genius that we all desperately need now. The Aries chart shows a great spark of genius. The trick, the way to get this to work is to tease out that spark. I can't do that. You can. Leo is a good time to ignite that Leo fire. Starts with a spark. How do you get that spark? Unplug long enough, shut everything off long enough, shut up long enough for the right spark, the right answer, to bubble up for you.

Taurus: <http://www.astrofish.net/>astrofish.net - <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/>World Tour 1994. I meant to do a T-shirt like that. I was wondering what places I would include, all the little towns in West Texas, the other points, and there was some foreign travel that year, hence the title, "World Tour." However, it's not something that I do as frequently. Still, it is a good idea. T-shirt that says, "Taurus World Tour," then list your various "whistle stops" along the way. There is more travel, a direct influence from Jupiter. There's a chance, an opportunity, and we need to get you out and engaged in this opportunity. Out and about. Engaged. Operative words. Out. About. Engaged. You're going to get a kick. Kick in the

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pants, kick in the arse, some kind of a shove, either gentle -- or not. That kick should get you launched in a new direction. As the Sun "squares" Jupiter, there's a prodding of some kind. Follow that prodding. Follow that shove, kick, instructional push in one direction. [World Tour: 2011](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/). Taurus World Tour, 2011.

Gemini: Odd reflection from a Gemini, but it was a situation, and how I would expect a Gemini to react? That Gemini brain, fast and agile, leaping tall buildings in the blink of an eye? What I would expect. What I saw, though, there was this one Gemini, a favorite Gemini, and she got hung up on a single idea. A simple, single idea that was wrong. Period. However, there is always little stubborn streak in most of the Gemini's I've encountered. Some more than others. Which is odd, if you know Gemini's, and yes, gladly I do know them. Which makes it more odd that this week, before the next scope occurs, you're going to get stupidly stubborn about one issue. One issue. "No, I am not." Sure you are, I just read the influences, you react. "I'm not being stubborn. Nope, not me. Not at all." Okay. "Not at all. No way." Okay. "No, I'm not being stupidly stubborn about that issue. They are wrong, you are wrong, and it does matter, and I'm not being stubborn. At all." Okay. Okay? See how silly this can get? What's worse, in another week, this influence passes, and you discover I was correct -- you were stupidly stubborn. Can't say I didn't try and warn you.

Cancer: Next Wednesday, on the eve of the new horoscopes, Mars enters Cancer. Mars is a [rabid](http://xkcd.com/787/) little hunter of a planet. In mythology, the symbol for the planet Mars, it's a little circle with an arrow pointing up, that's the spear and the shield of the Roman God of War. Mars. Little red planet, a morning star right now, visible only if you're up at the ungodly hour of four or five in the morning. Which, as Mars enters

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your sign, it's a distinct possibility that you'll be awake. Could be a churning stomach or, more to the point, a churning issue that's got your sweet, delicate Cancer self all kinds of upset. I think the correct term is "pissed off," but that might not be it. Mr. Mars will heat things up for you in Cancer. Can't beat that. It's like the dog days of summer have arrived and it's just not the best of times, as Mars is going to exacerbate that issue. Which issue? Don't know, but before Mars arrives in Cancer, you're going to find out what the issue is. Earlier, like this week, before Mars ever enters Cancer, Venus leaves. I'd like to think that this is one of the "before and after" scenes. The pretty stuff has been stripped away, what you see now is the ugly mechanical side that needs work. Hint: let's get started before Mr. Mars arrives.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 8.4.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit."

Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* [IV.iii.167-8]

Mercury Retrograde in Virgo, sliding back into Leo while opposing
Neptune moving from Pisces into Aquarius. What does it all mean?

Leo: No news that I'm an Apple fanboy. At one time, I was more fanatical than now, but the basic premise is that I like the hardware the "mothership" produces. Good stuff. Usually rock-solid, and when it's not? Rock-solid warranty. It's about the only product that I suggest an extended warranty for. I trust the Apple extended warranty, having, on separate occasions, used that extended warranty. Worked, and worked well. Stand behind what they sell and service. Good stuff. As Mercury backs down into your sign and as Neptune opposes your sign, and as Venus and the Sun move forward in your sign, think about those extended warranties. Some of them are not a good deal. In my examples, it was phone, an iPod, and two laptops. The laptops, each, separately, over two years old, had to have hard drives and batteries. Covered. No questions. That was cool, as, one of the extended warranties had less than a few months left, which, in effect, doubled the usable lifetime of that one machine. However, while not an isolated example, it's the easiest example I've got at hand, for Leo. Most of those extended warranties? Rip-off. Just extra gravy for the dealership, the salesman, someone along the line. Most of those extended service contracts don't really work. That's the problem. I know, from hard-won personal experience, that the Apple one works. And works well, as they tend to honor their obligations. Wouldn't it be nice if everyone did? Here's the hint: most people don't. Further hint:

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don't buy the extra, add-on stuff. Not now. No extended service warranty. Unless, of course, it's an Apple.

Virgo: Sometimes, the simplest solutions are the best. With Mercury doing a little backwards jaunt, and this backwards jaunt, it's opposite from Neptune, with these two planets, a big one and little one, acting in cahoots? Simple. Simpler. Simplest. There's a new tweak with web server software, the backend, the "motor" of what I use to serve my site. Sites. Multiple sites. "Change this, add this plug-in, adjust the output control, and it works better." I've gotten a little smarter -- I've been doing this for some time now, I've gotten to the point where I'll test on one, low-volume website before I'll make wholesale changes.

However, as this little planetary interruption unfolds, I get this spark of an idea, and the latest, greatest plug-in, innovation, snippet of code, whatever it is? I'll think I need to roll it out, right away. Across a half-dozen website I manage. Stop. Sometimes, simpler solutions are better, and sometimes, simplest solutions are best. I took an uncharacteristic step, and I tested the new stuff on one, low-impact site. Didn't work. In fact, the "new and improved" created more trouble, more work, and it slowed the traffic demonstrably. Stop. I can over-think any situation, as can your Virgo self. Stop. Simple is good. Simpler is better. Simplest is best. Maybe test and try offline, out of sight, test and try before just running out and doing wholesale change, just for the sake of change.

Libra: The Zuni, from, presumably, the Zuni Pueblo in Northern New Mexico, they have a design that features a single spiral, typically, a semi-precious stone is at the outside, at the end, of the spiral. I've seen the design repeated, over and over. Purportedly, the design is the Zuni map of the Sun. The spiral represents the pathway of the sun

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through the seasons. It's indicated by single spiral, outward. From a geocentric position, and given limited cosmologies, that would fit. Outward spiral. As it turns out, given the current state of astrophysics, that ancient Zuni depiction might be more accurate than previously believed. Don't laugh at old ways, old superstitions, old manners of rendering a concept into an understandable form. The design's source itself is buried under eons of time, perhaps. The pendant I've got, it's just a single loop of silver wire, wound around, and then a single silver bead is attached to the end. "The Sun," explained the seller. While the cosmology and astrophysics might escape you, the reasoning behind the example is sound. What appears to be a simple artifact, a simple token, or tourist treasure, as it turns out, it's really tapped into a much deeper level of significance. With respect to Saturn, now in Libra, sometimes, there's a level of cosmological significance, even in the simplest of designs. Which was the point, keep it simple.

Scorpio: "I'm going to be in Austin for a few days, what should I not miss?" Typical customer query. What shouldn't be missed? State Capital, still 7 feet taller than the one in Washington? Whole Foods World HQ? Can't laugh about the "whole foods" as a destination, no, when it first opened the new flagship store, it was the second most popular Austin destination besides the State Capital. What else, bats? Barton Springs? History museum, museum of art, fabled Sixth Street, maybe a taping of the real Austin City Limits? I'm not a Scorpio, and I'm not really a tourist in Austin, having been native for too long, so I can't rightly say what would be a quick punch list, a target of things to see and experience in the summer's heat. Barton Springs would top my list, as would sunset at a lakeside restaurant. BBQ. All things you should not miss. Now, in true Scorpio fashion, what's the most important thing not miss in Austin? The plane home.

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Sagittarius: Insect noise, like, cicadas and crickets. Especially the screech, hum and thrumming of the cicada. Lots of them. It's an August sound, for me. August is also, around here, typically cricket month. When I had a cat, she loved crickets. Best toy in the world, and apparently, good to bite in half. What she did. I'll guess that the crickets with their exoskeleton, they would be crunch and tasty to her. Especially after toying with them. The sound, it can be like a background noise. Along the creek's edge, or by the river, through the older neighborhoods with tall oaks, I'm used to hearing this screech, the humming -- or thrumming -- of the cicadas. Sidewalks can be littered with crickets, alive, dead, or in caught in some point of the life cycle in between. To some, the insects are annoying I've had more than one girlfriend screech in horror at the cat's working masterpiece, a partial cricket, or a live one, almost dead, still useful to the cat as batting practice. The cicada harmony, again, it's a summer noise I'm familiar with. There's a similar, if not identical background noise. In the Sagittarius life, background noise. Is this noise annoying? Is this, like the crickets that the cat used to catch? Personally, I thought the cat's actions were adorable, but I did have to get used to half-eaten crickets showing up in odd places. Annoying? Or just background noise?

Capricorn: It's the strangest thing, if you stand off to one side, you can watch this all unfold. It's like watching one of those deconstructed things on the movie screen, you know, where they show the video camera, then the electrons pulsing down the wires to the cable box, then to a switching station and then into the office network and finally, back up onto a computer screen that the character is looking at? The miraculous revolutionary inter-web as deconstructed and interpreted by a graphic artist doing digital media. Cartoons interpreting what we see. Or like watching an accident happen in slow motion. Play it right, or rather, observe, don't engage? Play it right? Play it right, and you're not doing a thing. You're going to be innocent bystander, and in that

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film version of this week's events -- we get a single shot of you, the Capricorn, going, "Nooooooooo!" In slow motion, faithfully rendered by the graphics department to make you look like you're trying to get involved and stop the action from happening, at the last minute, but don't. Don't engage. You don't get hurt. You don't become collateral damage.

Aquarius: There's the House Boat in Marfa. Marfa, TX, part of the northern terminus of the Chihuahua Desert. It's a boat, about the size of small sea-going cabin cruiser, *circa* 1950.... The boat's on a trailer, in the middle of the desert, in a trailer park, and there's staircase leading to the boat's 'entrance,' in the rear, the outside plumbing and electrical features that make this look like a mobile home, and the very presences, in a trailer park, all suggests that this is a permanent installation. Eccentricity fostered in Texas. A house boat in a trailer park in west Texas. Right across the street, dirt road if I recall, not even a paved street, but right across the street from Marfa's marginally famous "trailer park motel" that's thing slightly more than a loose collection of vintage trailers in varying degrees of repair, serendipitously referred to as a motel. Weird things I encounter while wandering. All who wander are not lost. You, however, my fine Aquarius friend, there's a good chance you are lost. Take the first available port in a storm, no matter how weird it is. Just a suggestion.

Pisces: Is the divorce industry funded by the toy companies? Just a thought since every time there's an uptick in divorce numbers, the toy industries reaps a windfall. More divorce, more toy sales. I'm not sure what the corollary is. Personally, I've never been in on a divorce with children. Professionally, I've been on either side of the divorce question. Divorce isn't even the question to the Pisces Week Horoscope. It's about apparent corollaries and conclusions. Some are

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more obvious despite the apparent Mercury Mayhem getting unleashed elsewhere.

Aries: I'd write this one off as "Mercury is Retrograde," and let it go at that. The real culprit is more along the lines of AMrs and Pluto, opposite each other, in a sign that squares you. That, and the way Mercury backs into Leo while Neptune backs in Aquarius, again, that's as much the culprit as Mercury being Retrograde. But none of that matters, as the cause, as an Aries, you want results. Write it off as Mercury is Retrograde and call it a day. The pattern is set, and instead of battling with the pattern, flow with the usual disruptions and so forth.

Taurus: I was downtown. Hot summer afternoon. Very hot. Not at a hundred, but close enough to be really warm. I was dressed, as expected, in shorts that are really swimming trunks, loose tropical print shirt, sandals. Sunglasses. Cheap sunglasses. After some lunch, I took off, on foot, and I threaded my way through the sparse downtown noon crowd. Weird, this is how the other half lives? I was attired, in my aggressively casual form, and about a third of the people on foot were similarly attired, work clothes, in varying degrees of comfort, loose, baggy, sandals or sneakers, and clothing that was good for sweating in, or keeping the heat away, or, at the very least, making the summer temperatures, downtown, bearable. The other third, best guess, were dressed in suits and ties. Just exactly how does that work? A starched white shirt with a piece of gaily colored cloth cinched tight around your neck? Then a dark suit, black or charcoal, with a suit jacket over the shirt? If the sidewalk venture is more than about three steps, like from the front of the office building to a car parked right in front, if you're distance covered is any further than that, it just strikes me as a too much. Too many clothes. Too much cloth. Too

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much "looking good" and sacrificing for fashion. It's the middle of the summer. Does any of that excess clothing make sense?

Gemini: Robert Earl Keen (Capricorn) recorded a cover song, doing Waylon's (Waylon Jennings, outlaw, Dukes of Hazard?) song, "Are You Sure Hank Done It This A-Way." REK makes no effort to emulate Waylon. There's no aping a master's voice and tone, or the arrangement. I was listening to the Robert Earl Keen version, and I was thinking about Gemini, and Mercury and the retrograde process, and cover songs. What I enjoyed most about the REK version? He didn't try to pretend it wasn't his song, but he did make it "his" in his own way. Unique version. REK doesn't have a strong voice. Clever writer, strong Texas musician, part of the unofficial "Bandera Music Mafia." Capricorn. Funny. Seeing REK at Flores Country Store should be on everyone's list of things to see/do before dead. Not what this was about. This about that one version of the song. I guess it's on iTunes or the website or something, now. Doesn't have to be any song, other than one artist performing another artist's material, cover songs, and the way that's done. While Mercury is Retrograde? For the next few days? Life in Gemini land is a cover song. Copy and paste, steal, or, like the original suggestion, cover songs. The secret is to not try and pretend you're not copying someone else's work.

Cancer: "Qu'elle fromage," I intoned to myself. No one was around. I was probably talking to myself, and what with Mars, as well as Pluto, and those two getting closer to an opposition, anyway, what I was thinking, it's sort of French, not good French, and I intended it as a joke. I like being able to make puns in two languages. If I could figure a way to work in some border patois, then it could be across three languages. 'Kay, so ... any way, that last one didn't work. Mercury Retrograde, like this one, across two signs and opposing Mr. Mysterious Neptune, Mercury RX means it's time to dig a little deeper. We're also

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going to be required to try harder, with less chance of success. You now know that. Three cheesy attempts at jokes, none of which worked. Didn't stop me from trying, and as long as Mars is opposite Pluto, compounded by Mercury and Neptune retrograde, think about my failures. Doesn't stop you -- or me -- from trying.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 8.11.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Thous dost talk nothing to me."

The King to Gonzalo in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* [II.i.166]

Folk remedies. As the heinous nature of Mercury Retrograde starts in earnest, here are some folk remedies from the the annals of Texas Folks Remedies.

Leo: Mark Twain's Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer introduced me to "spunk water" as a natural, curative element. Along with cats, both dead and alive. (Mark Twain was Sagittarius, a Leo-compatible sign.) The water is useful in a number of other recipes from the Texas folk remedy page. The water is rainwater that's been sitting in a hollowed out stump. I have to wonder if the moonshine is what lends to the efficacy of the water, or if it's merely just stagnant, mosquito-infested, all-natural, rain-water. Can never tell. The recipes with "spunk-water" always struck me as a bit odd. Didn't trust them. Dipping animal parts and washing human parts in the water never really worked in my mind. I could see others doing it, just not something I would undertake -- or recommend -- myself. The term itself, while I'm not enamored of the appellation itself, the phrase does paint a picture. The rest of the elements, combined in the folk remedies, the various incantations and emollients, I'm guessing the real active ingredients were something besides water that was sitting in an old, hollowed out tree trunk -- since it last rained. Spunk-water, like that, is just the catalyst, the carrier. What really happens is due to other, active ingredients, the most potent being the imagination. Imagine Mercury problems slipping away. Imagine Mercury problems being drowned in that water. This Mercury retrograde is about catalysts. Catalysts and carrier, vehicle and touchstones.

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Virgo: "Rosemary is for remembrance," from memory, accuracy not verified or fact-checked. See fine print for details. Anyway, the quote is from Ophelia in Shakespeare's Hamlet, as she descends into madness. As the lore goes, this one stretches way back to the Greek pantheon, with Minerva associated with rosemary. Let's update this material a little, as some recent research has shown that rosemary contains carnosic acid which makes it neuro-protective. That means rosemary protects our brains from free radicals. With this Mercury Retrograde, you need all the help you can muster.

My old trick? After a dip in the creek, I'd tie a spring of rosemary, rather, just tuck a shoot of rosemary into my hair tie, and let that add an aromatic blend to me smelling like creek water. On hot summer's day. August. South Texas. Hot. Rosemary grows wild and thrives in my local environments. Loves water and hot sun. Then, as it turns out, the aromatic blend really does have antiseptic and neuropathic medical qualities. Old wives tale verified by science. Virgo: find some rosemary. It will help with your memory pathways, during the coming weeks. Any extra protection is good now. Anything helps, and like Ophelia in her madness? Rosemary.

Libra: "My mother used to use vinegar for everything. Cured it all." Really, and how did that work? "I twisted my ankle, it was vinegar, like a towel soaked in vinegar, wrapped around the sore ankle, and then, it was wrapped in brown paper." Seriously? I understand vinegar is an astringent, a natural barrier between germs and our bodies, but for a strained ankle? Didn't make sense. I kept thinking, I don't want to sound like a smart-aleck, but I kept thinking, after all that vinegar, would this all smell like a salad? Vegetarian, Austin, it all sort of fits. I'm not sure that the acidity of vinegar will work for your particular Mercury ills, but as an idea, as place to explore, as a single option and a starting point, the homeopathic, naturopathic path would be a good

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start. I have other suggestions, as well, but for starters, a vinegar solution is a good place. For Libra. Saturn woes and ills, like aching bones, might really be solved with vinegar. Or maybe, you'll make a tasty salad dressing.

Scorpio: One of the more common (East Texas) field greens is the famous "Poke Salet." Famous from the song, I'd hope. Poke Salad Annie. The pot liquor from "poke salet," the liquid left over after boiling the leaf? That's supposedly good for curing any number of skin irritations. What I'm looking for, astrologically, is a cure for Jupiter. Jupiter, usually the lucky star, and for a small percentage of the Scorpio clan, it will be a very lucky star in the immediate future. For the rest, though? Not so much. Jupiter is like the various skin irritations, treated with poke salad. Or a poke salad solution. Juice. Poke salad juice. Before you look too far, there's a simple, easy, and most important, cheap, cure to the Scorpio ills. Instead of looking further afield, look right under your Scorpio snout. I realize that naturopathic, homeopathic remedies might not be your cup of tea, but a similar concoction is known cure for the seven-year itch. Poke Salad. Poke Salad Tea. Try it. Might help with Mercury's irritations.

Sagittarius: "I'm okay, my *abuela* rubbed me with an egg." Actual T-shirt for sale in the markets here. There. South Texas. When I was researching Texas folk remedies, that one popped up several times, in a number of different variations. It's common enough to me, and I'll mention it among friends, and I'll get a number of different responses. A roll of the eyes, an exaggerated sign, a knowing nod. All works. The way it works, under the right incantation and supplications, make an offering to the right gods -- or saints -- depends, and then a natural, free-range egg is rubbed over the person. I've seen it done a couple of different ways, and I get a little nervous that the person will crack the egg on my head, but the process, after the egg is passed,

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rubbed, or massaged over the various body parts, the practitioner will crack that egg open. "Look," pointing out spots and bloody membrane, "evil spirits sucked out of your body. You're better now."

Capricorn: Several folks cures for a cut, include, read Ezekiel 16:6 to the victim. Place coffee grounds on the cut. Rub soot into the wound. Dust the cut with flour. Rub the cut with suet. Put sugar on the wound. Pack the injury with grease. Apply the tissue from inside a chicken's egg. If the victim doesn't respond to the home remedies, the victim can always be prepped as meal, too. This Mercury Retrograde is occurring in a place where some kind of simple, home remedy will help. I liked that last list of ways to fix a cut, stitches and bandaids were left out. Not that it matters. I still like the idea that the victim, if the bible verse and condiments don't work, the victim could be prepped as a food item. This Mercury is going retrograde in a place that makes relationship stuff uncomfortable. Brings up old cuts. Old wounds. Maybe pack those old wounds with some food? Sounds like a good Mercury RX RX for Capricorn.

Aquarius: One cure for asthma, a Texas folk remedy, is to drink goat's milk. As cure for what's wrong with Aquarius, even now? A good folk remedy might prove to be better than anything else. Drink goat's milk. See if it helps. I think the cure, the folk remedy, its source ought to be obvious, as dairy product in some children can trigger an allergic reaction which then triggers the asthma. So the solution is a simple one, and for once, the homespun remedy works. Here's the problem: it won't be real goat's milk, or real goat's milk cheese, or real "something" that's going to solve the universal Aquarius issues. What the point is, though, look outside the conventional realm for answers and solution. Goat's milk: it's not just for breakfast anymore.

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Pisces: One cure folk remedy for Arthritis is to pack the painful joint in cow manure and wait. Given that this Mercury retrograde was set in motion and highlighted by its opposition to Neptune's transit from Pisces, I think that the distasteful nature of the cure might prevent your Pisces self from complaining about the problem. There was another cure that involves using bourbon, twice or three times a day, maybe not much, but taking a shot of bourbon about three times a day, I doubt I'd notice that I had an ace bandage full cow manure. So the Texas Folk Remedies seem to work, if you take them with a grain of salt, "Cum Granis Salis," I think is how that really works.

Aries: One of the most powerful herbs in my little bag of tricks is garlic. Garlic is reported to be a powerful antidepressant, garlic can supposedly relieve high blood pressure, strengthens the heart, fortifies the blood, and as a bonus, it should ward off vampires. In some of my limited cooking experience, I've used garlic, and I appreciate what it does to food, it adds a dimension in flavor otherwise not available. Add to that it's purported curative effects, and this is one good, secret herb. The problem with it, and what I can't reconcile while Mercury is retrograde is how the garlic can be an antidepressant and smell the way it does. In cooking, it's great, as a condiment or seasoning, wonderful. As a natural deterrent, it's one of the most powerful. But in inter-personal interactions, it can be offensive. I didn't learn this until later, and it was pretty girl, breathing heavy garlic in my face. No guess how that went. Still, it made me think. As one of nature's finest antibiotics and heart-healthy medicine, how does that work? Now that Mercury is thoroughly messing with all the little details in the Aries world, and as Mars adds to the layer of the fray, it might be a good idea to consider garlic. Lots of it. It's healthy, it tastes good, it's great on just about anything, and more important, it might keep those other people at a good distance. Maybe this stuff does work.

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Taurus: Associated with the throat in traditional astrological medicine, this Mercury Retrograde pattern plays out with an odd item. I'm seeing, like, possibly a sore throat. The folks remedy that was passed onto me? Honey and vinegar, in warm water, maybe a tablespoon or more of honey, natural and un-purified, if you can find it, then maybe half a cup of apple-cider vinegar, and then, on top of that, what I do, I mix in some tap water, and nuke it for a minute to warm it all up. Sometimes warm up the vinegar and water first, then stir in the honey. The honey, as it turns out, is really a very good antiseptic. Coats the throat, kills the bad germs, and if it's all-natural, it has all the good stuff, too. Hard to imagine this kind of an ailment occurring in the middle of a hot August, but if you feel yourself coming down with a soar throat? Honey, apple-cider vinegar, and some warm water. I've also heard that tea is good, but I haven't personally tried that yet. Can't say. I can say that Mercury Retrograde will try to interfere with your communication, you're spoken word.

Gemini: One of the more interesting Texas Indian folk remedies was applying a piece of the offending element to the injury. Treat snakebite with a piece of the snake that bit you. Most of the venomous snakes in this part of the country are pit vipers (copperheads, water moccasins, rattle snakes), and as such, their venom tends to be hemotoxic, attacking blood and tissue. The idea idea is a sound one, no doubt born out of experience, but this is a folk remedy that won't work. The best way to treat a snakebite, especially a Texas snake? Anti-venom. There are very few deaths now associated with snakebites. Oddly enough, what I can learn on the inter-webs, almost all rattlesnake bite victims are male. Go figure. Because the way the venom works, applying a piece of the snake, while might be emotionally rewarding, it won't really do anything to the original wound. However, as lore gets passed down, that's one that won't die. The idea of

applying a piece of the snake that bit you, to the wound. What idea has your Gemini self held onto, maybe a holdover from a long, long time ago, when Indians roamed the plains, and yet, even though it makes some sense, that Gemini idea is factually wrong. Like applying a piece of the snake that bit you to the wound. Might make you feel better but it won't lessen the effect of the poison. Mercury is backwards, what are you holding onto, as cure, that really doesn't work?

Cancer: One of the earliest Robert Earl Keen (Capricorn) songs was about Copenhagen. The snuff. Tobacco. Snuff for dipping. Cowboy habit, at one time, not a particularly appealing habit, but popular among rural youth. Cowboys and their ilk. As Mercury etches its way through Leo, moving backwards, this is like one of the better folks remedies I've heard of: for a bee sting (wasp, paper wasp, mud dauber, etc.), a pinch of tobacco snuff will ease the pain. Supposedly, folk lore, the tobacco spittle, that contains the active ingredient that helps remove the sting. Or helps alleviate the pain from the effect of a bee sting. How good is it? I've not tested it myself, so I can't say for sure. It's been a very long time since I've dipped snuff. I'm not really willing to give this one a spin, not myself. If someone else has been stung by a bee (or similar flying stinger thing), let me know if a pinch of snuff really does work to relieve the pain. From what I recall about tobacco leaf products, it might be a mild analgesic. If you know it works, you can get back to me on that. In my mind, though, the idea of snuff as an intentional dressing is just gross. Yucky. Awful. Very unappealing. I'd just suffer with the bee sting, myself. Cure, is the cure worse than the injury? Valid Leo question. Happy birthday. You really are the mightiest of the fixed fire signs. Best, no really.

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by Kramer Wetzel

"Happy in that we are not overhappy.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button."

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* [II.ii.231]

Leo: In a coffee taste test, this is my opinion, I've found that the Cafe Richard, in Paris, produced the best espresso and therefore, the best coffee I ever had. For home brew purposes, Pete's Italian Roast is best, with an interchangeable second place, and third place is Starbucks [Italian Roast](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=683) (best [logo](http://astrofish.net/xenon/2009/11/logo-design-and-branding/), too). So the red, grocery store bag of Eight O'Clock Coffee is more genetic memory and childhood recollection instead of true, blue-blood coffee tasting. It's not all about the bean. Part of the secret of really good coffee is the steps employed in preparation. Even Eight O'Clock brand coffee can make a superior cup of coffee. Depends on the method of preparation. All about how you use what you got. I use a metal "French Press," or press-pot, and the beans are stored in an airtight container and those beans are ground fresh. Water's been sitting in the kettle overnight, just tap water, but set out, allowed to breath. Then the brought to a rapid boil and poured over the fresh grounds. The metal strainer allows all the oils of the coffee beans, the full flavor gets infused in the hot water. Superior coffee from cheap, grocery store beans. Leo: think. Leo: there's an easy way to coax royal treatment out of a simple process. Doesn't have to be expensive, just has to be good. Excellence isn't always pricey.

Virgo: Jimmy Buffett (Capricorn) wrote a song about it. I've waxed lyrical about it. Sometimes, the best is cheapest, too. Hamburger, the humble American dish. While I prefer a fast-food, local variation

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because when I order jalapeno peppers, they load them on, that doesn't mean that my version is the best. Sandy's. Malt House. Fran's. All good places. One of my easy to reach preferred locations? What-a-burger. Turns out that's not a national chain. Little did I know. Chain stretches across my horizons, all that matters. Used to a be a place in Dallas, oddly enough, with excellent burgers. Or a place in the Hill Country, Llano, to be precise, with BBQ burgers. All good. Pick one. Pick a local favorite. From the marketing alone, In-and-Out Burger would suit my Left Coast friends. Or a good vegan burger.

Whatever floats that Virgo boat. Something. It's about a good, to me, greasy hamburger. Something simple, cheap, and comforting, all at the same time. Local selection might vary. Vegetarians and VEGans need to adjust this as need be, as some bean curd burgers, slathered in chili-pepper mayo? Good stuff. Sandy's, South Austin style - less than 3 bucks. Goes a long way to making life better in Virgo land, a good (cheap) [burger](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=372).

Libra: The Number Two Platter, I'm sure this dates to a Spanish Land Grant, but the number two plate in a Tex-Mex Restaurant should always be, "Two cheese enchiladas covered with chili con carne, a tamale, a hard-shell beef taco, all garnished with rice, beans and a few sprigs of half-wilted lettuce-type salad." There are local variations, and the Number Two Dinner can be adjusted, but basically, it's way too much food. Given where Mercury is? Number Two Diner is best. Best solution. Best option. The number two plate, the #2 Platter, whatever its called, that's the way to go. There's usually a side of red grease floating in a puddle off to one side of the plate, perhaps from the cheese in the enchilada, or it slid out of the chili con carne, laddled across the top. Eventually, the rice and beans soaks up some of the melted lard. It's a kind of Texas TexMex Heaven comfort food. Can't

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indulge in this often, but on infrequent however, high-stress Mercury-induced problems? Perfect. Number Two Dinner. Order by name.

Scorpio: One of the best steaks I've ever had, maybe the single, most stand out piece of meat, was in a little place run by a Virgo. I'm unsure if it was the meat, the preparation, the companionship, or if it was the spices with just the right amount of salt, and something else, but not over-powering. I complimented the Virgo on my way out. Frankly, I gushed. "I call that cut a loss-leader," she explained, "don't really make money on it, center-cut, grass-fed, free-range, but like you said, it's good." She smiled. I'd ordered it medium rare, it was served a little on the rare side of medium rare, and that was okay. About \$6 an ounce, be my guess. The steak was that good, a tiny serving by my standards, and yet, perfect. Small, tasty, seasoned and served to perfection, the ideal comfort food. Done by a Virgo. That's how to navigate turbulent Scorpio waters -- find the right accomplice.

Sagittarius: Crispy Cream, and how I got there, here, from where I was. The doughnut company that bears the name? It has an unofficial title, "White Man's crack." Not exactly an endearing term, loaded with misanthropic terms, twice over. Probably piss somebody off. I'm sorry. Comment was funny at the time, in context, and that's what matters. Those sugar-loaded, flavor infused, twice-dipped in confection goodies? Used to be the ultimate in comfort food. They were so good, made my teeth hurt. Just the glaze alone is a miracle of the confectioner's art. I can't have just one, used to get a box and it would be gone in a day.

Capricorn: True comfort and solace can always be found in good chicken-fried steak. Straight up. "CFS" is the *de facto*, go-to, gold standard of comfort food. In Austin's hallowed Threadgill's, the Barton Springs location, the "chicken fried chicken" is really a better bet. Perhaps it's because the location is newer, perhaps there's a lack

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of grease and build-up on the walls and in the fryers, but the best deal there isn't chicken-fried steak, it's really "Chicken Fried Chicken." However, a few short miles north, at the original location (Janis Joplin was "discovered" there, Stevie Ray, Ray Wylie, and Willie all played there), the Chicken Friend Steak reigns supreme. In a heart-smart, health-conscious environment, there are other options, but CFS is still the best. It's also the best comfort food. I suppose, this is a regional issue, the comfort and where the best chicken-fried steak can be found. Look, Capricorn, maybe it isn't Chicken Fried Steak that you need. Adjust this to suit your mind, and your location. What do they do in California? Sprouts with medallions of bean curd in a began dressing? One place in Austin -- I thought it was a joke -- did offer chicken-fried tofu. So this isn't just carnivore thing. It's a comfort food thing. Belly up to whatever it is that you like. I still find something chicken-fried as the ultimate weapon for dealing with Mr. Mercury's mayhem. This week. Comfort food. Either you fry the food, or Mr. Mercury flies you.

Aquarius: I started buying this little oranges. The real influence, I can trace it back to a friend's place, I was visiting, and she had a bowl of "tangelos," of which, I would help myself. Good snack. Then, a local grocery store started carrying this little oranges, and I'd get a case, and that would last me a week or two. Really good metaphor as the oranges are smaller, I'm [not sure](http://craftification.com/) exactly what they are, but the little orange-esque things are perfect. Looks like an orange, smells like one, are usually easy to peel and eat, and probably high in vitamins, that sort of thing. Small, though. Mercury is the smallest planet. Mercury is retrograde in Leo. Leo is opposite your Aquarius self. Small oranges are better than big oranges. It just seemed like such a perfect metaphor, and I'm over the obsession, now. One grocery store was selling these oranges, orange-like things, fruit, whatever, one place was selling them

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cheap. A big bag, one week is was by the carton, but the big bag only cost a couple of bucks. That was my main food for the next week, week and half. Anyway, the food, the fruit itself, that's not what this is about. It's the way I encountered them. Friend had them out. Pure chance. What's funnier is my friend? She'd never eat those things. Bought them for her kids who never ate the healthy stuff. Small. Small and cheap. Small, cheap and fruity. Cure for the Mercury Retrograde blues.

Pisces: [San Antonio](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com) (TX) is affectionately revered as the home of the puffy taco, which, in all actuality, is properly a *gordita*, but never mind that part. So comfort food, San Antonio (TexMex) style should be a puffy taco, or a similar type of platter. However, for true, culinary respite, I've found one place, a dive, even by the best of standards, a place that is almost on the wrong side of town, a spot that's not very pretty on a hot August day, yet, even as Mercury slides backwards, there's comfort to be found in the hand-made flour tortillas. While the staple should be a cornmeal-based product, this one spot has, with a question, the best flour tortillas. The secret is the lard. Or the love. Or the love expressed in the lard. The ingredients, I'm guessing, they are pretty simple, flour, water, and a little bit of that magic element, lard, to make the whole thing stick together. Any dish that's served with two of thr flour tortillas, my waistline got so I can only allow myself one, but they are good. The tortillas. I've waxed eloquent about them before. Warmed up on the griddle, then rolled and served too hot to touch, that's part of what makes these the best. It's a comfort food, too. Something, something as simple as a better, handmade tortilla. All it takes.

Aries: I was digging through a tackle box, cleaning out rusted hooks and hopelessly tangled gear, and mostly, just throwing away the crud

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that collects into the bottom of the tackle box. The smell, the aromatic blend of fish oils, salt water, lake water, dead bait and old lures tickled a memory. It's my father's father, my paternal grandfather, the one who taught me to love fishing. Not old spice cologne. Not coffee and cigarettes, although, there's a hint of that in my grandfather's memory, the biggest smell, it finally hit me, it's the way that a musty old tackle box smell. Sun moves into Virgo, Mercury is retrograde like a big dog, and there's a memory tickled. Touched. Touchstone. In my example, it was smell. Could be anything that touches that sensitive Aries nerve. Is this bad? Hardly. Don't dwell into the past, though. That's a temptation with this Mercury RX, and no, can't dwell into the past.

Taurus: Comfort food is hard to find. No, see, there's a specialty food I'm looking for, a special kind of corn tortilla. When old East Austin got plowed under and "renovated," urban-fried, if you ask me, I watched as a great tacqueria became a wine bar. Yawn. Given a choice between wine and good tacos, I'd opt for the tacos. Just the way I am. I have one Taurus client who prefers the wine bar to the taco joint. I don't, but that's me. Not much further up the road, though, I've discovered where the cook from that now-defunct taco joint all went -- couple of miles, up the road. Amaya's Taco House. Whatever you get, make sure you get the corn tortillas. Round, thick, like a pancake, almost, not fluffy, but in its own way, yes, delicate. There's a special flavor, I'm unsure of its origins, perhaps the masa, perhaps the lard, perhaps the coarse-ground corn meal. Maybe the *mamacitas* in the back room, patting out the tortillas. Something. Perhaps it's a combination of all the elements. Anyway, that's what will help ameliorate the effects of Mercury Retrograde. A special kind of comfort food, like those handmade corn tortillas from old East Austin.

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Gemini: I'm not much of a drinking man. Long story, not going into it here. However, I had some friends who'd just come back from a wine-country trip. Sonoma, CA, (the Peoples' Republic of) Northern Cal. I listened to their tales. Wineries and insouciant merlot, and whatnot. I was talking about this, and I mentioned, in http://kobilevideesign.blogspot.com/2010_04_01_archive.html, some friends had just got back from Sonoma. "Cool, that's, like, close to Las Cruces, (NM)?" Relative to what, would be my question. Sonoma is closer to Cruces, than, say, its relative proximity to Austin. Spiritually, Austin and Sonoma might be closer. Distance, though, now, and never mind. It was a simple case of mistaken identity. As a Gemini, you've got a long tale that will get misinterpreted. Yes, there are real wineries in southern New Mexico, but is that really the point?

<http://www.savortheride.com/>Cancer: I was looking at Mr. Mars, in Cancer even now, and then, Mercury, backwards in Leo, even now. Then. Now. Mars. Mars is like libations the other evening. Friend of mine ordered a margarita, nominally tequila and lime juice, sometimes a variation on Mexican Martini. My friend tasted the tall, frosty beverage, then asked for a couple of olives. Waiter, barkeeper brought a couple of olives and some olive juice, in a shot glass. I watched, in horror, as the lime-green margarita was garnished with olives and a splash of olive juice. A dirty margarita, I think, that's what those are called. Horrible. Awful. Assault good tequila with olive juice, a good margarita, with olives? Insult and injury, I'm sure. However, not being a drinking man, I can't say for sure, not something I was willing to taste. The combination struck me as two shades of awful. However, for my friends, remember, I'm tad eccentric myself, the odd combination wasn't odd, and just one "dirty" margarita did the trick for that girl. Whatever it takes to get the job done.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week starting: 8.25.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"O! What men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do!"

Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* [IV.i.14]

Virgo: Happy Birthday! At least one little Virgo friend is going to look askance at my "happy birthday" wish and she'll make a snippy, snarky, snide comment about my familial lineage, possibly illegitimate birth rights, and imply that prevarication is the common element. All that from a simple "happy birthday" wish? Bit of a stretch, even for me. With a sneer, I'll be reminded that it was hyperbole. The folks with birthdays this very week, honey, have already had Venus slip pass. Not bad, not good, not anything, just means that the sarcasm seems to have an extra amount of bite. Might want to tone back the cutting comments. The rest of the Virgo slice of the heavens is still looking forward to the "make nice" transit of Venus. That's good, for them. Current birthday? Venus is now gone. You have to try to be nice. I'll promise there's a good weekend filled with much promise, rapidly approaching. Cut back on the sarcasm.

Libra: Saturn is at a halfway point in his trip through Libra. Reminds me of a Jimmy Buffett song, Capricorn, and the song's lyric are something about another trip around the sun, indicative, in a poetical and cosmological way, of another year. Another year and little bit older. Saturn's symbolism is apparent by now. Can't be argued with. Can be argued with it, but it's fruitless argument as Saturn tends to win, eventually, every time.

This weekly scope ends with a punctuation point, Moon and Saturn align. That's all about giving a central focal point to the message about

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Saturn's "lesson," and this week is an excellent time to stop and assess where your extra-fine Libra self is with Saturn's coarse course.

Scorpio: It was a great realization: the data doesn't change. The skin, the way the information is accessed, that changes. It's like this: the words ``in the book`` don't change. But the book's cover, you know where that's going, right? Don't judge a book by its cover? The way this metaphor spins up for your week is that the data, the words inside the book don't change. However like all web-based material, the way the content is presented, that's going to change. There's one Scorpio who's never forgiven me for changing a web page's layout. Liked it the way it was. Didn't want change. Didn't accept change. Complained bitterly for 3 years or more. "Let it go," is my familiar intonation. "Not happening," is the familiar Scorpio reply. "Forgive, but don't forget." That, too. Which is our problem. The "forgive don't forget" tag line? Good Scorpio quote, but the problem this weeks, especially? Not forgiving, or forgetting. That's not what this is really about. The inherent structure, the foundation of the Scorpio material, it's sound. The way the material is presented is changing. It's safe. Give it up. Get over it. Let it go.

Sagittarius: Happened once. I'm sure there's an eyewitness or two who can attest to this. I was barking mad. It's a term I love because it expresses a certain type of energy with typical British Understatement (TM). Street scene, one of those outdoor street festivals, and a host of beer trucks with the beer truck drivers, all hanging around. It was well into the night and malted, alcoholic beverages might've been involved, but I'm not saying. One of my casual friends was sliding by on roller skates. Very well-built young lady. Cat calls from the beer truck drivers, perhaps material, in this day and age, that wouldn't be politically correct. Suggestion. I was walking by, presumably going home. I started to bark at the drivers. He was

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bigger, much bigger, and he could probably snap me like toothpick. My "barking mad" routine defused what was turning into an uncomfortable situation for the woman, kept me from getting my ass handed to me by a crew of beer drivers, and saved the day. Enough levity, perhaps weirdness, perhaps the drivers were worried I was rabid, which, it could've been the case, but that's not the problem. Step outside of the normal Sagittarius constraints to save the day. Evening. Even if you look like you're barking mad.

Capricorn: One of the best self-help books I've ever come across was called the *Tao of Pooh*. There was a sequel, not nearly as successful, and I never made it through the second text. However, that first text was quite remarkable. Can be read in only an afternoon. Maybe an hour or two. Not a big deal. Good book because it deals with situations just like right now. Instead of long-winded explanation, instead of making this more difficult for Capricorn, I'm proposing a simpler, easier solution. Like that text. Instead of an epic tome, voluminous in length and scope? Instead of one of those huge paperbacks that's close to 800 pages? Think short version. Think the "academic notes précisé" (Cliff Notes) version. The biggest problem there? The Monarch/Cliff Notes of the Tao? Probably be longer than the Tao itself. Think short, not long.

Aquarius: I have a Mag-Light flashlight, the kind usually seen on cops shows, on TV. Heavy, about three D-cells in it, plus the length and heft of the steel, presumably water-tight, cylinder. Usually, these are scraped up and black Mine's purple. Pretty, metallic purple. Anodized. Whatever. It's a purple flashlight that's easily heavy enough to be a weapon. Useful because those big batteries don't go dead quickly. Holds a charge and still, with its heft and narrow, missile-like body, a comforting shape for, presumably, hand to hand protection. As useful as a thumper as a source of light. Again, something to do with cop

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shows. Might be myth. Doesn't matter. The purple is aesthetically pleasing. The feeling is one of security. The real purpose, presumably, is light in a dark place. I'd work on that idea. You need a source of reassurance, a light in a dark place, and it would be better if it was aesthetically pleasing, and if there was another factor, a reassuring heft, like that flashlight. Be a good weapon. I fully intend to never use it like that, but just having it around as a touchstone makes me feel better. We're looking for an item, an object, you might already have it, something that is pretty, yet useful, and in some way, reassuring. Maybe you already have one.

Pisces: Refrigerated Air is the culprit, as far as I'm concerned. The AC. The big, wonderful, powerful, climate-changing Air Conditioner. The AC. The warm, wet outside temperature seems a lot warmer after the died out cold of the AC. I was in a library, one afternoon, until my bare legs -- August heat -- got too cold to take it. I popped out in the humid, hot summer sun. Didn't warm up for a few blocks. Not a big deal. It's a summertime thing, here. However, I was looking at your chart and that abrupt transition, from cold, dry air to warm, wet air? That's what this is like. Sort of sudden. For me, I walked up to the library, in the heat, cooled off, got cold, started to shiver then jumped back into the heat to putatively thaw out, and walk home. In the warm, wet heat. Damp, like wet wool. That's me, and what I was thinking of, for my little Pisces friends, only, you're in and out of the heat and the AC all week long. Might not be real heat, and might not be AC, but the two extremes can upset the delicate Pisces constitution. Hence the problem. Ever go to the movie theater in the middle of the summer, like in August? And have to take a sweater? That's what this week is like., Looks odd to carry a sweater, or, in my case, a flannel shirt, but still, it's so cold and that abrupt change isn't good for your body.

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Aries: I have a long list of less than successful ventures. In the good, old days, to start a business, to fly an idea out there, it took hours, weeks, months, years. Get a location, get a secretary, office, storeroom, warehouse, showroom, and so forth. These days? Starts with just an idea. Idea can become a weblog someplace that then spins off into its own website. But first, the free stuff. Start small. Idea. Concept without a lot of development. Give it a spin. Costs all of about 2 dollars to get a web name started. Not much more than that. Name that points to free web host someplace. Got that great Aries idea. Been thinking about it, obsessing, while Mercury was retrograde. As all this starts to unwind from wrapped too tight, it's time to take that idea. Here's the big hint: start small. Think big, but start small.

Taurus: Jupiter unspools from his stationary position, as does Mr. Mercury. Compound that with a New Moon, and that means we're all set to go in Taurus Land. Land of Taurus. There's an unbalanced sensation, and it's like, you're ready to move forward only no one else has your momentum, not yet. One weekend, last summer, we beached a bay boat, to do some wade fishing. Ran the boat up onto the soft sand of bar. From fast to stop, in a for short paces. Maybe just about three heartbeats. I was ready, holding onto the center console. Got jolted but with bent knees, not a problem. Buddy of mine, the putative captain of our little fishing boat that afternoon, he's a little aggressive about beaching the boat. Likes to ram the shoreline hard enough to make sure the boat stays put while we fish. He also has a stated goal of trying to get one of us to tumble into the water, for laughter's sake. Ha-ha. The planets are a little jolt. The deal is, if you're not prepared, you won't see this coming and as the planets begin to move in an un-retrograde pattern, you'll get pitched into the sand bar. Not fun. It's coming, you've been warned, enjoy the water.

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Gemini: "Conjunto" is, to me, TexMex music. I had a neighbor on one side, the accordion going, marking the music. I'm unsure of the striations within that type of music, and my Spanish has never been good enough to make out all the lyrics. On the other side, I had a neighbor listening to classic, classic rock. I mean, it was AOR, a label that will escape all but the die-hardest of pop musical historians. Between the two, I started to think about a mash-up, one that I could mix. Blend backbeat and pedantic classic rock beats, uninspired bass against the sharp beats of the snappy and weirdly rhythmic "TexMex" Salsa music? Sure, it could happen. I have one sampling of a DJ mix of similar material, but what I was hearing, it was classic-classic on one side, and I'm unsure of the source, but TexMex for sure, on the other side. Blend, mix, mash-up. Run it together. Or, in another example, ask your [self](http://www.roughlydrafted.com/), will it blend? Given the y the stuff falls down today, this week, the more you blend and try to match discordant beats with each other, the better you fare.

Cancer: I'll bet there's a science to the way a person should present information. I mean, like a sales guy, making a pitch, there's a way that he should stand. Hands in front of him, hands in his pockets, hands clasped behind his back? Leaning forward, leaning backwards, act concerned, act aloof? I'm pretty sure someone's done studies explaining what works best. I'd also like to think that the message gets tailored to the individual or group. I tend to slant my style to each sing, in an effort to effectively communicate the material, as quickly as in the case of Cancer, as gently as possible. The problem being, gentle isn't working well. I'll be as soft and kind as I can be, but that's a single person in the Moon Child's circle who is trying to be nice. Mars, Mercury, Sun, all getting you worked up. Worked over, worked up, worn down. One -- or more -- of those directions. To put this to effective use? Stop and consider choosing your direction. Someone might try

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pushing you in one direction, and instead of resisting? How about letting them shove you in a general direction and you veer off as need to be adjust that direction? Going against the flow isn't healthy or easy, but adjusting the flow to fit you better? Much better use of Mars (and everything else).

Leo: It's always the saddest time for me, as I have to rotate the Leo Weekly Horoscope back to the bottom. Not a favored action, on my part, but we've had this discussion, I prefer Leo to even my own sign, as Leo, as a rule, and as rulers, are just much easier for me to get along with. Mercury gets back on track, and the Sun/Venus thing, the next sign over, in Virgo? That makes all of this, makes for, there could be, some domestic bliss. Doesn't make everything all right, but as a start, it's a good place to begin. Nice start. Look: this Mercury Retrograde has special kind of hell for Leo. It's over. Done with. Behind you. Move on. There's a very Leo-like temptation to dwell on the failures of the last two, three weeks. This isn't allowed, not by the end of the horoscope. Dwelling in the past and obsessing about recent failures isn't an option, not now. Move forward. One mighty Leo paw in front of the next. Move it forward. No looking back by the end of this horoscope.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week starting: 9.1.2011

by Kramer Wetzal

"A lunatic and lean-witted fool."

Shakespeare's *Richard II* [IV.i.115]

King Richard is addressing his uncle, John of Gaunt, for critical appraisal of the king's apparent lack of care for England.

Virgo: You would think, what with Venus and stuff, birthdays and all, you would think people could just be a little nicer. I think people should all be much nicer to Virgo people. All week long. Not going to happen, either. You're going to get at least one card and/or gift that looks suspiciously recycled. The real phrase that goes with that, something along the lines of, "I'd a done better, but times are tight, and I got no money, and anyway, it's the thought that counts?" right. Here's me, wishing Virgo, a happy birthday. You know, you don't have to let any of this drag you down/ Venus makes nice with the sun (both in Virgo) and that means you can be cheery about whatever is happening. One of the fun things about re-gifting? Give the original back to the person who gave it to you. It's that whole "instant karma" thing. Completes the circle. Besides, as the birthday person this week, I can see the next year has plenty of Virgo poise and charm that you will be able to use. Let down for a week, but bolstered by charm for a whole year? I'll take the year and not get too worked up about little exigencies.

Libra: We were eating in a famous TexMex joint, a palace built on grease and corn meal. Good stuff. Greasy, hot, spicy, smells delicious. It is delicious, if not always the most healthy for an Anglo's diet. Anyway, halfway across the room, there was a table with a dozen or more, I'm guessing from logo, coaches present, and t-shirts, a girl's high school volleyball team. Almost all blond, tan, leggy, some buxom, all

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probably in high school. Just a guess. Too, very tired coaches, supervising and chaperoning. Not at all happy about the meal choices. Or, the funniest part to me, the waiters. I think, I couldn't stare, so I didn't, but I think it was a corn-fed state mid-western state, and I'm guessing the girls were all close to six foot. Blond. Waiter in that one place were swarming like flies. Short, dark, sexy, and not waitress in sight. Wonder how that works out. Refills on chips, salsa, clean napkins, water. The boys working? They were working it, hard. Between the exhausted coaches, and the boy-waiters, I'm pretty sure the girls themselves knew what to do. As a Libra, I'm sure you're used to the attention, like that all-girls team, I'm sure you like that kind of attention. However, Saturn's like the coaches.

Scorpio: Bird season just started. Means shotgun shells and beer are in high demand in portions of South and East Texas. "Bird Season" means Dove season, and the doves aren't the brightest of the bird family. However, properly prepared they are tasty. I'm not a bird hunter. Too much trouble, and if I want to use a firearm? I'll head to the shooting range. Just a difference of opinions, not a bad thing. One Scorpio client is headed out this weekend to drink some beer, shoot some birds and generally have himself a great deal of fun. Good luck. As there are several influences to watch for, the combination of alcohol and firearms can be, at best, problematic. I'm just warning you about targets. The Blue Bird of Happiness is not an appropriate Scorpio target. Some days it is. This isn't one of those weeks. No winging, firing upon, or otherwise making sport of happiness.

Sagittarius: Price is what you pay while value is what you get. I'd like think my pricing reflects an inverse proportion on that, low price, good value. I also realize that at least once month I pull out a horoscope that makes absolutely no sense to anyone. Doesn't matter. Made sense to me when I wrote it. I just see, the Sagittarius chart wheel, a little

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problem. Issue. Item, thing, hint. Makes sense to me, but I wonder if this isn't one of those situations that only makes sense to me. It's like this, we're cooking along one level, here in Sagittarius, and the other 11 signs, bless them, they love us, or they should, but some times, we appear a little inscrutable. This is the inscrutable week. Not just for me, but almost every Sagittarius, partly as a function as the onerous square from Virgo, partly as Mercury not quite out of Leo, partly as Mars cooking in Cancer, and partly, we're just not on the same wavelength as "normal" people. Doesn't last long, not for all Sagittarius. Me? I'm pretty sure I'm not on the same wavelength as anyone. Haven't been for some years, maybe all my adult life, but this isn't about that. For Sagittarius, like, in general? Realize we're half a step off, good, bad, or, like me, just a little different.

Capricorn: In the pub at the Royal Hotel in Pilgrims Rest, South Africa, hangs a board engraved WYBMADIITY. Each time a customer asks what this means, the bartender says, "Will you buy me a drink if I tell you?" Some things should be obvious. As Mr. Mars fries along, on the other side of the chart wheel from Capricorn, I was thinking to myself, "Self, this is obvious, isn't it?" However, like the bartender at that hotel, maybe it isn't that obvious. There's a similar, if not identical acronym useful for Capricorn, this next few days. I'm just suggesting that you might want to tailor it instead of outright theft. Although, stealing from me? That's okay, as long as it's for the greater Capricorn good. The trick is to come up with an acronym and put that on your desk, a bumper sticker, someplace. Splash that idea out there. Cryptic and not.

Aquarius: This isn't about just any Aquarius, this week. It's about one. This one <http://www.vigadget.com/2010/07/08/wave-gotik-treffen-goth-festival-2010.html> Aquarius, s/he's got a Virgo Ascendant. Means that the Sun and Venus have just

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crossed into that Aquarius's First House. Makes it different for that one, so here's the deal: Virgo is attention to detail. Virgo Sun, Venus in Virgo, even now, and those two are exacting, to say the least. Detail. Details. All of the little, miniature, arcane bits and bobs that make up the day-to-day existence. All of that details. "God is in the details," sure we've heard that before, but, yes, the details are now more important. My one example Aquarius? S/he is is fretting over details to details about the details. If this were an outline, say, it would become one of those extended-tree kind of things with almost every branch sprouting even more details that need to be accommodated. There will be a few, outside, non-partisan observers who find your Aquarius elf OCD or obsessing, or some other manic name for the way you're behaving. "Think 'big picture,' man." No, think details. Think details, then thank me.

Pisces: Trance-Dance-House, I think, I could have it wrong, but I'm thinking that was the type of music that cycled up on a, this into a thing that was plugged into the compute, but the audio itself wasn't sourced from the computer or, through the computer. Too many technical devices. Too much tech and not enough straight audio. The efficacy of the sound track itself, though, that can't be disputed. While delivery system is a hammered attempt at streamlining that does less streamlining and more overly complicated bits and wires and phone jacks and stuff plugged into stuff, that's not what this is about. It was that Trance-Dance-House track. Played soft and low, as a backing tune, not as the main focus. Muted, even. This is about as close as I can get to "soft music playing" as a backdrop. The idea that there needs to be soft music playing, sweet soul music, a little bit of the soft jazz as a backdrop? That helps calm the jangled Pisces nerves. Just a simple step, varies from Pisces to Pisces as tastes are different. But soft, sweet, gentle music. Down low. Sets the tone and helps you cope

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with Sun/Venus conjoined opposite you. Which isn't bad. Just need something to help calm you down, you know, like a little music.

Aries: I poked the Aries chart. Poked it a second time, used a long stick, an irate Aries is no fun. Then I stopped. I got sidetracked by some incoming data stream. I was looking at statistics for the various websites, the little analytical programs and I started thinking about what a perfect metaphor it was. A half-dozen years ago, I paid the same price for web hosting as I pay now, but back then, a half-dozen years back, I was limited in bandwidth, namely I was limited to what my website will burn through on any given Monday, now. And that's one day compared to what I used to go through in a whole month. Important because it's about what we can and can't adjust to. Changes. Bandwidth is a lot cheaper these days as (disk/hosting)storage gets less expensive. What was a huge image and took hours to download now takes moments. Dial-up gave way to DSL gave way to Cable gave way to Wireless 3G & 4G. I used the term "5G" some years ago, so I can brag I had the first Five G astrology network. Not what this is about. This about change and accepting it graceful. Changes are occurring, even now. Like the plummeting price of inter-web stuff. Do not get "wedded" to one idea. Not now. Poke.

Taurus: "A lunatic and lean-witted fool." [R2, iv.i.115] There are several, looks like social, events going well for Taurus. Work, however, is more important. No, it's not. Yes, yes it is. I had a social life once. Greatly overrated in terms of enjoyment compared with man-hours required to maintain the social life. Here's the deal: a little bit of concentrated effort in the "work" arena will yield big benefits. Period. I have exactly one Taurus, you know who you are, out of work. Unemployed. Spend eight (8) hours a day, for the next five days, a typical work week, spend that time looking and it will yield results. How soon? Very soon. The problem being, this can't be avoided. Sure, it's

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fun to have social life, but in the next few days, just regular, 40-hour work-week, just try that. Next five says. 8 (eight) hours a day. I mean, around here? At the Fishing Guide to the Stars Headquarters. I could only wish that a typical work day didn't start at 5 in the morning and end at 9 at night. Don't complain -- I'm only asking you for 8-hour shifts, next few days. Five days. 5 days.

Gemini: One of the greatest secrets of Feng Shui is the way a place's "chi" is improved when the clutter goes away. Clean up, tidy up, let go of material items that no longer hold any true value, and other wise clean up. A quick sweep of a room with one of my Feng Shui practitioners showed how the easiest and quickest solutions are sometimes really simple. Like pick up the mess of clothing scattered around the bedroom. In true Gemini fashion, the clothes were scooped up and tossed into the bottom of an armoire. Not a long-term solution at all, but in terms of the instant effect of making the space feel a little better? Worked wonders and illustrated the underlying principles of tidy versus messy. While a clean sweep would be really nice gesture in Gemini land, sometimes, a simpler, more time/cost-efficient method works well. Don't have time for the thorough cleaning? A quick sweep to tidy up the clutter. One longstanding project you got that's not going anywhere, probably ever? Don't hesitate to toss. Mars, in the Gemini solar second house.

Cancer: The long holiday weekend is always associated with rain. Just seems that there's rain on -- or around -- this holiday weekend. Every year. Threat of rain, real rain, thunder and lightening, light mist that doesn't even qualify as rain, and, some years, hurricanes. The effect is quite different, though. Some thunderstorms and locally heavy weather bring a cooling effect. Others? The effect is that it cools off for a few minutes, but step outside and it's back into the warm, sub-tropical heat. I love it when tourist show up and wonder why they are sweating

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so. Rain, around here, doesn't mean it will cool off. Just means, there's a chance, that the sun won't shine for a day or two. Not for sure, though. Mars is frying, and I mean, frying his way through your sign. Nothing left to blame but the little red planet who seems a tad pissed off. Or maybe he's causing the ire in Cancer Land. The clouds might how up, and it might look like there will be some cooling influence, you'd think, right? Nope. Hot and sweaty and face it, Mars like it that way.

Leo: I watched as fishing buddy deftly juggled two smart phones. I couldn't help but giggle a little bit, and his reasoning was sound, he wanted one phone number for work and worked related stuff while the other number was strictly family life. He's got a couple of daughters. He would switch from one to the other, sometimes, fishing pole in his right hand and phones in his left, working that thing. Working it well. I thought about that image, he managed the juggling part better than anyone I've seen, two rings, two ringtones, one for each phone, and sometimes, a pole in his hand. Pretty cool. Caught fish. Not big fish but caught some. With the juggling act on the side. That juggling act is part of what this is all about. That juggling act, two phones, two parts what seems to be business, or career, or family, and one fishing pole, that what is most important. Split this up anyway you like, but the the juggling act, you're good at it right now. This week. Get all those things up in the air and keep them going. Good thing you're The Leo as mere mortals probably couldn't keep it up this long.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 9.8.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"How far the little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in naughty world."
Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* [V.i.100/102]

Full Moon in Pisces, on Monday. Moon Day. Virgo-tinged wild weekend ahead.

Virgo: Happy Birthday! One of the reasons I like living where I do, one of the little perks to bein' in Texas? Girl walks into a restaurant. She's wearing Daisy Dukes, purple cowboy boots, purple sequin vest and matching purple sequin purse. Ensemble worked. She wasn't really young, so so I'll surmise that she was reasonably fit as the short-shorts weren't totally out of place. I can't tell anything else because I was a little flabbergasted. However, to be honest, I live in a place where such attire isn't all that odd. More like almost commonplace. Quotidian, even. So it's not a big deal. What he big deal was, it wasn't a big deal. Any other part of the country? I'm sure there would be statements and eyebrows waggled. There's a certain lack of shame in area of Texas. Can't say it's all like this, but in my corridor? Quite common. Virgo Birthdays! Party! Dare to be a little outlandish, in one form or another. At least one fishing buddy (Virgo) will read this and wonder if he's supposed to wear Daisy Dukes. I sure hope not.

Virgo special: Order a half-hour [reading](http://www.astrofish.net/store/) and get a full hour (year overview) reading for the [half-hour price](http://www.astrofish.net/store/). Valid only if your birthday is this week - some [restrictions](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint/) may apply.

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Libra: It's a matter of trying to get the most out of a situation. To that end, and I'm sure at least one person will assume this is about my own mother, but not, this isn't about her at all. Anyway, one buddy was complaining about how cheap his mother was. Had become. She'd still, allegedly, this is third-hand, completely unsupported, but his other was taking the little ketchup packets from the hamburger and fast food places, and squeezing those ketchup packets into the ketchup bottle at home.

See if that works. I applaud the idea, the ingenuity. I like the concept. I'm not doing that myself. Way too much work for too little reward. It would take hours to half-fill a ketchup bottle. By then, I'd be hungry again and ready for the next meal with ketchup. Let's say it was burgers. I'd be ready for more burgers before I'd gotten enough ketchup back into the bottle. Begs a question, too, wouldn't it just be easier to use that purloined ketchup straight out of the squeeze packet? It's about appearances, and just how important are those appearances.

Scorpio: I've been configuring websites since dial-up and floppy disks. There's a part of this that looks magical. I worked on a Scorpio's computer, and I made some deleted files reappear. Looked like magic. "How'd you do that!" More a Scorpio statement than a question. Looks like magic. In effect, it is. However, any good technician knows it's not really magic, just sleight of hand, obfuscation, smoke, mirrors and willingness to suspend disbelief. What I did wasn't magic, but appeared like that. With the planets thusly arrayed, Sun/Mercury/Venus in Virgo, and most notably, Saturn in the sign that falls in front of Scorpio, and then, to crown the whole mess, Jupiter backwards in Taurus, opposite from Scorpio? With that mess? You're going to want to call a magician. Or technician. I can save you that call. Follow the

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instructions. Follow them down to a letter. Step by step. No skipping steps, no condensing, no glossing over material that doesn't seem important because, as it turns out, it is important. Step-by-step instructions have to be followed, exactly. No short-cuts. No "If I try this, it should be quicker" because that's exactly how you take a small problem and turn it into a giant mess. I know.

Sagittarius: I was in a diner, road trip, lonely road trip, middle of nowhere. "Scenes from a diner." Anyway, think about that archetype diner, and I was sitting there, probably sipping on lukewarm coffee, slightly bitter and acrid, and I overheard a conversation. "Pop, you really need to start texting. It would help a whole lot." Forgot to mention that he would enjoy the instant contact, but he would also have problems because he would get confused with text and email, or, a phone call, or, worse, he would save all the text messages for forever. I've seen it in aging parents. There's a generation that refuses to throw anything away, even if it's just e-mail. Which, in the short version, isn't a big deal, but in the longer-range view, think, about maybe two decades of e-mail? There is a time to push the technology on the older generation. This isn't the time. There's a time to advance our Sagittarius agenda. This isn't the time. There's a time to triumph our collective causes. This isn't the time. This is a time to quietly bide our ways, and wait. It's okay to pitch that texting idea to the older parent. Expecting that parent to embrace the idea? Right now? Probably not happening.

Capricorn: There's now an industry dedicated to "Getting Things Done." Started with stationary suppliers, then office supply companies, and then, the GTD migrated to software. There's an application, for your computer, that will sync with your phone and laptop, just so you have the outline of the project and what step is next, right in front of you. It's obvious. One of the cooler ones I saw, it was a card case for 3 X 5

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index cards, and the outline procedure was to tick the steps off, as they got completed. The retail secret was better, as there were cards, although any standard index card would work, but theirs had special lines drawn on them. Then there was the filing system, just a fancy recipe box with tabbed files for "to do," and "waiting on someone else" and "done," or "brainstorming." I have an much simpler solution: post it notes. While I have several hues, color doesn't matter as much as the idea. Scraps of paper. Electronic scraps of paper. Whatever works for the Capricorn mind. Me? Personally, I'm leery of the GTD industry, but that's me. However, some kind of list of things to keep you focused. Stay focused on the goal, and you'll get there much quicker.

Aquarius: Happens to be a doctor's office, but I'll suppose this example could be anywhere. I noticed an old VHS player. At one time, that was the epitome of cool. While BetaMax was a clearly superior format, the VHS quickly became the gold standard that has long since gone the way of the 8-track tape in cars. Few people, except for some of certain age, will even get the 8-track reference. Like floppy disks? I fear that CDs are the next medium to die an inglorious death on the trash heap of "old-tech." That VHS player, the one I was referring to, at the start before I got sidetracked? It was being used as a flower pot holder. On table, in the doctor's office, not named, no need to explain that, I'm sure. It was just the oddest of elements, odd, old, dead-tech, new use.

Pisces: I looked at the caller ID. I answered the phone with a growl, "What!" The number was one of my fishing buddies, and I was hoping he was calling to book a fishing trip. I thought about answering, "What's up, dude." I always kind of liked the growl, "What!" A soft, feminine voice answered, cautiously, "Kramer?" His wife. Girlfriend, really, okay, wife, whatever. Been together a long time. Long enough to be familiar with each other that he'd let her use his phone. I've seen

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that happen once or twice, like, when he's driving, but I thought it was him. Wasn't. "I'm sorry," I started, "I thought this was Bubba's number." "It is, usually, but I have a favor to ask...." Let me explain how this works. Man is in charge. Women are subservient as long as it suits them. Then the women are in charge. Probably have been in charge all along, but this isn't a gender discussion. This is about grabbing the phone and growling at a buddy's girlfriend, me, making an assumption and being wrong. We worked it out, astrology question. However, think about it -- watch, One, be careful you don't growl at any girlfriends, and two, faulty assumptions are sometimes easy to cover up and sometimes, it's not so easy.

Aries: I was thinking about one of my trips to jail. I was stone-cold sober, on a Thursday night, blasting down a side street at relatively high rate of speed, about double the posted limit. It was safe, I knew what I was doing. Young, reckless, (stupid), and so forth. I spent the night in jail. Got locked up, processed, and called the lawyer. He said he's have me bailed out in the morning, but he couldn't push the paperwork through any faster. I knew I was in for about 24 hours, maybe a little less. Locked up in the county jail, fortunately, I had the good graces to get tossed in on a Thursday, not a Friday. Would've been a different story with all the drunks and amateur hooligans. Anyway, I went to sleep. I slept through breakfast, had half a bad baloney and cheese sandwich on white bread for lunch, and I slept some more. I made the best use of my incarceration. Sleep. I knew I wasn't going anywhere for a few hours, like, about 18, so I caught up on my sleep. Best of a bad situation. Due to a small problem with my paperwork, it was closer to 24 hours. Slept the whole time. When you're faced with an inevitable situation -- good lord, I'm not saying jail -- make the most of the time. I once wrote a column on a smart phone. Same idea. Make the most of what you've got. Sleep is a good cure.

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Taurus: I depend on daily interaction with humanity to give me a test of what the planets are like, on any given day. This next few days, I'm avoiding Taurus. Ya'll are all cranky. Not bad, just low-level irritation and short-tempered nature that's not characteristic of my good little Taurus buddies. Friends. Clients. September. I'm still in sandals and shorts. No big deal. I'm still my casual self, but I was interacting with several Taurus folks. Stubborn. Not always a stubborn sign (I don't care what other say about Taurus), I found several of you Taurus folks kind of stuck. Holding on. Holding tightly to an issue that no longer requires a firm grip. Makes you kind of cranky. If you want to be irritated, that's fine. The problem occurs when I'm doing my "How's Taurus today?" Question and answer. I get the sourness. I understand the planets' array as a source of the problem. Change your attitude. Doing so changes everything. Or, if you choose, you can stay sour. You do that, and I'll stay here and pout.

Gemini: While I tend to regard my fine little Gemini friends as veritable founts of wisdom, sometimes, accidental, and occasional, well-intentioned, there comes a time -- attributed to Mark Twain -- when a well-placed pause speaks volumes that can't otherwise be conveyed. Pause. I didn't say stop. I didn't say a complete halt. Just pause. Not a complete stop, just a pause. Simple as that. It's matter of giving yourself enough time to recollect all the facts and get the presentation ordered. Get the data in its correct location. Line up the proverbial ducks. Get your ducks in a row. Need to think about precision. Precise. Pause and give yourself a chance to get the material ordered in its delivery. Need to think through your presentation before you start talking. Pause. I didn't say, "Stop," just pause. Need to be precise.

Cancer: I was in a big store, a warehouse store, because I'm too cheap to pay full retail, and certain items, I just figure, it's easier to buy by

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the pallet. Cell phone jiggles, and since I was just using it to check my shopping list, I answered. Regular client. Had weird, off-the-wall astrological question. Since I just looked at the charts that very morning, I could recite an answer off the top of my head. Do this long enough and certain patterns are easy to recall. Now the hard part, as I was pushing a shopping cart with a 50-pound bag of stuff, I wasn't clipping along, and then, overhead, in the cavernous "store," the intercom... "Clean-up to the bakery, please." Kind of hard to charge for a consultation when, clearly, I'm not in the office. I did manage to juggle accurate answer, precise communications, and extinguish a potential flame, all in one deft move. AS a Cancer, you get called upon to do this, in the next few days. "Piss out a fire," is the correct expression. Problem being, when they hear the bakery, or whatever, in the background, can't charge for your time. Neither could I.

Leo: "Hey." I heard the guy call me from across the street. Residential neighborhood. "Hey. HEY! I'm talking to YOU!" He approached me. Grizzled, gray at the temples, hair done in a single, loose braid down his back, nondescript shirt, might've been tan. He introduced himself, and I offered to shake hand, but he offered up a fist-bump, "I got diesel on my hands, been working on that truck..." It started out kind of harsh, that, "Hey, I'm talking to you," call. But it warmed up nicely. He knew me. Knew of me. Wanted to meet me. Saw me traversing his neighborhood. Had no clue I was "That Kramer," or that our interaction would wind up on a website. Leo, as in his birthday was last month. I was thinking about his original introduction. Let's flip this around and make my Leo friends are getting this. You're getting accosted. "Hey. Hey, HEY! Yeah, you, the Leo, THE LEO, yeah, I'm talking to you, don't stop and look?" Stop and listen to the non-Leo minions who have a good message for you.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 9.15.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends."

Shakespeare's *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* [V.i.6-8]

Historical note: it is frequently presumed that much of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* is based upon Shakespeare's seeing the pageantry associated with the Queen's visit to Kenilworth Castle in 1575 - Shakespeare would've been 11.

Virgo: Happy birthday! Good morning! Hope this "ides of September" is treating my goodly little Virgo friends well. If you will be gentle with me, I'll return the sentiment. When I fished almost every day, there were a couple of fish I got to know quite well. When I'd caught them a time or two, or three, or seven one in particular, six times, I got to be rather unceremonious about tossing them back into the lake. I'd unhook, grab a quick picture, and little guys slithers back, usually from a three to five foot perch about the water. Not like the guys on TV who do the gentle release, wait and see that the fish is hearty and breathing again, none of that for me. I'm fast, tough, if it isn't a keeper, let them go. Not always graceful or gentle. As a Virgo target, as a suggestion, as an idea, how about gently releasing the fish this week? If it's not a fish, doesn't matter what the project, but a gentle touch is required. I know, birthdays and all, but think: gentle touch.

Libra: This is gong o sound like an ad, but it's not. Guy approached me, not long ago. A Libra fellow. We chatted, he asked questions about what I do, he shot me an email, and looked at what I had to offer. What he said? "I just want a road map for the next year." Here's the deal, I have two sets of "maps" available. One, get an [in-](#)

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person consultation, or, as an adjunct, a phone reading. Personal consultation with me. That's one option.

Guy met me, so he knows we can talk, at least I assumed we could. That's one option for the Libra Road Map for the next year. Another option is a transit report. I sell them, as a matter of fact, but that's not important. While the transit report costs less, it also requires the querent, the Libra, to read through and figure out what's important, what's not important, what days are optimal, and what does Saturn do when it aligns? All of that is in the report, but at over 100 pages, it's hefty and there's a lot of crap to wade through to get to the meat.

Scorpio: I was listening to an old friend, older than me, talk about that, "First car." What was your first car? Most folks get a hand-me-down. I did, old family car. Not my first, second or even third choice. I don't think that first car was anywhere on the list of items I wanted, ever. To be honest, I do have a slight nostalgic sentiment for that old vehicle, but that's not what this is about. It's about a Scorpio buddy, and his take. "Did you know you can fit a twin mattress on the floorboards of an old Checker Cab?" I did not know that. I'm guessing, apparently, his first car was an old Checker cab, Kind of cool, if you ask me. Early next week, you're going to get a good and proper jolt. Blast from the past, message from the future, something. Possibly, it's a jarring note. Like one of those air horns. You've been properly warned about the jarring note (Mars enters Leo), and with the substance of this week (Jupiter RX in Taurus), there's a comment to make. Punctuation. I'd ask what your first car was. I'd also suggest that the twin mattress comment was staged, can you imagine how that would go over in high school?

Sagittarius: "They're 'granola fascist,' you know?" Really. I never heard the term, "Granola Fascists" before. After too much time, in

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Austin, though, it's rather apt moniker for many of my friends. Although, politically, I'm really pretty middle-of-the-road, after too much time in Austin, I tend towards green and liberal, and I recall an old McGovern button, from my childhood, had an "ecology" symbol on it. Earliest of the green parties? Maybe. First of the Granola Fascists? Not likely, although the dye's been set (in green). I was looking for way to work with the flow, instead of working against the flow. I'm not advocating, especially for Sagittarius, I'm not advocating strident measures. A middle-of-the-road approach is best. While the granola-fascists have a very valid point about being green, like Kermit is quoted as saying, singing, "It isn't easy being green." As a Sagittarius myself, what we're looking for in the coming week is that middle-of-the-road, some point between the two extremes, someplace where we can all agree. Starting point, middle ground. Shoot for the middle. We'll miss, but that doesn't matter, it's all in the spirit of compromise.

Capricorn: First off, this is about comfort food. For me, I find comfort in a greasy plate of classic TexMex. It's the original "fusion" cuisine, combining Mexican (Central American Native) cuisine with Ranch and Frontier elements, like BBQ, Beef, and various other animal parts. The other element is atmosphere, and a proper TexMex cathedral must have the correct ambiance. Varies, but I'm pretty sure it is related to a Spanish Land Grant, most TexMex places sport a "Last Supper" image, someplace in the building. Often, the image is rendered upon Black Velvet. One place it was done in hammered tin with gold leaf painted on the borders. This is a backdrop in my culture, and as I was trying to find solace for the Capricorn chart, I hit upon the idea of TexMex. There are certain trademarks that determine if the fare will fit the bill. Like, look for that Last Supper image. The other point about that image? Jesus was a Capricorn, you know.

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Aquarius: For the third time in my life, I've found myself within earshot of a working mill. Not so odd, mills are the focal point of the agrarian industry that I'm familiar with. Working mills. There's a special sound that they make, too, usually, I'm used to hearing this at night. I have no idea what the machinery is, or what it does, although, presumably, from the name, it has something to do with milling flour. Or locally, corn. There's a funny, to me, off-beat syncopation. Thump, thump, slide. It's three-beat with a pause. It has no rhythm. Sounds like a large piston in a compressed air tube, going up and ratcheting down. I have no clue as to what it is, but the other evening, walking past the latest mill, and hearing the familiar arrhythmic beat, I almost caved to curiosity. That beat, the bump, shush, slide, bang? That's the Aquarius pace. It has no rhythm. Can't get the rhythm thing worked out. Then again, I have no rhythm and poor fashion sense. That's not what this is about. I can't get an even pace worked for the next couple of days, not for Aquarius. Doesn't mean you don't get your goal, just means it's not done at an even pace.

Pisces: I'd like to think that my mother's version of me, as a saint, like a dedicated monk, I'd like to think that it's an entirely accurate portrayal. As a normal human being, though, it's not even close. While I do endeavor to live in away so as to create the greatest good with fewest wrongs, I am human. I've done some terrible things in my life. You, as a Pisces, you've done some terrible things, too. We can't go back and correct every wrong. We can't go back and right every little mistake we've made. The other part of that, though, we can't just issue a single, blanket admission of guilt and be done with it all. A generic, "Sorry, didn't mean to," that doesn't work. This is a time, there's cosmic signature in the skies, a simple way to correct some of this. Can't correct every mistake. Can correct one. Can't fix every issue. Can correct one. Can't fix the fate of the worlds, but, you guessed it, can correct one. In the course of the next week, I'd like to

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suggest, just as an idea, based on the placement of the planets, I'd like to suggest you make an attempt, just give it a whirl and indulge me, to fix one past mistake. Could be a simple e-mail note, "I'm sorry, I really didn't mean for it to turn out like this..."

Aries: What does it take to get you engaged? What does it take to get you going? What motivates your fine, Aries self? What's with all the questions? Partly rhetorical, partly, though, I want an answer. When I was a much younger man, there was but a single motivation that would work for me. Simple, straightforward, in my example. Sex. I can't speak for anyone else, but that's one of the drives that's waxed and waned and these days, it's not the critical element it once was. While it's difficult to say that it was the prime motivational force, in what I've observed, it's a big deal. Was a big deal. Not so much, not anymore. But I've been at this game a long time. Besides, that's looking back at my own life. Let's look forward in the Aries life. Prime motivational force? Honest question. Now, honest answer from Aries. Sex? Drugs? Rock and roll? Fame? Fortune? Pick one. Doesn't have to be from list, either. Can be from any realm of your Aries life. The simple question is, what is the prime motivational force right at this moment?

Taurus: Very early in my career, at a time when I was more interested in chart software than what the chart wheel said, I listened -- in awe -- to another astrologer. Great riches, foreign travel, and love, more women than I knew, all of that was predicted by my chart. I kept thinking about how none of that promise ever materialized as I looked at Jupiter (retrograde) in Taurus. Many promises. Little short on delivery. Instead of making vague and empty promises about foreign travel, great riches and true loves by the bucketful? How about a leavening agent? Know what that is? How about, I've seen this before, how about, as a Taurus, you take one step, one single step in a direction

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towards one of those goals. Which one is it? Travel, riches, relationship. Pick one. Then figure out what's the next step that you, the Taurus, has to take to make it happen. What gets neglected in too many chart readings? Action. Predicated on the querent (Taurus) taking some kind of action to make it happen. Pick one, as all three will be overwhelming. Then take but a single step toward realizing that goal.

Gemini: Shortcuts. What this is all about. Shortcuts. One of the great epics of modern literature is by James Joyce, *Ulysses*. At one time, it was considered the most influential novel of the 20th Century. Not sure now. I undertook reading it, then got sidetracked and then had an idea. Before I was going to tackle it a second time, I would find some lit crit about the topic. Literary Criticism. In the library, I asked if they had Cliff Notes. "On what?" *Ulysses*. James Joyce. "Well," the librarian brightened, "if there was ever a novel that needed cliff notes, it would be Joyce." Novelist, that needed notes, and yes, I know. Never mind. It made her day she pointed me to stuff on the 5th Floor, Reference, and I got sidetracked. I like libraries. I never did find what I was looking for, but I did find what I was supposed to find. I tried several different books of essays about the novel in question, and that's not what this is about. It's about shortcuts. There is no shame in looking for the Cliff Notes version of a texts to help flesh out the details. You wouldn't believe what I found in the Cliff Notes for *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*. Shortcuts: as a Gemini? Use them.

Cancer: After years of capturing digital images and publishing them on various forums, I've found that there's a peculiar shade of blue we have for a our South Texas sky. I've caught it a number of times, and I've been quizzed about it, "Digital manipulation?" No. "Tweak the colors? It's so, well, *blue*." No. Nothing, Just hit the "take a

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picture" button and then post it on the various websites. No big deal. The sky is that shade. It's a function of stormy weather then a clear weather and then a high-pressure front swoops down and blows everything out of the way. In my mind, the weather "washes" the atmosphere. Laundered the air, leave it that clear, deep, intoxicating blue. Blue sky, real, or metaphorical, is coming to Cancer. Blue sky. What this about, just as soon as Mars leaves.

Leo: We'd been flats fishing on the backside of the great coastal barrier island, think South Padre. Warm fall afternoon, got hot, really, more so than I'd like, but it was okay. In the afternoon, clouds scared up and started to threaten rain, as one turned into a squall line. When we' left that morning, the bay was smooth as glass, but by the afternoon, there was some chop. It was a ricky ride home with a cooler full of fish. I as thinking about that last, 15-minute ride back. There was no comfortable place on the boat. Not in the front, the thin cushion on the cooler not enough padding, nor standing alongside the center console, as the waves were just the wrong size. Then, too, the bay itself, with shallow waters and tricky cross-currents, the tide and the wind, all makes for a confusing set of conditions. In this next week, Mars enters Leo. I couldn't stop thinking about the chop on the bay. Rough, not overly so, not dangerously rough, not the biggest waves, and be honest, it was probably walkable from one side of the bay to the next, none of it is deep water. That's not the point. Part of the idea I was sitting, and I kept wondering if my spine was being pounded and compounded. As I stood up and moved around, though, movement, searching for a comfortable position -- remember -- cooler full of fish -- I know that good fishing and bad weather goes together. Leo: good fishing, rough travels. Thank Mars.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars For the week 9.22.2011

by Kramer Wetzal

"Come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight."
Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* [II.vi.5-7]

Libra: The perfect (happy birthday) way to face the world. It's an old trick, but with the Fall Equinox, the onset of Libra, and by the end of this scope, Saturn, Venus, Mercury and the Sun all lined up in Libra? Got to do something. Here's the trick. It's still a little warm in part of Texas. Not quite as hot as it's been, but still very warm. The trick is how to mix and match clothing to make it acceptable, and Libra perfect-presentation. It's all about the pitch, right? How you put it out there? The first suggestion, what with Saturn still weighing heavy on your soul? Back. Black jeans, black slacks, some kind of black pants. Then, a black T-shirt. I'd go full-formal, for me that means a black t-shirt with a factory hem and collar. Maybe a black wife-beater, but the idea is clear? Good so far. Finally, top this outfit with a bright shirt or jacket. Best I've seen was a like a bright pink hoodie, but whatever works. The basic black is for cover, the color is splashed on over the foundation. Dark, solid, basic foundation, then add the color.

Scorpio: Always something, isn't it? Always something comes along and yanks that Scorpio chain. Once upon a time, I owned a number of websites. Domain names. Registered in bulk, got deal on the price. astrofish.net, astrofish.co.uk, astrofish.us, astrofish.co, &c. There was, probably still is, a company that makes money farming people who are listed as domain owners. With an official-looking letter and name, the company's note says, "Your domain is about to expire, renew NOW." The rest of the letter is direction on renewal.

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With some companies offering renewals for under ten bucks, it's clear to see at \$30 a year, the advertising was working, and working well. Otherwise, they wouldn't do it. Official sounding name. Officious looking letter. Great marketing. Almost a lie, but not quite. But almost. The first time I got one of those letters, I was rightly pissed off. Second time, I simmered. This last one? I had to find the humor. I couldn't believe that someone would dare to send out flagrantly false information. Pissed me right off the first time, made me simmer the second time, and by the third notice? I have to find the humor that some people will \$6.95 for domain name then re-up at three times the price. Now, that would piss me off if I did that. When I suggested it was always something, read the fine print. Then do like I do, and find the humor there.

Sagittarius: As spun around the astrology charts to figure a decent direction for Sagittarius, I kept hitting blank walls. Not bad, not good, not anything. It's like an empty car parts warehouse, you know? The most fun, and this would be for the November Sagittarius, but the flavor pervades the rest of the sign, is this weekend's Mars trine Uranus. Sort of cosmic shot with a cattle prod. While marked at 50,000 volts, is such a low wattage that the cattle prod does what its name implies, it prods without permanent damage. Which is what Mars and Uranus do, prod us towards greater, loftier goals. As one girlfriend once noted, "Maybe it will prod your lazy butt out of my bed this morning. I got to go to work." Always something, isn't it? One in every crowd. We do need a shove in the correct direction, and while I'm in all in favor of this being a 'get up and get out' kind of jolt, there's another angle to work, as well, the work angle. Yeah, one extra effort at work, stay late, just 15 minutes or so, or, like me, skip lunch one day to work. Get ahead and get beyond that little kick from Mars and Uranus.

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Capricorn: "Never get a garage door opener. They are too slow and zombies will get in." It's a favorite warning, I'd use it in my fine print, but not many people would get that the two sentences were connected. I'd break it up, like this, "Never get a garage door opener; they are too slow and zombies will get in," but that disturbs the flow, and it's not how I heard it. Read it. Not my perception, and perception drives reality, am I right, or what? So the deal is, that a garage door opener, in a real emergency situation, like if zombies were attacking, that method, that line of defense? Useless. Too slow. As a Capricorn with the influences of the waning but still present astrological pressure from Aries (Uranus) to Pluto (Capricorn) to the Sun/Moon/Mercury/Venus/Saturn (Libra), that pressure makes you move faster. The garage door opener isn't quick enough, not if the zombies are after you. And they might well be, real, or imagined.

Aquarius: Mars is in Leo. Leo is opposite from Aquarius. Mars is, will, or has been, opposite your gentle Aquarius self. As an Aquarius, you can rant, rave, struggle and otherwise rent your hair asunder, or whatever else for throwing a fit of pique, or, you can follow some sage advice (not Sagittarius advice, sage advice. There's a difference.) I was conversing with a friend. He looked at me, as we were talking about an ongoing argument with his spouse. He shrugged his Aquarius shoulders, "You're married," he said to no one in particular, maybe just to hear himself say it, "you know how the water runs." The argument itself, it was brutal and bitter, with name-calling and frequent references to familial lineage. Here's his solution, and one I would suggest for all Aquarius, "You're married. You know how the water runs." You're (something, probably fixed issue) and you know how the water runs. The direction and path of the water doesn't change much. It follows the path of the least resistance while seeking its own level. Water runs downhill. Always has, always will and you can put up a fight with Mars,

but ultimately, the water still runs downhill. Me? I'm not Aquarius. I just nodded and agreed.

Pisces: I'm pretty much a fair-weather dipper when it comes to swimming in local creek and rivers. Means I wimp out if the water's too cold. The question being, as this week gets underway, and the weekend rolls over us, is it too cold for a Pisces, for that one, last dip in the creek? Nominally, that would be Barton Creek, and one year, my last seasonal dip wasn't until early November, which, I might add that same November, we had a dusting of snow two weeks later. It happens. Texas weather is a fickle mistress, at best. However, I'm not talking about those extremes, I'm talking about a personal, Pisces extreme. What works. What doesn't work. It's, as far as I'm concerned, in the shade, on the afternoons like this, it's just not really warm enough to warrant a dip in the creek. I'll walk by the old swimming hole and think about it, but then, I'd be wet and shivering when I crawled out. Some days, hot summer days, it's worth it. This isn't a hot, summer's day. As the fall cools off, I'll promise other areas in the Pisces life are heating up. Pick and choose. Cold shower? Cold dip in the creek? Be a fair weather freak like me.

Aries: Last week, I left this very horoscope with a question, dangling. It was about what really motivates your Aries self. I don't mean little stuff, like, "I go to work to provide for my family..." that's too simplistic. No, what I want to know is what grabs your internal organs and makes your palms sweat, what makes your heart race, brings a glister and glow to your Aries eyes. What is it? One poet supremely longed for something that could never be attained. An impossible goal. That poet died heartbroken in relative obscurity, penniless and hopeless. Dream that was clearly out reach. Flip that around and look at my original question, what motivates your Aries self? What I wanted to do was use that motivation to drive you towards your goal. Connect

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the two. Motivation (arrow goes here) Goal. Maybe like this? Motivation --> Goal. Clear focus, clear destination in mind, clear path and most important, clear about the Aries motivation.

Taurus: Why does the stuff that's good for you have to taste so bad? Or, maybe it doesn't taste bad but doesn't have any flavor at all? Sometimes, I swear, the bran muffins that are marked as healthy and really are healthy? No refined sugar, no artificial color, not much of anything, especially, no flavor? Looks like sawdust, and for that matter, really does taste like sawdust? That's the stuff I'm talking about. Awful stuff. Healthy, I know, it's good for me. But if it's good for me, can't a little flavor of some kind be included? I guess not. This isn't wasn't suppose to be rant about healthy foods with no flavor. In the battle with my desire to get back "optimum weight," I have made some sacrifices along the way. Apparently anything that might taste good was one of the first victims.

Gemini: I quit being an early adopter of technology. I stopped. No more bleeding edge devices, software, hacks, or technological toys that may, or may not, help. I've found that it's better to let the product cycle develop, and pick it up after the bugs have been ironed out. Piece of web software I use extensively, there was a major update. I held off on upgrading because I knew there would be an almost immediate revision, version .01, then version .1, and I figured, why double and triple my work load? Normally, a Gemini carries twice the workload of a normal worker. And typically, this isn't much a challenge. It's just, right now, upgrading for the sake of upgrading, only to have to go through the whole routine again in a few days, maybe a few hours, given some of the software development cycles I've witnessed... Maybe this is a time to wait and see. Hard as that might sound for a Gemini, with all the planets that are now in Libra, stop, pause, think. Is it worth it to upgrade when you'll just have to repeat the process tomorrow?

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Cancer: Rave culture itself is not an element I'm strong with. I don't know a lot about the definitions, moires, or stylings. I understand some of the music, as I have some. I've been to a "rave-like" event, twice, in fact. But true Raver Culture? I got nothing. So, it was at breakfast, a couple of weeks back, and my date nudges me. Elbow to the ribs, "Did you see here?" I asked who. Whom. "Little Bo Beep. I mean, did you see her?" I casually glanced back, no big deal, not to me, full-on Little Bo Beep outfit, bonnet, pink sundress, pink shoes, lace, white ruffles, and her "dare," if you will, a very ambiguous android goth. Goth, I guess. Hair dyed black, eye-liner, and so forth. Couldn't tell for sure, not that it mattered. None of this is upsetting or unsettling to me. I halfway expected someone with a big baby pacifier to join the pair. To my pleasant surprise, it was another girl, all black, and I mean all black outfit, dress, black lace, a tiny teacup hat pinned to her hair, and the shoes. I'm guessing, without measuring, 7 or 8 inch platform heels with two or three inches of platform under the soul. Just very cool. Not something I would ever wear, but I can admire. The question is, how do you say, "Really cool outfits, and decent set of stones to even wear this out in daylight hours..." The question stands. What I did? As we passed the table, on our way out? I nodded and pointed to the shoes. "Really great shoes." Why thank you, I believe was the reply. It's just, now that Mars is gone, how do you saw something like that without sounding snarky, smarmy, or sarcastic? Sincerity is required from Cancer, this week.

Leo: I ran into a dear Leo friend. The Leo. 30 seconds into the conversation, I realized that Mars, is in Leo, and Mars, is making the July Leo folks, well, for lack of better word, cranky. I tried to figure a way to work around this, and I couldn't seem to address the issue. "Well, aren't we Miss Crank-Pants these days," I muttered. "Yeah, so?" The problem is Mars, and the solution, come on, admitting you have a

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problem is the first step to getting better, and I'm committed to a path of holistic healing and wellness for Leo, so the first part of this is understanding. Mars is frying the July section of Leo. So it's not really about Leo being cranky as it's about the rest of us, the lesser 11, we're just not up to what you are. Mars gives you energy. Mars gets you going. Mars gets you moving twice as fast as the rest of us. You're moving quickly, and we're not. We can't keep up. Hence, the cranky Leo. Solution? Like I said, understand it's Mars. We are doing the best we can do. We can't keep up, your royal visage. Please spare us. Or spar us. Although, I'd prefer you realize you're moving faster than we can hope to, and that's the problem.

Virgo: I have a routine. When I return "home," wherever that is at the time, when I come in from a road trip, there's a routine. Used to include making peace with the cat, but that's a long-dead issue. Still, the memory lingers. Anyway, when I return, get dropped off from the airport, take a cab, cage a ride, walk home from the train station, anyone of those routes, when I finally get home, there's a routine. I drop the portable computer in its spot and it charges and files transfer. I empty out my clothing, if I'd taken any, and put the dirty clothes in the laundry basket, careful not to sort by color. Bothers some Virgo's, but that's not my problem, it's about the routine. Charge the battery on the phone. Empty out the pack, the luggage, unload everything. Dirty clothes go in the dirty clothes pile. Fishing gear gets tucked under the shelf. Poles are stripped of fishing line, and fishing reels are oiled. No mail, no phone calls, not until the routine is complete. Everything has to be put away, in its proper place before I can say I'm home. I can think of two trips, in the last decade, when I've missed that routine. Both were long, overseas flights, and I fell into bed. Then, the next morning, I did all that. It's the next morning, now. Routine. Stick to the Virgo routine. Some people don't understand. I do. Stick to routine.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 9.29.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Go hang thyself in thine own

Heir-apparent garters!"

Falstaff in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part 1* [II.ii.40-1]

The rotund Falstaff is annoyed with Prince Hal because the young prince refuses to help Falstaff mount a steed.

Libra: Happy Birthday to the fun slice of Libra! Fun it is, too. It is fun, isn't it? So it hasn't been all fun and games, not lately, but if your birthday is this week? Think of a date with destiny. "You mean, like the hot (female) who works at the (affectionately referred to as 'gentlemen's club' when it's everything but)? I like here, she's smoking hot!" That's not what I mean, not at all. Unless, of course, that's one of your ultimate dreams, maybe you do have a shot with that girl named "Destiny," although, I'd bet, she'd spell her (stage) name something like "Destinee." Who knows. I was thinking of something a little different, on larger, more important scale. The problem being, I've got one rather adolescent Libra buddy, and anytime I start suggesting alternatives to love and so forth, his mind heads straight to the gutter. Thought he'd outgrow that. Guess not. This is about a wish, and wish fulfillment, a cosmic contract, and delivery of the cosmic goods. To further antagonize this problem, though, there's another piece of the puzzle, what you think you want, and what gets delivered because it's what's best for your Libra self? Might be different.

Scorpio: Let's start out with recitals. I love Scorpio. Love them, don't fear them, but I treat them all with a certain degree of respect. Wide range of respect. Rule One: never, ever cross a Scorpio. The consequences are terrible. Awful You will rue the day. Don't Cross a

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Scorpio. Ever. The problem being, as long as Mars is freaking out in Leo?

The problem is, my dear Scorpio friend, you're going to assume it was me or him, or her, who did you dirty. Me, or him, or her, we aren't the ones. What we have here is false evidence that appears real. You come after me, or him, or her? You're chasing the wrong person. "But I have a smoking gun, right here in my hands!" The Scorpio cries, "Proof!" No, what you have is a clever ruse, a typically Scorpio trick, someone has switched the evidence around. Looks like it was me, or him, or her, but it wasn't. Before you make false claims, before you get even with me, or him, or her, make sure you've got your hands on the correct culprit.

Sagittarius: I've addressed, I hope I've addressed, the serendipitous nature of academic exploration. It's not about going with a laser-like focus and hunting out one little fact, or even, just a factoid. Not big enough to be a single fact. No, that's not what this is about. It's about the way I was in a bookstore, looking for the latest fall release from a certain author. Didn't have it yet, but then, it's not due on shelves until early of October, I was just sort of hoping. Instead of that stupid "pre-order" price online, too. I wandered in and amongst the stacks of best-seller, thrillers, spy novels, how-to manuals, and the "idiots guide" series. I once mocked the "dummies" series, but then, they sold a lot more books than I did, maybe I should call my clients dummies. I 'm not about to. The symbols and portents for Sagittarius are simple. It's not about where you think you're heading; it's about where you wind up. Destination and eventual arrival at some place, different, but analogous, that's what this is about. It's not about what you think you're looking for it, it's about what you find as you go on that merry search. Let the magic work this week, let the accidental, seemingly accidental nature of discovery, let that happen.

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Capricorn: I was using 8-pound test mono, Spider-Wire-brand of fishing line. I had a number three hook with five-inch watermelon, salt-and-pepper colored jerk-bait. Low, slow, rolling cast, gentle plop in the water, and slow retrieve until, "Pow!" Big fish hits it. Not really a big fish, but as black bass go in that one lake, a decent fish. Small lake, medium-sized fish, to me. Fun, though, for sure. Hauled him in and got ready to just lift him into the boat, and the fish gave a mighty shake of his head, and right where that hook had been tied on? Fish broke the line. The first guess was he was more than 8 pounds, but that's not really true. While there are some big fish in there, no, he wasn't that big. Strong, for sure, and the side-to-side pressure of his head, he could easily generate more than the required energy to snap that line. Which he did. She did. Sure it was female. Big, old cow of a fish. Part of the reason I like using that strength of line is that this is a very rare experience. Right weight for some play, but light enough to finesse the bait and fish. A balance point. A balance point where I erred on the too-light side. You're faced with a similar situation. My first advice is 10-pound line. There is a warning with that, though, if I'd been using ten-pound line, I doubt the fish would've hit my bait. Balance is tricky for Capricorn.

Aquarius: Pre-dawn, no light. I was up early because it was marginally cooler at that hour, off to coffee shop for an expensive cup of breakfast. As I plodded through a well-worn neighborhood, two dogs started to follow me. One, I recognize from the wrong side of the fence, an old black lab with gray on his snout. He backs, in lazy fashion. The other was his running buddy, a pit-bull. They started to trot after me. I turned around and tried to scare hem off. They followed me like puppies. Or ex-girlfriends, just not giving up the scent. That pair of dogs, in the early morning stillness, I could hear them behind me. Got most of the way to my destination, and I was worried that a master would be missing a dog, or, in the day's later traffic, a possible

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accident. I crossed on street that will be busy, eventually, but at that hour was still deserted. I glanced back. The dogs were stopped. Sniffing. What had been a squirrel was more like a little hide and some dried blood, that caught their attention. I looked back a second time, and there was a light pole that required sniffing and then marking. I lost my wing men. Gratefully, I didn't want to think that they would follow me downtown and then get hauled off to the doggy lock-up. What averted the problem was canine equivalent of a bright, shiny object, something dead and a pole that needed marking. This is about distractions, and in this example, distractions are a good thing. "Wow, look at that...."

Pisces: Stop. Before we go any further, just stop. Breath. In with the good oxygen, out with the bad. There. Feel better? Sure. The symbolism, what I teased out of the planets, for Pisces, it's about a relationship. Primary, secondary, tertiary, one of them. Lover, wife, friend, significant other, insignificant other, the cat, the dog, I don't know, the bird? One of those. You're running into a fairly significant relationship where your "other," whatever, whomever, that is, you're hitting that person's wall. They have a wall up. Typically, this wouldn't be a Pisces problem at all, no wall will hold you back. This isn't typical. It's about working around, through, or over (under?) the problem. Still a problem, and it's not the Pisces. Only, in this configuration, it is a problem. My heartfelt suggestion? Stop. The other person (animal, vegetable, mineral?) has erected a barrier. Stop. Go do something else. I think I'll go fish for a little while, then we'll come back and revisit this hard and fast barrier that seems to be impenetrable. Even to a Pisces. Who knew, right? Let it alone, this week. Messing with it will only serve to irritate the other problem. Their problem. Not yours.

Aries: The abstract artist Donald Judd (Gemini) is centered in the "minimalists" grouping. A term that the artist detested, but then, most

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artists don't like being labelled. I'm familiar with Judd's work, mostly, from frequent stops at his installation in Marfa, TX. I was touring one of the sheds with all the aluminum boxes, and I was hit with a profound sadness. Emptiness, stillness, the light slanting in, reflecting off the burnished aluminum, vague hills to one side and the prairie with more of the boxes arrayed in some pattern, pouring out of the museum. Display. Installation. Not really sure what to call it. The only way I can see him as a "minimalist" is that he used a vast expanse of space and set small pieces in the larger canvas. Like a big frame but a small picture. That doesn't do the artist justice, though, because there's also the actual size of some of the concrete, outdoor boxes. Huge. Well, big. Sculpture, to me, on the size of a small trailer. Maybe even bigger than a trailer I lived in. This is about context. The Aries message, it's all about context. In the larger image, the big picture, what's the context? Is that really a minimalist? Then, too, I've had more than one traveling companion just not see what the big deal was with the boxes. Different art affects people, well, differently. That time with the sadness in wan light of a cloudy summer afternoon, then, later, a little research into the artist and how how never thought he was a minimalist. It's context. Have to look at the Aries issue, that issue, right now, in context.

Taurus: This starts out as a tough week, but the weekend, then the beginning of the next week, like next Monday? Each day, as the moon fills out, each breathing moment, life in Taurus land gets a little easier. The cause of your Taurus-vexation is the way this starts with the Jupiter-Mars flavor. Then it eases into lighter and lighter, but it does start with a heavy "kah-boom." There's a lingering sense that you have some unfinished business. I'd suggest that there's a bit of work leftover. I can't turn off my brain, not without access to certain pharmaceuticals. Which I don't have access to, therefore, no turning off the brain. Same for Taurus. Take notes. Take a laptop, memory

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stick, some kind of work should go home with you on Friday afternoon -- assuming -- unlike me -- you have basic "day job." M-F, 8-5, right? There's some extra work, do it now, and nip the big problem in the bud. A little extra effort before Monday? You'll thank me on Tuesday. Fishing example? I have two, nearly identical 7-foot spinning rods. One has a rubber worm. The other has noisy top-water lure. If one doesn't work? I have second one rigged and ready. Just switch poles. But I planned that set-up? This weekend.

Gemini: Time, tide, and travel changes a person. Changed me. My office used to be the back of a bass boat. These days, it's the lounge in a coffee shop. Or the "home office," which is wherever the computer I'm using happens to be. It's changed from a trailer in South Austin to whatever accommodations I can eke out. I'm good with that. I was watching the changes, catalog the best of times, and then the worst of times, and then I got stuck. I was spending so much time looking back over my shoulder I didn't notice where I was, now. All right, my fine little Gemini friend, friends, here's the deal, looking over your shoulder is a labor and time-intensive action. We don't have time for that type of thoughtful introspection. Not now. Mars will spur you on to higher highs, and if you're not watching where you're going, you'll also discover lower lows. This week, this week only, life is about forward movement. Ever watch Shark Week? Actually, I never have, but anyway, sharks always move or die. Think like shark this week. Always moving forward. Mars inspired.

Cancer: The comment that I've used often enough to make it a cliché? "Oh look, bright, shiny object!" It's a colloquial expression amongst my friends and clients, obviously refers to a "bright, shiny object." A distraction. An image, a picture, something on a website, anything in passing, can be a person, a place, frequently marketing material or, what's common for most of my male friends? A scantily clad female

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form. Or, even better, a female form that hints at scantily clad while revealing nothing. It's the distraction factor. The way something else, other than where our attention ought to be, it's the idea that something else catches our eye. Beguiles our attention. Jokes about 'attention deficit hyperactivity disorder' notwithstanding, it's that "Oh, look at that" factor. The secret, this is largely due to a stack of planets in Libra, but the secret for dealing with this fleeting ADHD behavior? Focus. One client showed up with a couple of rubber bands on his wrist. "I just snap one to remind me to stay focused." Why did he have a half-dozen? "Sometimes I forget." So if one reminder is good, then a half-dozen is better, I guess, I'm wondering, is that what the message should be? Better idea, little yellow sticky-note. Just plain piece of paper, anything. Simple lettering, note to the Cancer self, "Stay focused." Oh no, here it comes, "I couldn't decide, the green sticky note paper, or the purple one, which one looks better?"

Leo: Mars is marching through the sign of The Leo. Mars imbues you with a certain sense of energy. Mars is energy. The problem is Mars energy can quickly (and easily) become misdirected. I will be hated before this horoscope is over. Because I bear no ill will towards Leo, that hatred will quickly pass, and The Leo will realize *it wasn't my fault*. All I'm doing is calling this the way it is. You're going to get that white-hot, Leo hatred towards a person, place or thing. Could be as simple as a jerk in line in front of you. You get snarky and start making those "side of your mouth" comments about the jerk in line in front of you, and how they have more than ten items in the basket. You make the comments and then, when you get to the checker, she looks down and says, "12-pack. That's more than ten items. You'll have to move to another line." Before we go any further with this metaphor, stop. This wouldn't be happening if you'd kept quiet. You'll also realize, in this situation, this example, the problem isn't the jerk in line in front of you, the problem is the checker. The cashier. She wouldn't be

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a problem if you'd been quiet and waited patiently. Oh, that's right, Mars, you can't be patient. No leaping to conclusions about the first source of Leo ire. Might not be the real problem. Mars and martian energy is the issue. Use it for good, not for ill.

Virgo: This weeks starts, for you, as Mars (in Leo) squares Jupiter (in Taurus), and that Taurus is an Earth Sign, like (gentle) Virgo. What this amounts to, there's going to be, at the beginning of this horoscope, a tension that flies around the, a tension that encircles, a tension that seems to encompass, a tension that doesn't really belong in Virgo, but seems to inhabit nearby atmospheres. As a good Virgo, and since you're reading this, you're the best of the Virgo types, I'd strongly encourage you to figure out that the tension is not yours. It's around. Especially at the beginning, but the material seems to carry forward. It's close at hand, dude, I'm pointing to you, one of my good Virgo buddies, and it's not you. Close. Like the wife, the girlfriends, the boyfriends, the fishing buddy, something, someone, but not you. The bigger problem, as the week gets longer, and the moon gets fuller, the bigger problem is to not accept other peoples' burdens. Not this week. Their problems are their problems. You've got enough going on with your own, Virgo brian, you don't need any extra help.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 10.6.2011

by Kramer Wetzell

"'Tis on thing to be tempted...

Another thing to fall."

Shakespeare's [Measure for Measure](#) [II.i.20-1]

<blockquote>Venus moves into Scorpio.</blockquote>

Libra: Couple of very special Libra Birthdays this week, and a cosmic notice. The cosmic notice is from the annual "Saturn and the Sun" get-together. Happens next week. However, the notice goes out this week. It's like one of those postcards that announces you've got package in the mail, and it will be shipped to you soon. Time to start looking for it. This is less about a package and more about tightening up some of your communication skills. Unlike my own horoscope, which can be wordy, verbose, and meander at times, on occasion with no apparent direction, unlike me, the Libra words need to be carefully chosen. Fewer is better. Think about explaining everything in Haiku. That's a tightly controlled format. I'd use the sonnet form, the classical sonnet, not even the English Sonnet form, but that's me, and I'm not Libra. You are. Happy birthday, and think about more editing, less verbosity. Unlike me.

Scorpio: Full moon can be fun. However, I'd be remiss in my duties if I didn't make a suggestion, has something to do with the location of the other planets, and for that matter, the Sun, which isn't a planet at all, as it's really a star. Anyway, words aside, what this means? There's not only a number of planets in Libra, but there's special alignment with a message for Scorpio

As the Sun gets ready to align with Saturn, there's a hint about your future. There's some unbidden task that needs to be finished. Some job you haven't done. Some kind of errand, task, goal, perhaps no one knows it but your Scorpio self. Stop and plot. Plan. Delineate some

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action you can start on long before you get to Saturn, or rather, long before Saturn gets to your sign. You have an advanced indication of where this is going, in a year, two year from now. Stop, and make some long-range plans. Or better yet, loose ends untended to? Might want to start tending to them, now. You get a clear indication in the next couple of days. Week, ten days, soon. Maybe today. Hint.

Sagittarius: I don't live on the lake anymore. I can't walk out my back door and fish. Honestly, trailers like I had, there wasn't a back door, so much as a walk out the front door and go around the back, and then fish. It gets cold at night, temperature can easily drop for a couple of nights. Fish like that, my fish used to love it. Made them hungry, all over again. Fish are fattening up for the long winter. Couple of months, anyway. The right bait can turn on the fall fishing. The right bait can turn this into a fall fishing frenzy. The right bait. What would be the right bait? I'm figuring this is less a question of the right bait and more a question of what do you have to try? I'd start with a spinning lure, then try crank bait, then try some jerk bait, and sometimes, weird as it may seem, a top water might work. The image for this week isn't one bait that works, but trying a plethora of playthings to see what everyone wants to play with. What finally worked, at a secret place near my now? What finally caught fish? Rattle Trap. Odd. Might have to try three or four different approaches until you get one that works, and I don't care what you're fishing for.

Capricorn: In Medieval Alchemy, the search was for the "philosopher's stone," a mythical element that turned base metals into gold. Can't be done; modern science has proven that there is no transubstantiation of base metal into higher yield elements. Molecules, atoms, periodic table of the elements, can't get there, from here. Can't take lead and make it gold. Can paint it gold, can gold-plate it, can't change its internal structure. It's just not possible. That's what alchemy, the forerunner

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to modern chemistry, that's what it was all about astrology was tied to astronomy, up until about 500 years ago. Some of the early astronomers were also astrologers. Again, the two have been divided. Instead of being divided, let's work together. I'd suggest the symbols for this week are all about collusion, cohabitation, gentle coercion. Work to find the common ground. Look where you're similar, not different.

Aquarius: Diner I was in, a road trip, while back, there was sign. Get the image of the location, this isn't the Boulevard of Broken Dreams, which implies a late night diner in a major city. Quite the opposite, a busy place in a little town, close to noon. Diners like old-school "americana" would appear to be. Characters slink in, other local residents depart, the ebb and flow, an easy graciousness, inborn, innate, inbred. Chalkboard specials. One of the items listed was "Fruit of the Forest Pie." I'm not sure what "fruit of the forest" is, much less what kind of pie that would be. As we get closer to deer season, I keep thinking about deer pellet pie, a tourist special. As the place was a small town, but enough tourist traffic to warrant the division between the two, I wondered about the pie. I inquired about a number of menu choices, but I stayed away from the "fruit of the forest." Pine nuts? Acorns? I'm still curious, to this day, what "fruit of the forest" is, but I'm not going to ask. I still suspect a tourist joke. Mars is still opposite your sign. Ask questions? Maybe follow me on this, and just wonder, silently, what it was.

Pisces: The problem we discussed here, last week? I know, because I heard from her, she did the due diligence and tackled what she perceived was the problem. She hit it head-on, issue at work, confronted the boss, and, armed with documented proof, she handily defeated a mighty foe. Only, as it turns out, this wasn't the battle I was alluding to. Wasn't the big issue. That? It was a minor annoyance,

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in the big scheme of things, not really a big deal. It was a boss full of bluster (or largely organic male bovine byproduct), who backed down when faced with facts. I listen. The problem is a significant relationship. Turns out the issue wasn't the boss. With the meandering Saturn in Libra, the issue that tends to recur is "romance." On again, off again, that sort of stuff. I'd suggest, instead of turning a small miscommunication into a big conflagration? Give it a rest. It will blow over. Anyway, the other stuff with the boss? Worked well for Pisces, didn't it? Following my advice is always good.

Aries: A buddy had a video for me to watch. Wasn't on You Tube or anything, so he burned it onto a CD. "Here, ya'll like it, it's funny..." sure thing. I popped it into a computer and got the dreaded "you don't have the right software installed to view this video" message. I switched to an older laptop I have here. Didn't work on that one, either. I tried the latest computer I've got. Wouldn't work on that one. I returned it, unwatched. He popped it into his own machine, and said, "Here watch, I'll show you...." Guess what? Didn't work. Burned me a bad copy. Turns out I was fed bad data, the burned CD, from the get-go. Wasn't my fault. However, I did have to try it on all available hardware before I returned it. The trick was to not keep trying the bad CD/DVD on the same machine, over and over. You get fed some bad data this week. Don't keep hammering on it when you figure out it doesn't work.

Taurus: "If music is the food of love, play." I can't use that opening line again, but as I worked with influences and chart wheels, and looked again and again, I kept thinking that it was perfect. What play is that an opening line for? Never mind, not using it as a trivia question, too easy to get now. Wouldn't it be nice if I could combine music, food and love in a successful Taurus horoscope? I'd love that. You'd love it, too. Pick one of the three items in that list, though, one out of three. Food,

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Music, Love. Together, they all make for a very well-rounded experience. The deal, full moon this weekend and all, we can't get all three worked into the scope of this week. I'd like to, but I can't. Pick one. Pick two, can't hit all three, but if you make a checklist then have serious goal of just getting on item checked off the list, we're good. You might make it to two. Can't guarantee all three, but you never know. Might happen. Probably not, but you know the drill, I'm willing to be wrong. Venus is gearing up to make this a great month ahead. One. Maybe two. Possibly, depends on you, all three. One, for sure. Make a list.

Gemini: I needed a password to get on a buddy's website and do some work. I just had some silly stuff to straighten out for him, correct his code mistakes. Not a big deal. Be surprised at what happens without a closing expression in a string of simple mark-up commands. Causes end-user panic. In other words, I had to punctuate his stuff with the right commands. Not really hard-core coding, but close enough that we'll all call it a wash. The problem the fun part, that started with the login password. "Try...." then he rattled off various combinations of stuff, words that might have meaning to him, and then he allowed as it had to be a variation on theme. It was. However, as an archetypal Gemini, the login name was changed. While I had the right password on the first go, the login name he used was different. Neglected to remind me of that until an email cycled through. I figured it out, disaster averted, all is well in Gemini land again. There are two pieces to make this work. Two items that you need. One, obviously, is the right login, and the second one is the password. I'm not looking for your password. I'm not looking for your login. On my own sites, I can't see the other users' passwords. Better that way. There is a simple solution to the Gemini week, get all the data, first. Collect all the necessary information before you start. Otherwise, like me, you'll be stuck guess and typing in a probable combinations, trying to get caught up.

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Cancer: Stay focused. This gets easier when Venus slips into Scorpio. The lack of focus is from the Sun, Saturn and Mercury in Libra, which, in turn, sets up a tension in Cancer. Venus, too, but she moves kind of quick-like. So does Mercury, but over all, there's still a lingering sense of tension. The correct answer, the way to deal with that tension is with a single-minded sense of purpose. One goal at a time. One step, one project, or, better yet, one part of one project, or, even better than that? One part of one step one piece of the puzzle. It's like a half-assembled jigsaw puzzle on the table of the Cancer life. You got this one piece, and you're not sure where it goes. Don't set it down. Don't move on to another piece. Stop. Look. Recall that I suggested focus. Remember that I said one step, one part of one step, one little piece of the puzzle at a time. Got it? Focus on that one piece. If you get distracted, you're suddenly all over the place, and you wind up making a bigger mess than before. Focus. I know it's hard, but try to keep your attention on the single detail that needs your attention. Now.

Leo: "Empty the magazine, eject the empty magazine, slam another full one in its place, then ask questions." It was drill, from one of my buddies, and he wasn't sure I knew the answer. The shorter version? "Empty the magazine, then ask questions." While the second is more poetic, from safety stand point, the first is really the proper way to handle the situation. When presented with a issue that needs to be dealt with in such a manner? Shoot first, ask questions, like, a lot later. My tree-hugging, vegan friends in Austin recoil in horror at the thought of deadly force. Many of my friends in Austin have a physical allergy to firearms. I should be counted amongst those, but I've been around enough "manly" men to know the answer to the question, and that, my Leo friend, that's how the Leo, The Leo, should respond, all this week. Shoot first. Ask questions, maybe never. Not your job to ask questions. Shoot first, real or metaphorically, and then, reload. Then go

over and nudge the body. If this were TV? They might still be alive. Or they could be the undead, but we really have to wait a while for that.

Virgo: It is so not polite to laugh in the face of my paying clients. However, one brought an issue to me for an astrological counsel, and after listening to the issue, spinning a Virgo chart around, it was hard not to laugh in the person's face. I just asked the same questions back. I reiterated, paraphrased slightly, a modicum of condensing, to make the question palatable. In other words, I repeated what I heard. I was right, but when the other person heard what was said, that put it in a new light. There wasn't, really, a great deal of astrological consulting on my part. I had a birth chart in front of me, but all I did was repeat the questions back. In that context, hearing it from me that changed to whole message. "Wow. Sounds kind of silly now, doesn't it?" That was their question, not mine. I laid out the facts, and I provided a sounding board. Part of what I do. Before we complicate this week's message any further, no additions, no emendations, none of that, before we go any further, stop and ask yourself about the questions you have about this week. Sound it out. Think about that question. I'm always open for business, but some of this, if you think about it, some of this is pretty silly. Who ever said, "There are no stupid question"? They weren't listening to Virgo this week.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 10.13.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"For we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts or outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise."

Shakespeare's *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* [II.iii.27-9]

Libra: "There's a fine line between fishing and sitting there, looking stupid." That fine line, in my case, it's usual ten or 12-lbs. Mono. Monofilament fishing line. Fine line between fishing and sitting there, looking stupid? I've used a portion of this example before, a time when I was testing a fishing set-up, only to have the test apparatus, with no bait, catch a fish. Didn't look stupid then. However, as a Libra, you're sensitive to looking stupid. Let me help prevent that. Check the hook. Check to see that there is a hook. After one fight with a submerged obstacle, I found I was no longer fishing with a hook. Looked stupid. I'm trying to keep you from looking stupid on your birthday, around your birthday. There are some very simple checks, maybe just a handy list before you exit the house? Think about me with a hook, a bobber, and no bait. I looked stupid. Just check to make sure it's all there. In my case, there are some things that are missing, but we all knew that, going in.

Scorpio: Back glass of a pickup truck. Black truck, black, tinted windows. Cattle guard (brush bumper) on the front end. In pink, in highly ornate cursive printing, the largest of the message? "Two Cow Girls." Underneath that, in all lower case, in a much smaller type, "we get even." Statement of fact. Not a question. I never met the girls, didn't hang around, might not even have snapped an image. Just loved

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the idea. First off, think about the size of the truck itself. One those big mothers. Probably a diesel, but I didn't note that, not for sure.

Then the pink lettering, A frankly macho vehicle but a frankly unmanly set of letters. The message itself? Sweet, colorful, and fraught with meaning for Scorpio. "We get even." Here's a helpful hint: don't piss them off. Problem being, MArS, in Leo? You're prone to either want to piss them off, or try and get even when someone does piss you off. Neither is a good option, not now.

Sagittarius: I live in Texas. I'm native. So finding myself in an engrossing conversation about astronomical data with a former NASA employee wasn't so strange. NASA, in Houston? Funny part was, he really was a rocket scientist. It was rocket science. There's a certain degree of inevitable. There's a certain degree that it will happen, sooner or later. As a circumspect and casual Sagittarius myself, I just didn't bother to point out, like, 500 years ago, me and the rocket scientist were on the same side. There's a time to argue and advance our agenda, as a Sagittarius this wasn't a the time. No need to open that can of worms. Not the time to push my observations that astrology is a much older science than astrophysics; although, we belong in the same group. Not a time to advance any Sagittarius agenda. It was, it is, a good time to patiently listen. Which I did. Which, if your patient ears will attend....

Capricorn: I've lived most of my life in the American Southwest, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas. Because of distances, commercial air travel was a popular way to get around, for me. In the desert southwest, at sundown, the winds pick up. Strong, blustering gusts. Whether it's Albuquerque, Phoenix, or El Paso, landing in a commercial craft isn't scary, not for me, but I'm familiar with the great gusts that spring up and seem to carry the plane sideways for a few meters.

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Not really a big deal to a seasoned traveler like myself, but disconcerting to a more casual flyer, or a passenger not familiar with the desert southwest and its atmosphere. The planets are like that, a big gust that seems to lift and move your Capricorn self sideways. Not good, not bad, just different. Perhaps unsettling to some. For me? I just grab the stupid inflight catalog and leaf through that. Or read a book. Commercial air travel is a lot safer than riding with one of friends in a car. That's for sure. Maybe a little sideways gust that seems to knock Capricorn off course, but not really, it's just a temporary atmospheric disturbance.

Aquarius: I was getting on an airplane, and the flight attend took one look at me, "Cody!" I have no idea who "Cody!" is. I had no idea, until she hastily explained that I looked like some kind of reality TV star. Which I'm not. I got less than two minutes of TV time. National, but only two minutes. Less, more like forty seconds. But I'm not "Cody!" Nor, another favorite call, "Ted Nugent," or, on one occasion, "I thought you were the Nuge." That was weird. Mistakes and how we roll with them. What this is really all about. How our extra-fine Aquarius selves choose to deal with the little exigencies that pop up in the full moon like time. "Cody!" No, Kramer, with a K. Please. Thankyouverymuch. Aquarius, how are you going to react when someone squeals and calls you "Cody!"

Pisces: I started a web journal years ago. In that way, I can claim to be one of the first wave of bloggers, but sadly, that's not memorable title. Then, too, I never made it big with that type of ongoing conversation, the blog. I tend to regard it as experimental. Draft copies of stores, bits of books, pieces of rendered memories, just a place to drop material. Sometimes a place to test the stuff. Which is what this full moon, upcoming, is all about. Testing. Exploring. Giving it a shot. Run it up the old flagpole and see if anyone salutes. Test the

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idea. What I do with a blog is test material See if it works. First draft, in effect. This week, this weekend, it's about a first draft of something. First crack at some kind of Pisces message. It's an important message, you want to get it across to the largest number of people, the greatest audience possible, So do it as a draft, for now. Test it. However, like my blog, which is strictly for my own entertainment, you've got to remember that some people might not "get" it. That's okay, too.

Aries: Young woman walked by. She had on green and black, horizontal striped leggings; white sweatshirt; furry boots; leg warmers (or socks); Elvis-styled sunglasses; and who knows what all else. I lost the ability to pay attention. It's a look that only young people can properly carry. She was young enough, that fresh-face blossom of youth, and she moved with the airy self-confidence that only youth can have. At first, I thought it was an early Halloween thing. No, just several disparate pieces of clothing, and if I'd worn it? I'd be judged more whacked than I already am. Before you walk out the house, before you do anything like that. Consider this: are you young enough to effectively pull off that outfit? I've found that anything more than a Hawaiian shirt and shorts and sandals, I look like a strange person. In my traditional attire, though, I just look like a tourist. Safer. Stick with your traditional attire. Don't try to be too flashy. Too much flesh, nothing like that. The young and very beautiful can wear something like that and not look like an early Halloween costume. The rest of us Aries? Maybe not this week.

Taurus: I started to carry a camera, a cheap digital image capture device, about a decade back. Since then, I've watched as hardware and resolution has waxed and waned. Oddly enough, with no real discernible focal length, some of my best images have come from relatively low-yield cell phone cameras. Why are they called cell phones, still? Like

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the photography I'm engaged in, it's all digital now. Always was, for me. The problem in Taurus is that my cheap cameras, got so the cheap cameras aren't missed if they go overboard, they don't have the ability to do the up-close focus, or the thing where the background is out-of-focus and the object in the center is crystal-clear. However, unlike my cheap cameras, and this isn't a time for a Taurus to cheap out, unlike those cameras, Taurus has an ability to focus. Focus to the exclusion of extraneous sounds and distractions. Focus with laser-like clarity on the one goal that is most important. Work goal. I hope it's a work goal. It is important. Crystal-clear, laser-like attention to one goal. A single item. Just one. No more. One.

Gemini: I toyed with your *Gemini* chart. I came up with a single expression for this week: intellectual comfort food. I was thinking about comfort food, but not really food. Not a comestible, meal-type of comfort food. I was thinking of intellectual candy for the *Gemini* mind. For me, this is a murder-mystery, an action-packed crime-thriller. A Clancy kind of novel. Fun. Frivolous. The trick is that the "intellectual comfort food" has to be mentally stimulating and engaging for the *Gemini* mindset. Needs to have some kind of nutritional value, in some capacity. The quickest, handiest example would be Florida Author, Carl Hiaasen (*Pisces*). Fun, frivolous and yet, there's always a bit of message in his work. In the same vein, there's always Tim Dorsey, which might be more to the *Gemini* liking. Dorsey (*Aquarius*) always layers in some trivial historical material that is utterly fascinating. These are just a couple of examples, and these are drawn from own tastes. You're a *Gemini*; your taste might be different, but the thematic element is the same, "intellectual comfort food."

Cancer: I donated a bag of unused books to the local library. There was a couple of pop-psychology texts, a pair of decades-old reference manuals that were no longer viable, and assorted other material.

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Nothing too heavy. A science fiction book I read years ago, and I can now admit, I'll never want to read it again. Just pruning away at the library I have. Not really material that is important, and not really material that I'll be interested in the future. Collect the donation slip for taxes. However, as the texts were spread out on the counter at the library, right before I bid a fond farewell to the books, I had seller's remorse. A quick, fleeting thought that I might want to hold onto one or more the books. If so? I can just buy them back from the library's sale rack. Probably priced at 99 cents. Again, this is about letting go of an item, an object, a thing, feeling, or even a belief, something. Let it go. There's always recourse. Mars in Leo, let it go, Cancer. Let it go.

Leo: In the nomenclature of an international brand, the term "vente" means "extra-large," while its original meaning is derived from Italian for "20." Trivial point 1. The average cup of coffee has 120 milligrams of caffeine. That one brand, though, usually packs over 200 in a cup of coffee. Trivial point 2. A "vente" cup of coffee should, do the math, pack 2.5 times as much caffeine as a regular (8 oz.) cup. Trivial point 3. Mars is in Leo. Mars is like a big cup of coffee, now. A big cup of coffee with approximately 2 or 3 times as much caffeine as a regular cup of coffee. That means more energy; however, you're around people who appear to be slugs. While the noble slug can get ahead, its pace is, well, like a snail. Maybe a little faster than a snail, it's like a truck not pulling a trailer, a little lighter, but not by much. Still slow. That's the problem, you're like, you just downed one of those cups of coffee that packs 2 or 3 times as much active ingredient as a regular cup of coffee. With good coffee comes great power. Use that power wisely. Might want to slow down on the coffee -- or other stimulant -- intake. I'm just saying.

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Virgo: October's cloudy dawn, not really heavy clouds, just puffy clouds that would later be white balls of fluff? I thought about fishing. I looked out a waiting room window and, across the street, the bar/club had its name, then flanking the name, on one side, there was a double Mars symbol, to me. Two male symbols. On the other side of the sign, two female symbols. I asked the nurse if the food was any good, across, the street. Taco stand, next to the club. Yes, but apparently, a spot down the street? Even better. I've waited in pre-dawn twilight for that lab to open. I've looked at the club, and I've wondered. Wasn't until this last time, though, it dawned on me, it probably wasn't astrology symbolism -- it's a gay club. Never crossed my mind before. I wondered if I could ply my astrological lore in a place that sported obvious symbols from the top of their awning. Never crossed my mind otherwise. This isn't about gay/straight. This isn't about good breakfast tacos. This is about perceptions, missed, unobserved, or just misplaced. Like me, I think you're missing an obvious clue.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 10.20.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended."

Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* [V.i.113-4]

A very appropriate sentiment, on the eve of Scorpio.

Libra: There are a few birthdays left in Libra but soon, very soon, the Sun rolls on into Scorpio. For the remaining Libra (Sun Sign) people, Happy Birthday! As the beginning of Scorpio slowly and surely rolls our way, what are we to infer from the planets? There is a new, leaner, more austere Libra starting to emerge. Like a Cicada, shedding its skin, or the butterfly, emerging from its chrysalis, the planets suggest you shed your skin. At least one Libra, a fan of horror/slasher films, that one Libra will come up with a celluloid exposition, and that might work, too. Personally, I'm not a fan of slasher films. Gore isn't my thing. Can't say I know a lot about the genre, either. There is an ex-wife it reminds me of, but that's normal, now. I was thinking about the local Cicada rather than the butterfly. On the rough bark of a tree, as the first of the fall leaves flutter down, there's a reminder about where we've been. That shell, that husk, that former Libra life? You're leaving it behind. Don't forget where you've been, though. Belated happy birthday to that one. Offer is still open.

Scorpio: The first time I encountered the "fried green beans," I was in El Paso, TX. I figured it was a typical, time-warp, anomaly. El Paso does that, and having it as a whistle stop for many years, I got used to the idea that it was weird, in ways we can't fathom. However, up the road,

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in New Mexico, in a fancy-pants place, I ran into the fried green beans again. That whole "Santa Fe" cuisine thing? Yeah.

The first time I encountered those fried green beans, I was amused and frankly enthused. The second time, the trips were so far apart, I was equally amused and enthused. The third time, I kept recalling that I wanted to make note of the unusual food group. Like deep-fried green beans. As the first of the Scorpio birthdays begin this week, as the show in Scorpio gets underway, you keep discovering a new item that really isn't new. A familiar oddity that isn't really odd. Fried Green Beans. Taos and El Paso, along that New Mexico Line. It's really all just a side-dish, too.

Sagittarius: I'm starting the "Tortilla Chip Oracle." I'm not exactly sure how I'll work it, I've tried several variation on the theme. The first is reading the chips as they arrive at a table. A secondary version, halfway through the complimentary basket of chips, stop and assess the question, what the oracle is attempting to convey. Look for patterns in the chips, the dust and crinkled pieces lying on the bottom. Seek out the patterns in the chips. There's a third and fourth version, all depends. We're Sagittarius, a lot of what we see, think, feel, do, a lot of that "all depends." Which is why, I think, buy me a meal at a TexMex place and I'll do the Tortilla Chip Reading. Tea leaves and later, coffee grounds were common divinatory practices. I'm thinking the Tortilla Chip Oracle? Its time has come. It's a matter of looking at extant patterns and seeing the logical conclusion. Done while gazing at tortilla chips, or tortilla chip dust. I did this with a bag of cheese puffs one time. Not nearly as accurate as the tortilla chips.

Capricorn: "Mi Tierra" is a frequently referenced TexMex restaurant of some note. It's just west of the tourist section of San Antonio. The place advertises, "We never close." Neon, over the front door. They

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don't ever close. Open 24 hours a day, all the days in a year, all day, all night, and all the next day. I have several anecdotes about the place. In one of the "formal" dining area, there's a cardboard cutout of Clinton. President Clinton. Now former President Clinton. In the other corner, same dining area, the late Tejano star, Selena. Both are highly venerated in the local pantheon of deities. Both hold places of honor. Selena is considered a little more important than the president, but not by much. After all, she was an artist and cross-over Tejano star, and not just a great Democrat or President. Point of reference. Place where the decision is being made. Think about that. It's not about what you see, or what I say, it's about where you are when you make the decision. What's most important to you? What's most important where you're at?

Aquarius: "How can we work things out?" I understand it might be difficult for me to sum up a whole week's worth of astrological data in a single sentence, or, in this case in a single question, but I've done it. I wish I could do this more often. A simple, single sentence to wrap an idea, a totally unifying concept, a way to pull it all together in a single gesture. Simply put, the question, as an Aquarius with Mars cooking along on the opposite side, the way to confront the obstacles and mostly ignorant people? "How can we work this out?" That simple question, it's about compromise and suggestions that lead to healing and wellness, a way to get from here to there. A way to make it better. Between Mars and the subtle influence of Neptune, you're going to be confronted with one of those situations that could get very ugly, really quickly. Instead, think about that question. Think about asking, "How can we work this out?"

Pisces: The way I heard it, there are two versions of this axiom. "Money can't buy me love." The musical reference. The more traditional, "Money can't buy happiness," that one works well, too.

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However, I've got several smart clients with quick verbal ripostes for those axioms. "Can't buy love, but in the right place? You can rent it for a little while." The other tasty retort? "What do you mean, 'money can't buy love?' You're just not shopping in the right store." Does engender the question, though, what are you seriously seeking, and what are you willing to trade for that? Will money buy Pisces love? I've got on Pisces client, her words -- NOT MY WORDS -- "Pisces are just whores with a heart of gold." I believe that was a suggestion that some trade secrets aren't secret. I'm not sure. This is about commerce. This isn't about sex. This about happiness and love, in the Pisces world. This isn't about sex. This is about what brings joy into your heart. Not about sex. The question is, "Can you buy love (happiness, &c.)?" The next question, would you purchase love, if it was for sale? How much would you be willing to pay? I'm of the camp that the best things in life are free, or nearly free.

Aries: Which tragic Rock Star are you? Pause, think, which one do you want to be? In some cases, I'm not saying for sure, but there are few current performers who are still walking around, performing, rocking out, and not dead yet. Should be but they ain't. Go figure. Don't look too good these days. Look in the older pictures, and the old rock stars, they look good, but now? Stop. This isn't about live rock stars that might be zombies, walking amongst us, this is about dead ones. They don't have to be a rock star, but that was the easiest one I could conjure up, as a frame of reference. Dead or alive, doesn't matter. They all seems to be the walking dead. (Fancy pants literary allusion for \$25?) So here's the deal. This next couple of days, figure out who your totemic "dead rock star" personality should be. Like one of those games, "Which tragic dead rock star are you?"

Taurus: I was feeding a girlfriend's grand-daughter. Do the math, or not. It was okay. The baby was about a year old, and I love this child.

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Dinner that night was pasta shells and green beans in a little baby food TV-dinner tray. Zap in the microwave, peel and eat. Or peel and feed. This kid, the granddaughter, she's rather enthusiastic about food. It's a Taurus thing, no? So the green beans, I'd load them onto the little baby spoon, and she would gleefully chew for a while, then she'd reach up and take the green bean out of her mouth. I moved to the meat, or ravioli, or whatever it was, portion of the meal, she'd chew and swallow. I snuck another green bean in, she would chew, then just reach up with her baby fist and pull it out. I love this child. Barely a year old, and she already hates her vegetables. Took me years to get to where I hated them, then liked them. These days, I rather enjoy the veggies. That's now. Instead of forcing that child, she's barely a year now, to eat something she clearly finds disagreeable, I just quit trying to feed her the green beans. I love that kid. The obvious message for Taurus? If you don't like it, then don't swallow. Better yet, if you think you won't like in the first place? Don't bother sticking it in your mouth. Extrapolate as need be to allow for the conditions. All that Scorpio stuff starting, you know, new moon on the horizon and all? Skip the stuff you don't like.

Gemini: There's kind of a punch and I tried to warn you about this, get your head on straight, well, as straight as any Gemini can have their head on, and I pushing you in a certain direction, it's all about work, see, and I need you to pay attention now, because this is where the rubber meets the road, or whatever your favorite expression might be but you've got to get with the plan, or get with the program, or do something, whatever that thing is that you need to get with, or start, or do, and I'd like to make sure you realize, my extra-fine little Gemini friend, that this is all about the career sector of the mundane astrology chart I use for determining what your week will look like since that's what we're here for, even though, in my case, I'm pretty sure I'm not all here, but that makes it perfect to ensure that you get

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the message about starting, or stopping, that one thing that you've been doing that so many people find annoying. Like trying to get the whole scope out in one breath. Almost made it.

Cancer: There's an old-school garage, around the corner from me. Old-school, as in lifts, tin roof, older guys working there, and, from the apparent era of the cars for sale, they know what they're doing. In the garage. Every other week, there's a vintage classic, late 60s, early 70s era machines, freshened up, looks good, to me, looks tempting. I was watching as I walked past, one morning, last week, as they were sweeping the place. With compressed air. Blows out the dirt, dust, leaves, and various bits of trash that accumulated in the work space. Hold that image. It's been many long years since I've used compressed air as a broom, but yes, it was the fastest way clean the place out. As we get into the beginning of the next week, maybe over the weekend, sometime, think about that image. Compressed air, hose, just blasting away at the dirt, sweeping with a high-powered stream of compressed atmosphere. Sweep it out of the way. Blast it out of the way. Maybe not the first choice, but a good choice, as good a choice as any, for the late fall, pre-winter clean-up.

Leo: You have a choice, this can be easy or this can be difficult. What do you want it to be? You have a choice, Leo dear, this can be rather easy, or you can make this into a difficult proposition, which way do you want this to go? You choose. Easy, hard. Difficult or not. Your choice. I'm not making the decision for you. As the Fishing Guide to the Stars, and a fan of all things Leo, you know I want what is best. You decide. Not me. I'm not taking the heat for your decision. I'm not saying this or that. You decide. Hard or easy? Difficult or not. Your choice. Mars hearts it up Mars gibes you energy. How you expend your energy, that's up to you. Easy or hard. Wise or unwise. All up to you Leo

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dearest. All up to you. Choice. It's all your choice this time. (Hint: I'd go for the easy way, but that's just me.)

Virgo: I know several "Fang Sway" consultants. While I can't necessarily recommend one in your town, I know at least one who can do stuff over the inter-nets. That's not what this is about. What this is about is finding a suitable work-around. I got stuck thinking about the Fang-Sway and looking for a suitable way for Virgo to get through this, and I kept coming back to compromise. How to use this wisely and get through what's in front of you? There's got to be a way. One of the principles of the Fang Sway, as I understand it, when an undesirable obstacle, like a bathroom in the wealth sector, is in the way, there's system to put up trinkets and markers, mirrors and such, to change the energy. Which is how all the furniture in the office came to be stuffed in one corner of the building. That was then. Never mind. To get through this week, think in terms of a suitable "work-around" for your Virgo self. Think in terms of not trying to modify something that doesn't want to be changed. Work around it. Put up one of them what are they called, Ben-Wa things? Or five hollow rods with a bell. I don't know, Fang Sway isn't my deal. It's about finding a suitable route around the obstacle instead of trying to go through it. Find that little decorative item that helps the energy flow around instead of trying to force your way through it.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 10.27.2011

by Kramer Wetzell

"What our contempts do often hurl from us

We wish it ours again."

Shakespeare's *Antony & Cleopatra* [I.ii.107-8]

Scorpio: Happy Birthday and Happy Halloween! Could we pick a better holiday celebration for Scorpio? Put on a mask and act out your favorite fantasies? Does it get any better than this? Here's the better news: Yes, it does get better than this! Here's the problem: the planets. Here's the good news: the planets. Wait, they are both problems and solutions? Yes! Lots of weird stuff is going on and the big holiday falls on a rather unfortunate astrological time, a ark moon. Not all bad, just not the best of times. As such, the clear choice is to pull on a very Scorpio mask, and then hide in plain sight. Put on your best Scorpio image, then decide where you want to be, out where we can all see you, or, at least, we can all see the mask. That's what you want us to see, right? Right. In case you didn't know. Perfect holiday for the best of the Fixed Water Signs: Scorpio. Happy birthday! Happy Halloween, happy All Saints' Day, happy Day of the Dead, think we got it all?

Sagittarius: Normally, this is a dark time for Sagittarius. Look around is anything normal now? That's the fun part of this, and now for the warning, until we get through Halloween, there's going to be a dark cloud over your Sagittarius head. Our Sagittarius selves.

The good news is that after Halloween? Venus and Mercury slip into Sagittarius and that lightens our load. We're not as worked up. We're not as frantic. We're not as freaked out. The dark clouds lift. I'm less inclined to think that the clouds lift so much as there's the dawn's

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early light, the rosy fingers of the sunrise, just starting to streak the early morning sky. What in the world was I doing up at that hour, anyway? That's part of the next week or two, as we get geared up for our birthdays. But slow, we aren't here yet, and that little cloud is still on top of our heads just yet.

Capricorn: There are two texts over my desk. Frequent texts for reference when I'm stuck with a thorny problem, like Capricorn. One is Lao Tsu's *Tao Te Ching*, and the other is T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land (and other poems)*. Two very different schools of thought there. I'd prefer to use Tao, but I think Eliot's *Waste Land* gets quoted more often by the Capricorn. Or that's the poem I'd use, to describe. However, there's a message in between the two. Somewhere between dour and the Dao, there's a possibility. I don't really find this time to be too bad for Capricorn. There's a glimmer of hope. This weekend, holiday and all, but this weekend, there's the barest sliver of a New Moon. Lines up with your Capricorn self. There's a little bit of hope. One of the important messages of the Tao is how to not go against the flow of the events, settings, landscape. As an astrologer, I like that advice. I'd also like to suggest that getting into the flow is much better way than sitting outside and complaining. Get engaged into the process, and the problems is less of a problem and more about getting from here to there. Which is what this is really about. That, and lots of Halloween candy.

Aquarius: One of the technology problems I've encountered is that there is sometimes too many ways to do a given task. I can use my phone, I can use an iPad, a small notebook computer, or a big desktop machine, all get to the same point. I have found that writing long pieces on the phone doesn't work well, although I have at least one book chapter that was written on the phone. More because it was the only electronic text tool I had at had at the very moment when the muse

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demanded dictation. This convergence is problematic as I was trying to pare down for a quick trip. I spent way too much time thinking about what gadgets needed to go with me. I spent way too much time balancing a notebook computer against a sub-notebook, while eyeing a phone. The phone has a camera and the notebook has a camera, do I need to take another digital image recording device as well? An old shoulder bag that I've got, it was quite voluminous, and allowed for a week's worth of clothing in addition to the usual hardware. What I decided for that last trip, was to just through everything in the bag. Better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it? Now I walk with a limp in one direction from the weight of that shoulder bag, but who cares? Convergence, this can be technology, or it could be in another area, but unlike me, you need to shed a few items. Phone. Want that. It takes pictures too, and can email. What else do you need?

Pisces: Two, maybe three blog motors back, I discovered that I could schedule entries. When I first started writing on the web pages, there was but one way, type it out then upload it, by hand. Not quite manual, but the functional, virtual equivalent of "by hand." Gave me the tag line, "Bespoke Horoscopes." Always liked that. Micro-brew scopes, handcrafted. So I don't do much by hand anymore, most of it is like sausage, you really don't want to know what it is, or how it works, just that, by the time it makes it out to you, it tastes good, correct? Right. So that first "scheduling" discovery was a miracle. As a Pisces, you've got a new-found scheduling power. Use it; use it wisely. I can count about four different events that need to be spread out. Can't do them all in one night. Schedule it out. One each night. Spread out the impact of what you're doing, over time. No rush. Don't hurry or get in a panic; spread this out over the next few days. Much easier.

Aries: Last week, we played a game. I asked a question. Wonder why I asked, "Which tragic dead rock star are you?" Part of that just plays

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into the Halloween motif, but then, part of that also plays into the whole "Scorpio" thing going on. It's the Scorpio time of the year. Sneaky little sign, them Scorpio's. Part of the reason they look at dead rock stars is to understand what the fallacies are there, and to learn from the dead rock stars mistakes. Like don't consume certain substances in deadly quantities, or don't drink to impairment and drive a motorcycle. That kind of lesson. But part of this overly obsessive trait with the dead? Has to do with it being Scorpio time, and the average, well, you're reading this, you're above average, Aries doesn't always et along with the sneaky Scorpio stuff. If I can get you looking at a particular image, a song, a group, what group, after the death of the lead star, wasn't any good anymore? Anyway, if I can distract you with the Dead Rock Star game, you won't notice that there's a Scorpio sneaking around behind your back. Leave the Scorpio alone, just for now. So what dead rock star do you think you resemble?

Taurus: With most of my Taurus friends, I have no trouble whatsoever with the "long view" scenario. I have no difficulty explaining how patience is a useful trait under this current arrangement. I'm going to have trouble now, though, and I can see that. There's a couple of pieces on the game board of the Taurus life that need to be set into motion. Pieces you have to play. Chips to cash in, roles to be undertaken, orders to be filled. Something, or, better yet, lots of something. Retrograde Jupiter triggered the New Scorpio Moon, on the opposite side. Now, the trick is, put as many pieces into play. Get the stuff out on the game board of life. I watched, in one casino as a guy put piles and piles of chips around on the roulette felt. The ball would drop One of his stacks of chips would pay off, something like 35 to one. He had another 20 stacks of chips, elsewhere. Net loss and gross gain? Still ahead. As a Taurus, take a gamble, take a wager, or, if you're like me, and not a betting man, just push the chess piece out on

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the board. A calculated risk pays well. You just have to advance the piece on the game.

Gemini: Perfunctory preparation. Go through the steps of getting prepared. Locally, we have heavy weather kits. Batteries, a flashlight, bottled water, granola bars, duck tape, and my personal favorite, the Slim Jim beef-like stick of greasy meat-like product in a tube with tons of preservatives and salts. Ever notice that there is no expiration date on those? None. Last forever. Nuclear holocaust, there will still be Slim Jim beef sticks, now in a variety of flavors, safe to eat, hundreds of years later. This isn't about Slim Jim look-like beef sticks, or even hurricane kits, unless you live along the Gulf Coast. This is about going through the motions to be prepared for next year. Rotate that stuff in and out of the box. Give it away, recycles, exchange for new. If you think this is just about a box of survival goods in the back of your closet, we're all in trouble. This is about renewing and reviewing. Go through the material, look, very few people I know really have a hurricane supply of anything. But think about making perfunctory preparations.

Cancer: There was, to me, a frankly silly sound. A girl looked down at her phone and smiled. She set the phone back down. Happened a second time. Silly sound, she looked at the phone, I'm guessing, from the shape of the handset, it was a smart phone, and whatever the message was, it made her smile. That much is fact, observed. Silly sound, picks up the handset, smiles. Unknown, but clear to be a safe deduction is the smart phone and the sound being a message notify noise. The contents of the message? Who it was from, what it meant, what it was all about? That's guesswork, but I'm good at this part of the game, it was from boyfriend (or lover), and the text messages were the little "I miss you," and "I'll see you tonight" kind of notes. Short, simple, like little tweets. Brings a smile, and the silly notify noise? I'm sure that

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was a custom ringtone assigned to just one account's messages. If it were me, I'd do it that way. He phone chimed again, this time, different noise, she glanced down and frowned. What is fact, what is fiction and what the combination of the two? I took pains to point out where I departed from observed fact. Can you, as a Moon Child influenced person, can you make sure you point what's fact, this week, what's clearly a deduction, and what's all fiction?

Leo: There's a cut from a Crystal Method track, "Don't blame the drugs in your bloodstream..." (Divided by the Night) which I'm sure is a sample of a sample. I was approaching the post office, and I was ambling at my usual afternoon gait. A, not unattractive, woman got out of car and loaded up an arm's worth of packages, probably to mail. I stepped up my pace and opened the door for her. She gushed something enthusiastically. I held the door long enough for her to get through, then I rushed over to open the door to the office, while she kept rattling off some kind of, "thanks." There's a very bifurcated set of symbols here. This could be about the death of common decency, like just holding the door open for someone who is laden with packages. Could be that. There's the other part, too, where I couldn't make out a single thing she said. Earbuds. Music blasting. Wasn't that loud, but I couldn't hear a single thing she said. Death of common decency, like, when someone refuses to remove earbuds and therefore, can't hear a single word being said? As long as the Sun is in Scorpio, which it is, there's going to be an issue just like this. How it plays out is up to you. I just hope someone is nice enough to hold the door open for you, and even though, he can't hear a thing you say, don't forget to thank him. It's only common decency.

Virgo: Not so strange, I was the only Anglo at breakfast. At a large table near me, must've been a weekend, there was a whole family. All female, all brown hair and brown eyes, burnished skin. Out of the whole

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table, maybe close to a dozen, there was one male. Male child. Little boy, between, I'd guess, six and ten years old. He had a demonic, possessed look. Blue contacts. I'll have to assume that they were blue contacts, but I didn't ask. I don't know for sure. This observation, in his sea of women, he was the darling prince. I'd guess spoiled. If it were me, I'd opt for the natural eye color. I find the brown eyes, the brown hair, the flaxen, flowing locks, the sweet sashay, the ruffle of the peasant skirt, I like that much more than an artificial look. Could be me. We always want what we don't have, correct? As a Virgo, this next couple of days, think about what you don't have, and then, maybe, think about how you don't need what you don't have.

Libra: Actual conversation? "He's gone now, you can use the front door again." For real. Overheard. Although, in some situations, I'm sure, the imagination can easily stretch to the point to see how that might be a comment made about me. To me, really. Not much of a stretch. In my younger years, to be sure. The host of planets are ahead of you in Scorpio and even then, leaving soon, so it makes it easier for the Libra slice of life to get around. There's been a serious sense of urgency and caution, both, at the same time. That's gone now. It's not as bad as it was. Saturn is still doing the slow roast in your sign, but that just means that the usually tender Libra will wind up like a piece of tough beef jerky. Not all bad, just the need to move in a cautious manner is leaving. No doubt you'll hear something like that comment, yourself. "It's okay to use the front door now, Libra, he's gone."

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 11.3.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"There is no virtue like necessity."

Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of King Richard the Second* [I.ii. 282]

Scorpio: There's a very uneven quality to the way this next couple of days flow. Or don't flow. At the crest, you will be exhilarated, enthused, and flush with that first blush of Scorpio victory! The high has a concomitant low. Up one minute then down the next. The moon is getting full, and that will, ultimately be compounded with Jupiter and the "Jupiter effect," which I've written about in the past. You know, that's the up and down, good, better, great, awful, then good, all over again. Emotional roller coaster. If you learn this in a timely fashion, like, early on, you realize that this is what's going on. Get a grasp on that. Good, better, great, totally awesome and then, awful, terrible, no hope in sight, then wait, it's good. Feel like a Gemini, huh. What to do? Understand that the good news and bad information washes over you like a big wave breaking across the bow of the good ship Scorpio. Won't sink you and there's a promise that the next run-up the slope of Scorpio promises to be better than it was. Happy Birthday!

Sagittarius: A typical Sagittarius comment, a succinct way to sum up the energy in the noble archer? Premature. The exact meaning and the emotive baggage is even worse with that single word. Doesn't mean what you think. Or maybe it does mean what you think. What are you thinking it means? Yeah, I thought so, too. An errant but not errant Mercury combined with Venus and a Full Moon...

The present energy is one that we, as Sagittarius, we would be inclined to try and finish other peoples' sentences. Stop that. We ready to go

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when every one else just got here. We're moving onto the next big thing while folks are just digesting what's right here, right now. The planets are pushing us to new levels, that's good, Venus, especially, in my mind, she's a strong influence. That's good. However, there are times, and this would be one of them, there are times when we should reel it in a little. Slow it down. No, don't slow it down, just cut back on the exuberance. No, don't cut back on, just temper the way we display our excitement. Yee-something-haw!

Capricorn: It's been many years since I've done any kind of mechanical work. I lack current skills. I lack current tools, and I certainly lack a desire to work on greasy, motor things. However, as a leftover tool, one of the items I've long held onto was a BMW (motorcycle) tool kit screwdriver. Perhaps one of the most functional of all the multi-purpose tools I've ever seen, Leatherman, et al notwithstanding. The screwdriver is apparently German (West German) hardened rust-resistant steel, just a shank in plastic sleeve of a handle. Still one of the most useful screwdrivers I've ever used. It's the right size, with a Phillips head on one end and a flat head on the other, and that good, German steel, with the tips, it's a reversible-style, with each tip hardened. That Phillips head has opened and operated on several computer cases, a long way distant from its origins as a roadside emergency tool. Usually, one size does not fit all. Usually, one is not enough to cover everything. In this simple example, one is enough. Use that tool correctly, and it can fix anything. For a Capricorn, I hope the allusion is obvious.

Aquarius: "It was 'bacon jam,' no seriously, really good stuff!" Aquarius buddy, waxing rhapsodic about a recent food find. "Think about it, you know, bacon and pancakes with maple syrup? A little syrup touches the bacon? Think how good that would be!" I'm white, or a certain age, and I should pay closer attention to anything with cholesterol in it, like

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bacon. Sweets, doesn't matter what kind, but sugars, too, another target to reduce. Health concerns. So 'bacon jam,' that has two items that we should stay away from sugar and bacon, right? What are items that would surprise us if they went together and yet, like my friend pointed out, are surprisingly good together? Bacon jam. Mars isn't out of Leo yet, almost, but not quite. Things that don't belong together and yet, not so odd, provide us with comfort on one level? Find some kind of item doesn't have to be bacon jam, but find something that does work well to scratch that itch. We can worry about health concerns, next week.

Pisces: We live in world where the idea seems to be to complicate a situation, the more complex the better it is. In software terms, it's "bloat." Perhaps this terms works elsewhere, too. The idea that the best solution is needlessly complicated is untrue. Especially now, and especially for Pisces. Less complicated, less problematic. The more pieces and parts that introduced, the more points where failure can occur. In the simplest of terms, with some of the fishing I do, instead of a fishing reel with a line attached, and then, at the end of that, a swivel with another piece of leader, then weights, hooks, leaders, floats, sinkers, everything, instead of all that? A simple wide-gap, worm hook. Simple. Easy. No complicated rigs tied on the end. Gear heads don't like this. Gear heads thrive on complexity and arcane choices. Fish thrive on being set free, usually by arcane and complex gear choices. More complexity means more likelihood of a problem, and more problems mean equipment failure. This week, as the stuff unfolds and the moon gets full? Less. Less complexity. Do like I do: tie the hook on the end of the fishing line.

Aries: One of the coolest things about technology and the inter-webs? I can go online and find just about anything. I was looking for a weird piece of old Apple gear, if you have to know, it was an Apple Newton. I

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had one. Several. Bleeding edge tech and it gave birth to the portable industry, more or less. I found one on eBay. Its listed price was \$750. It sold for a fraction of that. New, in original box. Looks like it sold for \$40 or \$50, less than the price of a reading with me. This is all about perceived value that is compared, face-to-face, with real value. That dead-tech toy is only worth as much as someone is willing to pay. I'm not really interested in an old Newton. I have a curator's interest in the device itself, and I have a novelist's sense of curiosity about how it wound up on eBay, the blurb said it was a piece of over-looked inventory in an old warehouse, and that's where it came from.

Allegedly. It went for a fraction of the cost, and I'm unsure if it was used, or just stuck in a warehouse someplace, again. Me, I got an idea, I had a moment of intellectual fun, a fond remembrance, and a quick jaunt down technology nostalgia lane. I didn't buy anything I committed to nothing. I looked. I didn't touch. I satisfied my curiosity long enough to realize it wasn't what I needed again. As an Aries, can you look and not touch? Fondle and not buy? I'm just suggesting this is a good time for just that, shopping, but maybe not buying.

Taurus: Full Moon, but the problem? There is always one, just one in this case, but there's always one who holds out. One who is the obstacle. One person. A single object. A single person, a single item. One. Not two, or three, just a simple, single root, the only item that stands in the way between your Taurus self, and the stated goal. One, simple obstacle. Object. Thing. Person. Buddy of mine worked for the phone company, then the cable company. Pulled wires, strung stuff up, connected things and did other stuff. He used to set out cones around his company vehicle, and it got to the point that he carried the cones, the standard safety orange cones, with him, in the back of his truck. Sets them out, to this day, out of habit, I guess. Makes it look official, you know, and he could probably park in a fire lane, what with the cones and the tired, working man's look, like, "I'm here, and you can't stop

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me, so I can fix this thing..." Only, see, his truck is no longer labeled thusly. Still, it's a good idea. Parks here, he uses the cones, or one, anyway. No one pars behind him. That's how to get around that obstacle. Carry it with you. Be part of the problem, not part of the solution.

Gemini: BBQ place I frequented had the most amusing T-shirt slogan "Make sure the fingers you are licking are your own." What made it more amusing is that it was tag-line take-off of another tried and true marketing slogan. You know, "Finger Licking Good?" There's a tertiary element, the last time I saw that t-shirt slogan it was on a nubile young female, and the males in our group made unwanted, unwarranted advances. All I could do was shake my head. Hope spring eternal. This started as an examination of marketing slogans. The simplest of terms, the easiest of melliferous and dulcet Gemini sounds, the proper pairing of words, in a single word? Poetry. Crank up the Gemini word machine. Pair the right words with the correct sounds and get this all packaged up neatly. Seriously. There's a chance that a lot of hard work would yield a term as valuable -- and long-lasting -- as "Finger Licking Good." Another BBQ place I tend to favor? "Horrrifying Vegetarians since 1988." Good marketing slogan, and that's what this is about, building the right marketing slogan for Gemini. Might take a while, but I'm sure you can do it.

Cancer: The ability to procrastinate is cherished skill. One I'm good at, I know. I can put off a mundane chore for weeks, months, even years. Some items, I've been able to put off for over a decade. This isn't an easy skill to master. Takes time, effort, patience, and a little ingenuity. The inter-webs make this a lot easier, too. Easier skill to manage and master, the ability to put off important details until a later date. Or not even at all. You know I meant to do that but I didn't get to it. Yet. Not now, either, next week? Not looking good for the completion of

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the given task. I can spend more time making up excuses and getting distracted, perhaps it's a chemical imbalance in my makeup or perhaps, let's look at your chart, there's another reason for this. Maybe, like me, you don't want to do something. A given task. An onerous job. Whatever it is? Put it off for the time being. No one gets it on time, anyway. Maybe I live in place where schedules and deadlines are largely theory

Leo: Reformation Sunday, I think that's what it was called, the birthday for 95 Theses. Right? I'm a little weak on Protestant History. Not really, I just remember the stuff I like to recall. So I wasn't sure about the exact date. Fell close to Halloween. Exiting the church, the majestic organ was cranking up Bach's "Toccatto and Fugue in D Minor." I've used that musical reference as a signature line before. Perhaps the name isn't familiar. It's "mad scientist" music. It's Vampire Music. Dracula. Frankenstein, in black and white? Phantom of the Opera? Bueller? Anyone? I cracked a broad smile when I first heard those opening notes. I stepped back into the sanctuary. The organist had a sense of humor. The big, mighty, booming pipes made the building quiver with the bass line, slow, ponderous, ominous. Or funny, to me. "That's the 'mad scientist' music," I giggled. "No, it's Reformation Music," a matron hushed me, with that look. I know my mad scientist music. The ominous overtones are obvious. The holy triumvirate is behind us, Halloween, Saints' Day, Dia de las Muertas. Up ahead, for Leo, Mars is just fixing to exit. Could't happen soon enough, and that's part of the problem it won't happen soon enough. You're going to get one more Mars irritation before this is all over. I've warned you. Maybe, with me, step back into the sanctuary and listen to the pipes of that organ shake the building. Don't worry what they call it, we know what it is.

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Virgo: John 8:32, "The truth shall set you free." Guy obviously wasn't a Virgo, huh. Truth never set anyone free. Tell the truth and get in trouble, isn't that the Virgo experience, lately? "Tell the truth and get screwed," according to one Virgo buddy. He used to work at a big company. Sounds a little brittle and bitter these days. The bitterness is attributed to Saturn in the Virgo Solar Second House. Some of the brittleness is due to Mercury/Venus in Sagittarius. The kicker is next week we all have a full moon. "Oh, great, day late and dollar short." Turn that sou note into a happy note? I can't do it Not for Virgo. What I'd like to do to help, though, is suggest a very Sagittarius (and hence, unwelcome) suggestion that you take a look at the large picture. The big image. The over-all view. If I cant tweak you a little, get you to step back from the microscopic view you've been using, you'd see the whole thing, better, and more clear.

Libra: There's a stained glass, this is old family lore, but the stained glass in the church, it's (somebody) crossing the river. Probably Jesus, or Moses, and probably the River Jordan. Again, I'm not too about the antecedents and referents. The lore was, Sister, she looked at the stained glass, heard the title, "Crossing the River," and asked if Jesus had gone to South Austin. The river that runs through Austin, the Colorado River, it divides the North from the South. I'm a South Austin kind of guy. Fit in just fine. Don't bother a soul in South Austin. The line is more illusionary rather than a serious point of demarcation. North and South are different, but not by much. When the stained glass was first installed in that church, though, the story is Sister looked up, in awe, and wondered why Jesus, Lord and Savior, was moving to South Austin. Depends on who you talk to, whether the Messiah is more in need on the South Side or the North End. Each might think the other side needs more help. As a Libra, you need the help. As a Libra, the best way to help yourself is to help others. I can't exactly explain how it works, but a little selfless devotion to someone

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else, a little (anonymous if possible) assistance to another human being? Might get the message across. Like that guy crossing the river.

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by Kramer Wetzal

"There is means, madam;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish."

The doctor in Shakespeare's *King Lear* [IV.iv.13-4]

It's just one many references in Shakespeare's canon about herbs and naturopathy. The powers of the natural world. Nature's natural sleeping pill, be my guess.

Scorpio: One the admirable traits about Scorpio is self-sufficiency. Happy Birthday to that one, you thought I missed it. Anyway, what I like about a good Scorpio, and you're reading this, so you are a good Scorpio, is there is a can-do, will-do, don't-need-any-help attitude. I'm sure this is borne out of years of other people being mean to your sweet, Scorpio self. Yes, I know, "I'll be revenged on the whole lot of you!" Different Scorpio, not you. This ability to survive, thrive and even entertain yourself is being called forth, this week. Got a couple of dead periods, or time off, or time on, or a break of some kind. Between the birthday party time and the rest of the week, you've got a little down time. Time when your own pursuits, hobbies, work-related tasks, and so forth? A time when that is a good idea. Self-entertaining. I have to go through this, time and again, with a host. "Self-entertaining, don't worry about me, I can work the remote for the TV." that's you, this week. Be prepared to entertain your Scorpio, besides, who could be better company?

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Sagittarius: I've got some very simple advice. Let's look at the planets, involved on this one. First, it's Venus, in Sagittarius, just warming us up and making us feel good. All over. Venus is kind like that. Then there's Mercury, adding an added ability to communicate about how nice everything is turning out. Maybe adding too much desire to talk, but there you have it. Then there's Mars, as soon as he storms into Virgo, a special Virgo will rain down epithets, and never mind that now.

Venus helps us make nice. Like, don't pick a fight when it's just easier not engage. Smile, act like it doesn't matter. Mercury makes us want to talk about it, but then, talking it out just leads to a lot of hot air, useless and empty verbiage. Finally, as Mars ramps his approach, and gets the Virgo thing into a gear, stop and think about that Virgo stuff. With that one Virgo, no matter what I do? Ain't right. "Isn't right, don't be colloquial." See? So the short answer is? Make nice; no fights. Keep quiet, make nice, no fights.

Capricorn: Crank it up. It's that simple. Plug into whatever music you like. One the largest, biggest selling bands, over the years, I mean, are these guys still around? I was listening to AC/DC. Greatest hits. Stop snickering. It's "metal" according to some, and it's still one of the highest grossing bands -- even better when compared with the first place. Crank it up. Disturb the neighbors. Rock out. Perhaps dance around and play the air guitar. Only warning you get? Make sure it's in place where no one will watch. Or see you. Tucked away in my office, it's okay. Flip the hair around. Thunderstuck! This is private rock reverie brought by the planets. The moon's position isn't so good, but the rest of it? Some kind of private way to rock out. Headphones come to mind. That might work, just be careful, no singing along. Fire Your Guns on the Highway to Hell. You're TNT.

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Aquarius: I got to see one of the greats in County Music, on stage. He's old. His stage show was different from a lot of what I'm used to, no fireworks, no stacks of amps, no psychedelic light shows, no video feed with three screens, none of that. One song, he just rhapsodized in three-part harmony. That, in of itself, that was pretty cool. It's something that will never be caught on an album. An added dimension to the live show. Something for an audience to take home. The other, seriously striking element, about this performer, was the "class" imparted to the act. No backdrops. No props. No stage antics. A little banter, a few notes, a nod, and tightly choreographed music. Just music. The part about the three singers, alone, with a simple guitar and stand up bass? One microphone? That's what this week, in Aquarius, is all about. Do it with class. Class doesn't have to be showy, ostentatious or pretentious, let the minimalist way show how it's really done. Little bit of Aquarius class.

Pisces: I've used this analogy before, but it bears repeating. It all depends. That's what up with this week. If there's a weak spot, it's going to be revealed. Mars will be opposite Chiron and that points to a place that needs holistic healing and health. Needs work. Good point though. The analogy, though, it has to do with how you judge how well you've done. Over the day over the week, in this lifetime. What, how do you measure success? Cold weather, we get a spurt of cold weather in November. Lakes cool off. Fish sleep. Or whatever it is the fish do. I take it easy. The first day that was really cold, like in the 60s? I was working at the little laptop that I use to run this outfit, and I never left the place. I was in a robe, eventually, I showered, but I never left the home. Just stayed in. It was bitterly cold at night. That also means I was barefoot the whole day. That makes the day a smashing success. I also got to proof a column that you'll see very soon, so that was good, too. I was barefoot for a whole day. What do you use to measure your

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success? How does that success compare with the one, single glaring point that needs to be corrected?

Aries: I toyed with music, a King James Bible, and the usual astrology texts. None of it worked, as I was stuck. I'm stuck with an old metaphor and no place to use it. But I'll try. Here's the deal, as Mars moves in Virgo, it makes an strange little angle to Uranus, already in Aries. That's the spark. Spark. A simple spark that can ignite a huge fire. Bonfire. Conflagration. Big fire. A single, maybe even small idea can get launched into a huge deal. Take off, take over, and run with it. Here's where I earn my money: in the next 7 days, you've got to latch onto that idea and make this work. You have to make it work. If it's the right spark that moment of dare I call it divine inspiration? Then this is the time. Run with it. Fan that flame. Cherish the spark, the single idea, and nourish with tender tinder. It's all about taking the smallest of spark and turning that into the biggest of deals. You can do it.

Taurus: I once asked a famous astrologer for a book recommendation. It was that single, epic tome I wanted to find. Simply, the most important book for his astrology education. I asked. He listed a few. On that same list, here, let me spell it out, two books I use the most, now? Planets in Transit and The Sabian Symbols in Astrology. Those are the two, the "go-to" of astrological reference manuals for me. The first is considered a bible, in its breadth and scope, and the other is the starting point for a more esoteric field of study. Do this long enough, and those two books are key. I could narrow it down, but the first is really useful for tickling a tough reading and making some sense of it all. The second is just a pure joy; although, it does take some technical skill to understand. As a Taurus, you're in a situation, coming up, what's your "go-to" reference point? In my example, what book to a

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I keep handy, but in your situation, what's the single, most important tool?

Gemini: Mars is setting you up for some troubling times. Won't last long, but this is exacerbated by the Venus/Mercury pressure in Sagittarius. This is one of the times I try and warn you about. Moon is passed being full. Sun is in Scorpio, still, a fixed water sign. Emotive. Aforementioned Mercury and Venus, in Sagittarius, just cranking up the Gemini meter? None of this is particularly difficult until you factor in Martian Energy. It's like following a double shot of espresso with an energy drink. Too wired for your own good? Too wired for our good, that's for sure. This what I'm warning you about. "I'm not wired," you do protest. Then why are you hanging from a chandelier? The serious problem it's less like you're hanging from the ceiling, looks more like you're swinging on it. Is this really a problem? Not for Gemini, but thanks to Mars and Mercury, and what all? You seemed determined to make it our problem.

Cancer: Old trailer park in Austin. Old girlfriend lived there. She's not that old, so she's just a girlfriend, and never mind the details. Cancer girl, here's the deal, I was stretched out on the couch, looking at a magazine, and she scurried, from the shower to the kitchenette and back. Her hair was wet and she was wrapped in a robe, but that really didn't matter much. I'd seen it all, the night before. Not what this is about. What it's about is the way she scurried, head down, not looking. If she didn't see me looking in an appraising fashion, which I was, then it didn't count, and she was, effectively, invisible. Just because she didn't see me, she knew I was there, and I think she murmured, "don't look," but I can't be sure. More like a squeak. I wasn't there by surprise, and I did look, and even fresh out of the shower she was quite fetching, and that's not what this is about. I kept thinking about her, "If I don't see you then you're not looking at me" attitude. Does

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that really work? If you can't see the problem, does the problem exist? It's a Scorpio thing, I'd guess. Sun's in Scorpio, get it?

Leo: I lived, more than a decade in a trailer. Less than 300 square feet, me and a fat cat. That trailer had this tiny closet that I had crammed full up with crap. Clothes. T-shirts from a decade ago. Old business records. Floppy disks from that era of machine. Boots and sandals. Skinny jeans, fat jeans, parts of three tuxedos, don't even ask about formal wear and me, and then, other crap, like unused fishing equipment. That's a lot of material that was careful packaged away in a trailer's closet. Move the wrong container and the whole thing would come unravelled. Never fit it all back in, it was like a puzzle. That closet? As Mars exits your sign? That closet is the supposed Leo destination. "Once and for all, I'm cleaning that sucker out." No. Not now. Good idea, wrong time. Great idea, put it on the list of the goals set into the Leo future at a date yet-to-be determined. Tempting as it might be, not now, not yet. Good idea to have a list. Then, a better idea? Get your minions to tend to such matters as cleaning up your carefully packed away mess. This isn't a task for the mighty Leo, not this week.

Virgo: "I'm not pissed off, it's just no one is moving fast enough!" I'm here as the advance warning network. The full moon is very stubborn. Then, just after the moon is full, Mars makes a triumphal return to Virgo. "I'm not pissed off, just no one seems to be moving at all!" You get the lead out. You move. No one else seems to move, and it feels like they are all stuck, immobile. Stopped. Welcome to stubborn energy. That's what I was talking about. "I'm not pissed off, but you could move it along and get the point." Which is the point. You sound pissed. Quite and royally so. "I'm not pissed off, but if you keep this up, I will be." At me. I know, I just tried to warn you. Don't get irritated with me. Or the other people who keep moving so slow. With AMrs, as soon

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as it enters, you'll feel it, with Mars in your sign, there's a level of frustration. Deal with it in an appropriate fashion. Or not. But don't get pissed at me. "You're not starting that again, are you?" I didn't start anything.

Libra: In 1912, Otto Frederick Rohwedder invented sliced bread. I know this because I dug the information out of a book about marketing. The part that was more important, though, was his invention -- sliced bread -- didn't catch on for another decade. In the book, this was about marketing. In Libra, this is about whether or not you want to wait a decade for some rewards. Like recognition. Like the hackneyed expression, "Better than sliced bread?" I'm unsure of the decade-long wait for an idea from the Libra camp to catch on, but it might well feel like it takes a decade. Might be a little less, but not by much. I'm just warning that it might not catch on as fast as you would like. I didn't say it wouldn't work, and you know what? It must be better than sliced bread.

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by Kramer Wetzel

"Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm."

Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* [III.iv.73-5]

Look for all of us in <http://www.astrofish.net/travel/>Austin this weekend.

Scorpio: "*Carduus Benedictus*" is a thistle. It's supposedly a homeopathic, naturopathic, anti-venom remedy. Supposedly. It's a thistle, and with its prickly little leaves, I'm sure that the paste or broth brewed from a handful of this stuff was supposed to take the sting out of the bite. I have immense respect for field of natural, herbal solutions to problems. However, in this example, the milk of this thistle does very little to ameliorate the pain of the venom. It was just made-up, totally fictional assumption by early practitioners. Like attracts like, and similar stings alleviate similar pain. Doesn't really work. The idea, though, it was sound. As a Scorpio, you've got a sound idea. As a Scorpio, you have to try this idea. Test it. Once. If it doesn't work? Is there really a need to test it a second time?

Sagittarius: "Come Monday, it will be all right, come Monday, I'll be holding you tight..." Wait, as a Sagittarius, we don't like to be held tight. Best way to hold one of us? Loosely. Nothing too restrictive. Keep those Scorpio hooks out of us. Don't grab and entangle. However, that's not why I selected that Capricorn's song.

The refrain, or lyrics, or the stupid ear worm stuck in my head at this moment, "Come Monday, it will be all right..." Simply put. The last few minutes, last few degrees, really, of Scorpio are fraught with anguish

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and un-located angst. Sagittarius angst. Fears, trepidations, a gnawing reminder that something, somewhere isn

T right, and a Scorpio is going to try and pin it on us. Just baseless, blameless fears. Between here and Monday, it isn't a stretch, it's a time to pause, reflect, and look at the material as it pops up. What is that fear? Is it rational?

Capricorn: Ghost stories are an industry unto itself. Two place where I'm a frequent tourist, El Paso and San Antonio, both cities claim to be "the most haunted city in America." I can't decide which is true.

Personally, I've also liked a version of the "La Llorona" story, but I first heard that, white-washed, in East Texas. Lady of the Lake, and I'd have to wonder if that can trace it's sociological roots back as far as King Arthur. I won't weigh on which city is more haunted, El Paso or San Antonio. Each has its strengths and merits. I was briefly fascinated with the ghost story industry. More local myth and folklore, and some frankly outright lies. I've taken some of the ghost tours. I'm not saying all guides are crooks, but there's more than one who relies on fabrication and fabrication more than fact. As a Capricorn, I'm sure you love a good ghost story or similar yarn. Something made up. Clearly fabricated from a bolt of non-reality cloth. Do not mix up, do not confuse, don't get complicated with a story that is a story and a tale that is posited as truth even though there's scant evidence to support the tale. Ghost stories are excellent. I can tell tales in either location. Are they true? Really?

Aquarius: I wrote about a piece of antique Apple hardware, I saw one on eBay, and I thought about it. I had one, sold it, had another, and the cycle goes ever onward. I was meditating and that item, that antique piece of hardware, it came back up, as an idea. Out-of-date computer hardware. Quaint, antiquated, historically correct. I have no current hardware that would run on it. I thought about it. I have no way to

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move data either onto or off of, that historical oddity. As a piece of thoroughly retro computer equipment, it is cool. Price is now real right, too. However, no way to get data on or off. I have no dial-up account, and it operated solely on a modem. Can zip it, bump it, no way to even e-mail it. Nothing. This is a moment's reverie brought to you by Aquarius. The planets are making you dream. However, like my dream about resurrecting a piece of hardware? No useful way to move data to -- or from -- that old item. What's the point? That is the point.

Pisces: Whiskey Tango Foxtrot? "Man, things were SO smooth, up until now. What happened? Did you do this?" No, I didn't. What happened is the Sun moved into Sagittarius and that added -- will add - a spark to a tender situation. There are really several elements to consider, but the main trigger will be that Sun shooting in Sagittarius, couldn't happen soon enough if you ask me, but as soon as that happens, then there's a sudden and pervasive shattering effect on the Pisces calm. The real part that gets broken is the Pisces psyche. Gentle Pisces. Sweet Pisces. Poor Pisces. Now, if you read this before the weekend arrives, all I'm saying, embrace the calm, and get ready for a major or minor explosion. I'm betting it's a career line item. Could be anywhere, though. You are now properly warned. I won't promise that it happens, but I'm trying my best to prepare you. That's the one side. The other side, your Pisces self also experiences a sudden rise in popularity. Both. Which is why, before the next scope rolls over, you'll like me, curse me, and then look at me and ask that question. The one we started with.

Aries: There was a theory posited by one of my buddies, really, he's a fishing buddy. Not named "bubba," but thanks for asking. In his mind, and he clearly laid this all out, he suggested that the "personal assistant" was fading and seen to be an archaic concept. The digital assistance, or rather, personal assistant was being replaced by the digital variant. I still have a loose-leaf notebook that holds a calendar.

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I use it to file stray pieces of paper. Odd notes. Nothing of importance, other than to me. I haven't used it for scheduling in years. Maybe three or four? Likewise, no secretary and no hot receptionist at the office. One less person for Bubba to hit on, with a remarkable lack of success. There's still a personal touch, a human element that can't be replaced by silicone-driven electronics. There's still a need for a human brain, at times. Other times, a lot of the routine, rote work stuff can be automated. No need for people to do what the machines are made to handle. I got off on this angle because, after looking at the chart, I was looking for the simplest, easiest way to express this energy. Spend a little extra time looking for a software answer to a task that used to be labor-intensive. It can be done. Might take some digging. Worth it if you can automate, streamline, or lessen your personal workload.

Taurus: I was casting a light lure, into the wind, not really wind as it subsided, but there was still a breeze. More like a breeze fluffing the tops of the trees, but not really disturbing the surface of the lake. Pond. Lake, really, to me. The little lure didn't have enough weight to carry it far, and if I tossed it high in the air, it would get caught in that breeze. Although I was trying to get passed the drop of, just off that shoreline, I didn't make it. Little lure was too light. Breeze would make it waffle, and that lure, in mid-flight, would look like it had a moment of indecision. Just caught in the breeze. The problem was trying to cast too-light a lure on a breezy fall day. Just as Sagittarius stars, just as we wrap Scorpio, just as the planets keep moving on their predetermined course, you're going to get caught in the winds of fate. Like that little lure, indecision is bad for you. I tried slinging it sidearm, worked well. No indecision. A little Crappie took a bite.

Gemini: "Render unto Caesar that which is his!" It's a command. From memory. Might have it all wrong. I get the stentorian voice going, with

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that command. Bluster, except that the person bellowing the command doesn't think that the command is hollow. As a Gemini, you find such direct, verbal order to be a little suspect. You think you hear some timidity around the edges of the tone of the commander. You don't. That's your own fear, creeping in. What if they are right? What if you are supposed to bow to someone else's will at this time? What if you owe due diligence on a particular project? What if I stopped asking questions and gave directions? Would that make your Gemini mind happy? Probably not. Mars -- in Virgo -- with Venus, Mercury, and eventually, the Sun -- all in Sagittarius -- sets up Gemini tension. Quick: the easy way to work this tension? Bow down. Be subservient. Cower, grovel, genuflect. You're Gemini, act nice, and most important, pretend, in that Gemini mind, that it was "their" idea. Whomever, whoever, whatever thinks they are in charge of the Gemini life.

Cancer: After the first of November, where I live, the weather finally turns a little cooler. Not always, but as a rule, we'll get at least one cold snap that sufficiently drops the outdoor thermal reading. Gets cold for a little while. Then, like recently, it will warm up again. I have two, very distinct and very different memories of this time. One was a warm stretch, the weekend before Thanksgiving, I was swimming in Austin's Barton Creek. As a fair weather swimmer, I wouldn't do that unless I worked up a sweat walking over there. Had to be hot. The other memory, almost buried, from living in North Austin, I recall, same weekend, different year, up to my hips in snow. Had almost three-quarters of an inch of snow. Froze the town shut for days. Bookend extremes for weather. The planets are booking a similar extreme for you. Good, or bad, depends. Me? Either way is good, as far as I'm concerned. Texans are notorious bad drivers, so if it is the frozen kind of situation, I just don't venture forth, if I can avoid it at all. I doubt weather hems you in, but there's a situation that can go either way,

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and my suggestion, I'm still thinking that sitting there and working a little longer is the best way to avoid long-term problems.

Leo: Grammar [cops](http://www.skyfriday.com/2010/10/21/watch-for-nets-and-cables/), where would be without them? We all have pet peeves. The longer I work, the longer I struggle to string together words in a coherent fashion, the more I learn about the rules of the words. Grammar, to some. I have a shelf full of reference manuals. Books with rules, examples, citations, guidelines. I'm not a Leo, so keep that in mind, but I do know how to use the textbooks. I can easily access information about why a certain verb is, or isn't, the correct usage. I was going to call it "rules of the road," but there's not road. Not even a pathway. It's just the rules that the words are supposed to follow. I have almost as many handy guides to grammar, spelling and style as I have astrological references. Wouldn't know that from prolonged exposure to my writing, but this isn't about me. This is about the mightiest of the signs, The Leo. There is a question, or two, or even three, could be style, spelling, but most likely? Grammar. Look the rule up. When the first textbook doesn't make a whole lot of sense? Check a second or even third reference. I know, the Leo doesn't like to be bothered. But it's worth it. You'll find out what you need. This weekend, dig a little deeper, and then you can announce how you were right (again), on Monday.

Virgo: Mars is associated with Aries. I'm going to use an Aries buddy as an example of what Mars does, while Mars is in Virgo. It was an early morning, and he helped himself to some of my fine, micro-brew coffee. French Press. Italian Roast beans. Dark, strong, bitter. I tend to espresso-sized cups, for that very reason, as my coffee will resemble Turkish Coffee. My buddy helped himself to a regular coffee mug of my stuff. He had a second. About the time he got to his third cup, he was talking. Mile-a-minute. Knew everything about everything.

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Got cranked up and couldn't stop. It was about halfway through that third cup, "What's in the stuff?" Just coffee. Carefully selected, hand-pressed, but just coffee. By the time he was through, he was asking for more, but not getting the clue. Good coffee, like mine, like I prepared it that morning, it can sneak up. Mars, he can sneak up, too. One minute you're fine. The next, it's like you've had too much coffee, man. First suggestion? Stay away from my coffee. Next suggestion? Maybe slow down on the caffeine intake, moderate it a little. Play that off against the energy Mars infuses. Otherwise, you're like my little Aries buddy, vibrating.

Libra: I have one image of [Mission Concepcion](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=1113), down San Antonio way, and I like that one shot. It wasn't particularly high-tech, or, for that matter, at the moment the image was snapped, it wasn't particularly inspiring, sort of a South San Antonio Drive-By. On the mission trail. A little historical digging shows that the mission itself was started in 1691, in East Texas, to protect the Spanish lands from French influence. The supply line was too long, and the mission was relocated to its current location in 1731. Old stuff. Historical. Predates this country. As a Libra, embrace where you've been. As a Libra, look at the historical record, back 7 years, maybe even further back. There's a clue as to how this is going, but you've got start someplace. I doubt the Libra history is as tumultuous as that Mission and its environs, forts, revolution, and so on. But there is a quick glance at your own, Libra historical record required.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 11.24.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

" 'T is known I ever
Have studied phisic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;"

Cerimon Shakespeare's *Pericles* [III.ii.32-7]

Happy Thanksgiving!

Sagittarius: Dulce de Leche is a common candy, after-dinner treat. The place I find it most frequently is the check counter at a local tacqueria. Good place, around the corner. English is the second language. I've seen "dulce de leche" in two forms, basically. One is extruded like a brick, typically garnished with pecan halves. The other form is round, virtually indistinguishable from a praline, and again, garnished with pecan halves. I looked it up. Popped the term into a search engine to get the ingredients. What I got wasn't just ingredients but a quick, easy recipe. "Boil a can of sweetened condensed milk." The short, easy way. Under that was a set of ancillary instructions and warnings. I only made it to number one: make sure the paper label is off before boiling the can. This is obviously an anglicized recipe. You would think we would know to take the paper label before heating. You would think. Holiday, holiday food, the mighty Sagittarius birthdays, all gets wrapped up in one. Either don't mock the stupid instructions, or, better yet, just remember to follow all the instructions, and don't be a victim of uncommon sense.

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Capricorn: Retail time, the long stretch to Xmas. Should have better punctuation. I was idle, in the Apple Store, looking at things technological. Tech toys, if you will, and I will. Not really lusting, as there's not as much stuff that I need. I want less, not more. I was toying with something and the red-shirt Apple kid wandered up to offer assistance. He suggested I buy what I was looking, through the apple store online.

His reasoning was quite solid, there was an upgrade option, and that wasn't available at the store in the mall, but it was available from the store online. I appreciated his honesty, directness, and his time that he spent chatting with me. I never made it past the first display of equipment. I'll be honest, I wasn't planning on buying anything. Not then, not now. I like looking at my websites on other hardware. Learn things about screen real estate by trying other machines. Bigger, smaller, always give it a spin. No issue. What I liked was the blatant, brutal honesty. I'm sure there's a note on the wall in the back room reminding the employees to get customers to buy online, or something. I'm sure it was company policy. Still, as sales tool? Would've worked on me, if I had the cash and a real desire. It's shopping season. Open season. Online, real world, where for Capricorn? I'd follow that advice and avoid crowds as much as possible for the coming fortnight. It's astrological advice.

Aquarius: The person attributed with the "invention" of the shopping cart was an Oklahoma City grocer, in 1937. Funny part of the story was that it almost didn't make it as the guys used to do the grocery shopping and they -- universally -- thought it was sissy to use a cart that looked like a baby pram. Don't ridicule me, I'm just reporting the facts as they were presented to me. I'm not in charge here. An Aquarius wouldn't have any trouble pushing something that was less than macho, or, for that matter, an Aquarius wouldn't have any problem

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with a device that made life easier. I'm all about making the Aquarius life easier. As Thanksgiving rolls through then on into the next week, start looking for a way to make the Aquarius life easier. Might not be macho, or effeminate, or whatever most normal people would be opposed to. Little odd, even. You can work with a little odd. I'm looking at the stretch after T-Day, onwards.

Pisces: One of the weather forecasters suggested the annual freeze, or the first freeze, if there is a first freeze, the time when that should hit is the third or fourth week of November. On a weather map, typically, that's a big finger of arctic air that started in Russia and Siberia, froze over the North Pole, then makes it way on down to us. For the record? I'm not a big fan of freezing weather. Weather usually warms right up nice then, and I was amused to discover that weathermen track their accuracy. Some do. What I was looking for, for my Pisces friends, is some historical record. Some fact, factoid, little note, a similar instance, some connection. There's a thread here. The connection has to do with moving forward. Wa the weather's been lately? I'm unsure that a historical record is the way to judge what we might be looking at. There's a problem some suggests a simple theory to explain away the problem. As a Pisces, in this situation, it's your job (task) to poke a hole in that theory. Not contrary, just that the theory isn't quite correct. Not this year.

Aries: High school football in Texas is the stuff of legends. Made into an epic novel. Made into an epic film. Got perverted and made into TV. Talk about drama, huh. The T-shirt I saw, local high school football team? "God. Country. Mojo. (name of the high school)." I'm not sure if I'm appalled or amused. Maybe both. Really, I think it's a decent slogan. Imparts power. Invokes higher-ups. Has a touch of magic about it. I have not one clue if they were the Double A, Triple A, whatever classification and taxonomy, the whatever champions, winners, or just

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an also-ran. Doesn't much matter, not to me, as I'll nod and act interested, but local high school football, with rivalries, feuds, wins and losses, doesn't much matter to me. What I liked best was that T-shirt. I could use something like that. "God. County. Mojo. Astrofish.net." Doubt I'll ever implement that one. I'd tend to make "gods" rather than a single name, and that's my world-view. The other three lines, besides my URL? That's what I'm seeing for Aries. "God. County. Mojo." Make it happen as you have, as long as you order your priorities, you have what it takes.

Taurus: I had breakfast the other morning, not unusual, at a local *tacqueria*. Nothing strange about that, in and of itself. In heavily accented English, I was asked if I wanted the two egg and potato tacos on the side, or wrapped up. I just nodded "no," and let it go. I wasn't sure what the deal was. A week later, same place, I noticed that there was a special deal offered, breakfast before 9 (AM), two potato egg tacos were included in the deal, free. Added bonus. Which is why I gained weight. That place, those breakfast tacos are huge. There was something free. I doubt the manager did a careful cost analysis and figured out the price of the ingredients, the labor, and what the store would lose for every two tacos given away, and I certainly didn't see anything about this online. Did it build business? I'd guess so. Might be no free lunch, but every once in a while, there can be a free breakfast taco. The weekly planets suggest that you be aware. And unlike me, when that free offer comes up? Take it.

Gemini: "If your patient ears will attend..." Shakespeare's plays all follow a strict format. 5 acts. No more, no less. This week breaks down into one act for each day, over the next few days. One act, one day. Means it takes 5 (five) act, five (5) days to get there from here. I watched on version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* where maybe a half-dozen players acted out a battle scene. Pretty impressive,

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not many bodies to fill a stage and give the illusion of two armies, marching against each other. As a Gemini, you are nominally short of attention. As a Gemini, you are nominally quick of mind. As a Gemini, this whole five acts in five days takes way too long. And as a Gemini, you need to let this one run its course, over five days. One act, one day, five days. No cheating. Won't get here any quicker. Can't compress time with the usual Gemini stage magic. Five days. Five acts.

Cancer: Come on, you think I can't not talk about shopping and stuff? Holidays. Black Friday. E-world, Black Monday? Right? Know what I'm talking about? What used to be the biggest retail day of the year? The face of retail has changed some, but there's still that hint. The way your chart looks to me, it's as if you're going to be working retail, this very Friday. There's a very small portion of my readership who really will be working that kind of madness. Look at it this way, it's the testing grounds for life. If you can survive retail on Black Friday, then there is nothing under the sun that can scare you ever again. If it doesn't kill you, it makes you stronger. One of my cynical friends added but if it does kill you, then you're dead." Personally, from what I've seen of Cancer folks lately, the Real Moon Children will excel. Life will be good. Got a horrible, terrible conflagration, just up ahead. How bad? Only as bad as you make it. Who's next?

Leo: Living in Austin, as I have, the day after Thanksgiving, day after this scope goes live, there's an unusual number of characters on the Hike and Bike Trail. Lady Bird Lake (named for former Democratic President Johnson's wife, "Lady Bird.") The trail is packed with runners, joggers, walkers like me, and just teeming with fit and soon to be fit individuals. Feel the burn. The day after T-day is a special time for Leo, as well. This is a significant time to look at new beginnings. The inherent issue is that it's the long, dark days (Northern Hemisphere) of winter. Days are shorter, nights are longer, and that doesn't always

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bode well with a Sun-driven Leo. The Leo. However, stop, pause, think about all those runners, joggers and walkers on the trail in Austin. Got an image? New idea, new regimen, new start. New, winter lease on life. New start. Fresh idea. Give yourself a blank slate, and let's see where this new start takes us. Most of those after turkey day people on the trail? In another week, they won't be there. However, as a Leo, the Leo, will you? It's like a new year commitment, maybe five, six weeks early.

Virgo: Inside the Pearl Brewery Museum, there are collections of one of the founder's big game animals. The collection includes an elephant. The stuffed elephant head is drinking a Pearl Beer. As it turns out, cheap beer like *Texas Pride* and *Castle Beer* were produced by pearl, and the name for one of them, the aforementioned *Castle Beer*, its name is from that stuffed elephant head. More a myth than a fact, I found it interesting that the recipe for the beer, Pearl, Castle, and Texas Pride, they all came out of the same brewery, same water, same ingredients, same recipe, just a different label. I'm not sure how the elephant became a masthead for cheap Castle Beer. Bit of a reach, but I could see it, something to do with chess. However, more to the point, all three labels, three different price points, all three items had the exact same ingredients. It was a retired Pearl employee told me that. Has to be true. Probably is. What's amusing to me, look at how this washes out, when someone will refuse to drink one brand because it tastes different when the only difference is the label? Mars is frying in Virgo, the Sun is in Sagittarius, you're a picky Virgo. Take a moment from Mars-inspired sentiments, take long enough to look underneath the label and see if it isn't all the same stuff.

Libra: I've been a long-time fan of the Austin-Original Alamo Drafthouse. It was one of the first successful "dinner and a movie"

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venues. While the idea has been tried before, it was one of the first that succeeded. Possibly too well, but that's another question. Over the years, I've written about my movie-going experiences there. As I was looking at the Libra chart, I thought about one of the "Alamo Movie Experiences," sitting in the luxury of a big, soft-padded chair, food in front of me, sound system rattling the back fillings in my lower jaw, a total experience. It wasn't Rocky Horror, but could've been as they issued squirt guns with the tickets. Some fun. Sitting there, in the dark, water gun in hand, perfect example of what is good for Libra. Get out. Enjoy. But do so in the dark, or under the cover of darkness. Unlike any other theater, I have to get to the Alamo half an hour early. The trailers aren't trailers but amusing and fun stuff not usually screened in a movie theater. Think [You Tube](http://www.youtube.com/kramerw), on a big screen. Outtakes, gaffs, stupid stunts, parodies, and other cinematic vignettes, generally tied to upcoming shows. Plus water guns, at that one show. Interactive, but interactive in a style that best suits my fine Libra friends, at this moment. In the dark. Don't have to acknowledge the people on either side. Fun. Not exactly on the sideline, but maybe, out of the direct line of sight.

Scorpio: I got a fortune cookie the other day. Perfect cookie for right now. In Scorpio. Perfect, just perfect. "Don't Give Advice." I know one Scorpio will find that bitter pill to swallow. Might be impossible for that one Scorpio. The rest of you? Think about it. I didn't say, "Don't ever give any advice." I didn't say, "No advice from this point on." I just suggested, like the fortune cookie said, "Don't give advice." I'd amend that to include "right now." Less about right now, and more about what's occurring, really in other signs. There's an unstable element, and I'm not sure, despite the Scorpio-laser-like insight, I'm not sure you've been given all the facts. Therefore, don't weigh in on the decision just yet. If you'll wait, I need about ten days on this, but

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wait about ten days? You'll look like the smart one who didn't tell everyone else what to do.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars 12.1.2011

by Kramer Wetzell

"Why, then in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."
Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* [IV.ii.1]

Mercury RX in Sagittarius. (Oh, this will be a fun Xmas season!)

Sagittarius: Perfect fine print? "To avoid injury, read all the information in this guide before proceeding." It's tantamount to "read the instructions," and one girlfriend always chimes in, "yeah, read the instructions." Yeah, she's funny. I am a Sagittarius so I understand that guidelines and rules are just for people who aren't as bright as we are, and the masses need some kind of emotional crutch to rely upon, therefore, their rules and guidelines. The kind of hardware I'm used to? Whether it's fishing gear or computer equipment, I'm used to diving right in and not reading any instructions. "User Guides" are for wimps! Stop. My extra-fine, ever-so long-suffering Sagittarius friend. Stop. Give it a pause. Stop. Read the instructions. Look at the exploded diagram. Look at the exploded diagram or risk an inopportune explosion, not of our Sagittarius liking. "To [avoid injury](http://www.astrofish.net/travel/fineprint/), read all the information in [this guide](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) before proceeding."

Capricorn: I was coming up from the Riverwalk across the new bridge that spits out at the front door of the [San Fernando Cathedral](http://www.BexarCountyLine.com/?p=5632). Warm winter's day, the oblique sunlight warming bare legs and feet shod in sandals. I'd been listening to random music on my phone, and as I approached the cathedral, the majestic 1738 building, twin spires,

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blue South Texas sky, another song cycled up. AC/DC. Hell's Bells. There's a rather iconic, to me, introduction with a bell tolling, at the start of that song. A signature riff. Then the usual. I was impressed with the synchronism of tawdry, pop-culture metal music and their token "anti-christ" attitude, as I was approaching a Holy Catholic Church.

There are two distinct interpretations for that. One is the Lord Himself is sending me a message. When I pass that particular church, I tend to stop, cross myself, and wander in to pray and/or meditate. I have difficulty not mocking some of the institution, but other parts I revere. Part of the message might be to assume that messages will get confused. Was that the Devil talking to me? Or maybe an angel with special message? Makes you wonder. Makes me wonder, maybe you don't. Mercury is headed backwards in Sagittarius, now. I'd just sit back and be amused with the synchronism. I couldn't have picked that song if I'd planned any better, myself.

Aquarius: I'd like to think that my "Best Air Sign" Aquarius friends are usually pretty immune to the machinations of Mercury. Usually, you are. This one is hitting at a strange time, in strange place, and in a strange way. Can't do anything about that. It's going to be weird and that's weird compared to your normal, Aquarius weirdness. Cope with it. First off, review some of my material about Mercury Retrograde. I've written extensively about the pitfalls, pratfalls, and some solutions. The obvious? Don't. Don't engage. Don't buy it. Don't automatically say yes. Don't disagree. That's a conflicting set of commands. As an Aquarius, I'm sure you can figure it out. The meaning is simple: delay. Don't delay, but maybe request an extension, long enough to get a second opinion. I'd like to think that you wind up with paralysis analysis. I'm just, see, it's like this: Mercury in Retrograde isn't the end. But it does impart a little bit of backwards wisdom. Can't complain

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that this one crept up on you. I warned you before.

Pisces: I've been known to get obsessive about certain details. Like a bloodhound on the scent, I get an idea, a notion, some topic and I'll research that item excessively. Exhaustively. I'd like to suggest that this is the perfect Mercury Retrograde period to get obsessive about a topic. An issue, a gift, like, hey, how about trying to find the perfect Xmas gift for me? A little self-serving, but after all, Pisces is a giving sign? Here's the deal, before you spend one, thin dime on me. No money, got that? We have to ascertain that it is something I don't already have two or three of, an item that is both rare and useful, and something that I would like to keep. Okay, this isn't really about me. It's Mercury Backwards in Sagittarius in such a way as to make you go way off tangent, and forget what the original objective was, and it's not me. It's about being obsessive, and maybe, being obsessive about the wrong thing. Is that bad? Depends on what you dig up, but one item I haven't been able to find is Duff Beer fishing lure. Bass lure. Topwater, and proof they'll hit anything.

Aries: I tend to keep records, digital archives, of most of my material. I had a request from a client for a copy of reading we'd done in the last year. I dug around and looked, and I tend to keep copies of the readings, at least for a year, but I couldn't find it. I used to use the first name. Or the sign, but over time, that kind of filing system proved unwieldily, at best. I started adding a month, and then, I would use an abbreviation for the year, like this would "12.11," makes sense, no? Works. Sort of. Until I got stuck digging for a particular record. Record keeping is important, I'd guess. Why I always suggest dating a Virgo, as they tend to keep excellent records. Would that we could all date a Virgo, huh. This experience I had, trying to locate a record points to the issues at hand. My "Kramer" method works in small

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batches, like first name and/or sign. My method doesn't work with larger groups, or numbers that get up there into the hundreds. As xmas Season rolls ever onward, and before the new year arrives, figure out how you're going to tackle what the future holds. Like me? My old methods need to be changed a little. So do yours.

Taurus: Old habits die hard. I suppose there's a Die Hard movie joke. I'm not much on that branch of cinema experience, I don't think I saw all of them, just the last one. Or second to last one, or whatever it was with the "I'm a mac" guy. This isn't about old movies, either, this is about old habits that die harder. I was responding to legal inquiry and I had to sign a form, a consent form. "Okay, if you print it out, sign and then fax it back to me..." Stop right there. Fax it back? Do people still have faxes? I haven't had one since, been a long time I was on the cutting edge of tech, but that was then, and this is now. I signed the electronic document, and sent it back via e-mail, like normal business is now done. Then, out of habit, I printed it out, and dropped that in the mail to the recipient. That's the old habit that doesn't want to die. One printer here is out of ink, so it's not like I print a lot of stuff these days. Still, I did follow the electronic copy with a hard copy. Was that a necessary step? Hey, Mercury, Retrograde in Sagittarius? Doesn't hurt. That old habit that won't go away? Maybe, you know, wait until the end of the year to shake it.

Gemini: I have images of a child at Xmas, running amuck under the family Xmas tree. This isn't about religion, really, unless retail is a religion. Which it might be, I'm thinking about my Gemini Sister. However the image for this week is simple, it's a small child, tearing through the house, infused with too much sugar-induced energy. It's just not a pretty sight. The kid gets that maniacal look, and then ricochets off the living room furniture to bounce elsewhere. There's a frantic, headlong pace. I've intercepted that child once, as she went

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flying by, I just made a scoop with my left arm, and caught her, as she spirited past, and I spun around to harness the momentum the kid was carrying. It's Xmas time, and sugar plum fairies, whatever those are, dancing in their ADHD, MTV, Internet-enabled, smartphone, iProduct heads. I'm Sagittarius, and I know, love and admire Gemini. Which is why I could catch that one, and turn it into a good situation. If there is no kindly, wise Sagittarius to turn this around? You're going to continue to bounce off the furniture in no particular direction.

Cancer: I've got one professional friend who times matters exactly by the various synodic elements in a planet's location. Times Mercury Retrograde to the minute and watches for smallest hint of trouble. While that's fine, and I do have a report that will help you micro-manage your own life with astrology, that's not what I suggest. There is, though, the strangest example of a shining moment, sandwiched between two places. At the very beginning of this horoscope, there's a window of opportunity. I'd take it. That simple. Jump and go, don't look back, and remember that Mr. Mercury is trying to mess with your Cancer head/heart. Which one? Part of the fun of mercury being backwards, never know just which part will be the main target. I'll go with the heart, though, in this case; although, think about it, it could be the brain. Never can tell. Upsets will occur and that shining, brilliant moment? Wait too long and it's passed you by. Before tis weekend? Yes! After this weekend? Might want to put it on "Mercury is in Retrograde and I need to pause for the cause" mode.

Leo: Shakespeare's Coat of Arms was issued in 1599. It was a big step forward for the Shakespeare family. In part, this was something that young Will did to appease his father. I've been trying to figure out a current equivalent of the Coat of Arms, as recorded in the British Isles. We have some local legislation, as applied to land and water rights, that dates to French and Spanish colonial eras. Not quite the

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same. In the modern era, I'm not sure that a business or even an IPO would be the same as that Coat of Arms. The symbols made the family "legitimate," and in a sense signaled that they had "arrived." After a fashion. My own "coat of arms," more a logo than anything else, is a caricature of me with a cowboy hat, me talking on a phone, over cow skull, and instead of crossed swords, the heraldic device is crossed fishing poles. The original idea was a spin on skull and crossed bones, the pirate flag. I'm thinking that you need to revisit the idea of a Leo Coat of Arms. What would you include. I thought it was amusing, dead cow skull, fishing poles, phone. That's my modern take on a coat of arms. What would fit The Leo best? I'm thinking crown and [an old book](http://www.astrofish.net/book/) to remind you that Mercury is headed into a nasty little retrograde pattern. Usual warnings apply.

Virgo: Mars is direct and directly affecting Virgo. At a tense and terse angle, there's Mercury, starting a backwards moving pattern. This sets up a tension-filled week, fraught with ominous overtones, and the voice in the back of the Virgo head? "Oh, no good will ever come from this." Are we doomed? Hardly. I wrote a tiny book to deal with exigencies of Mercury's machinations. Just like tis. The problem is that Mars excites, motivates and generally ramps up the energy in Virgo. This Martian Motivation is compounded by a tense and harsh mercurial angle. Makes this just worse. The holidays bring out the best and worst in everyone. In this next few days, you're going to see the best and worst in everyone. Possibly all at the same time. Good? Bad? Ugly? All of that, next days or three. Realize it's the planets, those two especially, the two M planets, and they are making the consternation. Doesn't mean it's bad, it's how you approach what is brought up for review by Mercury.

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Libra: As 'December' and 'Mercury backwards' both start, I was thinking about some recent Shakespeare scholarship. While the entire canon is ripe with legal jokes, starting with some of his earliest work, "First we kill all the lawyers," and moving forward, more recent research is tending away from Shakespeare being any kind of legal assistant or performing in lawyer's office. Closest that came to happening could be some of the later plays performed at the Inns of Court, in the winter. Despite the English teachers professing "Shakespeare was involved in the law" in some capacity, as it turns out, most of the plays written in that era had lawyer jokes. Legal jokes. It wasn't such a big deal. Terms crop up and that's what seems to be the clue, but the same legal terms run throughout all the plays from that era, not just Shakespeare's work. This is a debate for which there is no end. Justice will never be served in this case as we have no authoritative resource than can adequately prove -- or disprove -- the theory. No way to know for sure. However, in this example, anecdotal evidence and careful scholarship as well as thorough textual examination does seem to bear out the more recent conclusion. Be willing to bend, under Saturn's strain, and be willing to look at old facts in new light, especially with the onset of the holiday.

Scorpio: Retrograde Jupiter is at the entrance to Taurus. This marks a significant turning point for Scorpio. Jupiter, even when retrograde, can evoke and invoke powerful feelings and events. There's a caution, too, as we look at this, going forward with that big planet stuck backwards. I've carried around, not literally, but certainly in digital form, an early November image. One of the fields alongside a highway, on the way to a lake. The image, the fields and low, rolling hills are covered with low-lying fog. More like a heavy ground mist, and it was, in reality, low coastal moisture, heavy in the wan winter's light. Most near unseasonably warm, too. Zipping along in my buddy's truck, boat in tow, the low fog made for a mystical appearance. Didn't shroud the road,

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just hugged the landscape. Spooky, in a way, mystical, in a way, evocative, in a way, and yet, no real danger was present. We were in a hurry to a favorite fishing place. Dappled November sun eventually burned it off. Took a while. Kind of cool, in its way, and that's what I'm talking about with Jupiter, in its current position, and what it means. Like that fog. Good day to fish, no matter what you're fishing for.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week 12.8.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?"
Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing [V.iv.45-7]

As much a winter quote as anything, although not so much with local weather. It was cold... Mercury starts to thaw a little, too, at the end of the scope. Mercury -> direct Dec 13.

Sagittarius: Happy Birthday my Sagittarius brothers and sisters! We rock! Got that out of the way, now, as an observation, I was at the mall, could be any suburban mall. Happened to be one near me. We parked far away, ease of exit, and then I paused, before the long trudge in to the shopping arena. For me, holiday shopping is more like a spectator sport rather than its true form as a contact sport. So the pause gave my companion a problem. Across the lot, there was a new Ferrari. Yellow one. 12 cylinder motor. Might have gull wing door -- I don't know. Ferrari is no longer a huge interest for me. As a much younger man, I'm sure both the status and the sheer mechanical engineering was intimidating. Not so much, not now. Cool car, just not one of the items I have desire or mental power to comprehend. I'd rather fishing. The car attracted small crowd. Guy pulled up in a big Hummer-looking thing. Got out, walked around the car, pointed at something. Nodded to his passenger. Got back in. I wasn't curious about the car, I was interested in the parking lot reactions to the car. As a Sagittarius, though, and with birthday going on now, and Mercury, well, the worst is over, but the Sun/Moon? Anyway, more interested in the car? Or the way people react to the car?

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Capricorn: I tend to be amused with this material, but then, that's me. As a Capricorn, you can be amused, along with me, or you can fret. It's your choice. I'd break it down even further, as in you can worry, or not. I see no room for middle ground. Either you are freaked out, or you are calm.

If I were a much younger man, I would freak out. "The end of the world is near!" That cry, along with all the folderol about the Harmonic Convergence, Y2K and now, 2012? All about the same. You can panic, or you can calmly move forward. There's this tiny window of opportunity that you've got, and now is the time to start taking steps forward. It's simple, really. Mars, in Virgo, moving forward. Mercury, in Sagittarius, scaring up the worst nightmares, and Uranus, in Aries, cooking along as is a retrograde Jupiter in Taurus. Panic and mayhem? Or calmly setting one foot in front of the other while everyone else freaks out? It's your choice.

Aquarius: This isn't about Aquarius, not really, It's about the other signs. This isn't about you, not particularly. The recent "Mercury is Retrograde" thing was marginally upsetting. It's done with, for now. Mostly. Sort of. Kind of. Not entirely. See, there's more. Much, much more. You groan. I pontificate. What I'm trying to get right now, is silence. Aquarius silence. You're right. You're always right. We know that. I know it, anyway. See? The problem isn't you. It's the other 11 signs in the zodiac. The biggest issues, for you, are Gemini and Sagittarius, certainly signs I favor. Like, I favor us -- a lot. But that's not the problem. The problem is a Gemini, or Sagittarius, or some other sign -- but not Aquarius -- will be talking a mile a minute. That's 60 MPH. All nonsense. Total crap. Listen? Yes, you should. Correct us? No. You can correct us in your mind. You can make notes about how we're hopelessly incorrect, but out loud? Nothing. Don't say a thing. Yes,

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we're wrong, and you're right, but to point it out in the next couple of days? Bad idea. Two elements prompt you to talk, three elements, prompt you to talk, Uranus direct in Aries Mercury almost un-retrograde in Sagittarius and the holidays. Knowing that right and silent? It's priceless.

Pisces: I was walking home, early winter afternoon, not really cool out, nice, South Texas sun overhead... And the aroma caught up with me. Spiced, mulled apples. Or Holiday Frangipani. Or Warm Pumpkin Latte. It's one of those holiday smells from a holiday candle, and frankly, it's not that enticing of an aroma. Not to me. Reminds me of holiday excess. Reminds me trying to be holiday cute when none of it really matters. The smell, it doesn't matter, it's a very artificial scent. What's worse, it's an artificial scent that is supposed to be appealing across the broadest spectrum. Probably scientifically designed that was. Annoys my nose. Annoys my psyche, which sits on top of my nose. I think it, in case you can't figure it out, that that particular aroma is about three shades of awful. All in a single holiday candle. Further along, there was the smell of dead leaves, the crunch of brittle and brown oak leaves under my boots, and I felt better. The scent that tries too hard to be pleasant? Anything too artificial? Snowmen and cactus with Xmas lights in Austin? Tries too hard? Doesn't work, and really just annoys you like that candle's scent annoyed me. Back to basics, you'll feel better.

Aries: As an Aries, I just see that you like to get a running start. As an astrologer, I see that it might not be the best idea. Start running, now, while Mercury is still up to his old tricks? Obfuscation, confusion, illusion, misdirection? Means you get a false start, real hope, but false start in the wrong direction. Wrong area. Right idea, wrong message. Right message, wrong interpretation. Get it? So, before you launch off on that new idea, fresh project year-end, new year concept? Before it

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gets off the ground? Before you take any definitive action? Ask for a second opinion. One Aries will argue with me, "But I've done my homework! All good to go!" It's a like a rocket ship, the smoke billows out of the engine, and then the ship just sort of falls over on its side. Doesn't go anywhere. Yet. Give me a few days to get this in working order for you. It is a good idea, and a it is a good launch point, just don't push the button yet.

Taurus: Before the end of this year, there's going to be a strong and effective turnaround in the Taurus life, as evidenced by the relative positions of the Sun and Mercury. Sun, Moon and Mercury. As a Taurus, you're well on your way to seeing this happen. So maybe you don't see it right now. Maybe there isn't a clear path at this moment. Maybe it isn't as obvious to you as it to me. The planets, mostly a function of Mercury's mercurial influence, they all start to line up a little better in the coming weeks. The problem is trying to accomplish too much in the next five, seven days. Not going to happen. Pretty clear message? Let me explain: it's not going to happen in the next couple of days. "But I have a deadline!" It gets pushed, or modified, or one more revision buys time. Doesn't happen on scale. However, let's look further on down the road, as you can prepare for a post-Mercury, pre-end-of-the-year conclusion that's good. But the next 5-7 days? I can safely say, "Don't count on it" (However, in that one case, I'm real willing to be wrong.)

Gemini: Click on send. It's that simple. Buddy of mine, me and him, or, properly, him and I were having BBQ one brilliant winter afternoon. Sitting there, at the booth, talking about fishing, talking about his new deer rifle, talking about girlfriends and whatever, he had a picture. He pulled up his smart phone, which is a misnomer because the phones aren't any smarter than the operators, and he showed me six or 8 point he bagged last month. I squinted at the phone's tiny screen, and I said I couldn't see it. He suggested he email the image. I'm pretty

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sure it's him, his rifle, and the deer on its side with my buddy cradling the antlers in his hand. "Did you get it?" I looked at my smart phone, "No." "He flipped his phone around, did something, snapped the keyboard closed then opened it again. "How about now?" My phone hadn't chimed, nothing new in the in-box. Shook my head now. "Damn thing." He set it aside we had BBQ and talked of manly things. Girls and gifts. I walked home. He emailed me later, asked if I got the message from his phone yet. No, no image. He called a little while later, "You'll get it now." Click on send. Smart phones, like many other aspects of this week's Gemini life, it only works if you click on send.

Cancer: Remember what Christmas Morning was like, when you were all of about 5 years old? There was a sense of wonder and merriment, subtle suspense, as the morning bright, cold and early? Something to see, something to do, wrapping paper flying everywhere? What made us so cynical? What happened? Oh yeah, we grew up. Here's the deal, in advance of Xmas this year, in the next couple of days, you -- your Cancer/Moon child energy -- you get to experience that wonder, amazement, sheer delight, just like it was, when you were all of about five years old. Here's the problem with this good news: no one else gets it. Not at this time. You're amazed, wondered, heart full of gratitude, all of that, love brimming over in your heart, you even like wise-ass astrologers like me. However, other than me, no one else gets it. That's the real problem. You can try and share, but I doubt anyone else gets it. Is that a problem?

Leo: There's an image that haunts me. It's a lonely dock, long one, stretches out into the bay, the lake, the ocean. It's a few feet or even tens of feet above the water. Might be low tide, high tide, or the lake, it never changes much. There's usually a power pole, overhead light, sign post or similar singular element sticking up into the sky. Sunset, sunrise, clouds, clear, the background changes. Straight on, left of

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center, right point of view, it changes. It's still a universal theme image. I have several dozen myself because the images were evocative of some experience, at the time. When I see those images, or some variation on the theme, it could be East Coast, West Coast, Third Coast (Texas Gulf Coast), doesn't much matter, there's at once a sense of calm. There's also the question of water, and the sky, if there are clouds, that's water moisture, and the blue sky or the cloudy sky, or the whatever it is sky, that's where water meets water. Liquid form meets gaseous form. That's plain physics, or physical sciences. The art, with the framing of the dock, that's the artist's eye. In the holiday rush and crush? Find a quiet spot. Personally, I think going to the coast for a day or two of fishing is perfect. As THE Leo, my advice is to find that lonely spot. Where the elements combine, where you do your best work. Alone. Or lonely, if only for a small break. Get away from people. Just a suggestion, maybe, if you can, look for that one dock shot.

Virgo: Seems like I get this aggravating cough, every winter. Not really a cold, or a flu, but flu-like symptoms. I thought it was dust, but I did a fall cleaning, so that's not it. I thought it might be allergies, but when I checked the pollen map, weather guide thing, nothing was in the air. When I looked at the astrology chart, I found a clue. Mars, in Virgo, Sun and Retrograde Mercury, not in Virgo (but making a tense angle to Virgo). Therein is the problem. Now, what I have to do, what every good Virgo has to do, for the next few days, live with the cough. The aggravation. I know, it's holiday time. Sun goes down before most people even get home. Bright, sparkly lights saying y life would be much better if I just bought this, or that, or this and that, or better yet a matched pair. One low price, right? None of that matters. It's not a cough, it's not cedar fever, it's Mars and misaligned Mercury. Or the Sun and Mars, and the relative synodic position of Mercury. About a tablespoon of honey, a cup of hot water, maybe some apple cider

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vinegar, that would cure the cough. Time is a great healer, I just have to keep Virgo from doing something stupid between now and then.

Libra: I looked at the Fire and Earth Elements, Sun in Sagittarius (fire) and Mars in Virgo (earth) and here's Libra, stuck between the two. There's much commotion. There's a big ruckus. There's noise, and flares, fireworks and all sorts of holiday upheaval. None of this lands on you. None of this is about you. None of this has anything to do with Libra, directly. Some of it is important and not really tangential, but still, think about it. Put the big deal into a better light and more gentle perspective. Is it really a big deal? At least one Libra will answer me, directly, without thought, "Yes. Yes it is. I guess you don't understand what a big deal this is. I hate you." Strong words. I'm used to it. I get shot at often. Pointed barbs about my prognostications, especially, when I'm later judged to be correct? Makes it worse. So before you fire up the hate mail, stop. Mercury will eventually correct its errant troubles. That, and you'll find, I was right in my assumption that you're not directly involved. Delivered!

Scorpio: Every December, it's the same thing, a year-long overview of the planets. Every year, I've been doing this for over a decade now. I rather enjoy it, in places, but tother times, it's more like work and less like fun. I've got another couple of weeks to work it out. I was worried but not as much, not now. I look forward to working on that one, long horoscope. It gives me a chance to catch up and check where I've been and what's up and coming, in the new year. The "doomsday" element for the next year? I'm not particularly on board with that mythology. Look at this list, Harmonic Convergence, Pluto in Sagittarius, Y2K, May 2000, the 2010 Bug? Nothing. 2012 isn't a big deal. As Mercury grinds backwards and closer to Scorpio, and the holiday season with its artificial cheer grinds ever onwards, stop and consider myth versus

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reality. Stories and real events. There's sometimes a link, and sometimes? Nothing.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars for the week starting 12.15.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"We have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate."
Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* [II.i.
52-3]

Sagittarius: Happy birthday! Still cooking with the last of the Sagittarius birthdays, by no means the least of the Sagittarius, just the ones stuck at the end. As time marches forward in its incessant haste, as the holidays are upon us with all their might and wrath, we still have opportunities. Here's the deal: this is a dry run for the next year. This is the time to prepare for what's up ahead. The "end of the world is near" hue and cry? I'm kind of over that. Doesn't stop it, and the suggestion is there's always one, last thing you wanted to do. As this week and the big holidays are upon us, think about that one, last thing. If those "end of the world" alarmists were really right (they're not), what is the single contribution that you would like to make, the single undone item you would like to do? As a Sagittarius, it could be travel, mountains to climb, whatever that single piece of unfinished business is? Think about doing it. http://s3.amazonaws.com/data.tumblr.com/tumblr_lc1ckr9rF21qbmqml01_1280.jpg?AWSAccessKeyId=0RYTHV9YYQ4W5Q3HQM2&Expires=1290094944&Signature=vCmBniQ84G2qMF0YqjTiDEaZubw%3D Now

Capricorn: One editor, no longer looks at my stuff, that one editor suggested if I ever invoked the name of the retail super giant (Walmart), I would lose my standing. My literary equivalency rating would plummet. I don't shop there often, but when I do, it is for cheap stuff. There's a certain point of pride I have in sending merchandise to

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certain family members with the Wal-Mart tag still attached. Again, that's not really what this is about.

I have a Wal-Mart Honey Bear. It's a small jar of purified, pasteurized, strained and sanitized honey. Bee byproduct. What garnered my attention, what made me think about Capricorn, was the name, "Wal-Mart Honey Bear." From that title alone, my mind spun off in a number of different directions, none of them particularly healthy, or, for that matter, all that inviting. The most innocuous example would be a large Teddy Bear. Over-sized, Wal-Mart sized, and plush. Probably made by cheap labor in a foreign land. However, for food stuffs, like grocery items, the Wal-Mart supply chain is legend in efficiency and economy. So the honey is safe, but this brings up the question of questions. What's right, what's wrong, what's wrong on so many levels, and what's best for Capricorn? At this very moment, what's best for Capricorn is to stay away from Honey Bear honey. This horoscope ends on the solstice. That begins a new day for you. Check back in a week.

Aquarius: One of my friends is a psychic. Really, a lot of my friends, professional acquaintances, are psychics. Some better than others. One palm reader in Albuquerque, NM, he's the stuff of legends. Along the way, I've encountered fakirs, fakes and flakes. More fakers than real fakirs, too. Some would say I'm a flake, but I never claimed not to be. This week-long sprint to the high holy day of the solstice, it's important that you, as an Aquarius, be in touch with your designated seer, visionary, personal psychic reader, or, at least make arrangements to get a reading from me. A good reader will touch on the spiritual nature of your Aquarius journey, a moment to pause and delve into the cosmic meaning in your life. Much is getting revved up. There's a time to start, a time stop and time to pause before you rush into a situation that might, or might not, be ultimately fulfilling for your Aquarius soul. Guidance, one form or another. Wrap up the last of

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the Xmas crud and consider making an appointment with me, or some other psychic that you like. For those of a certain mindset, good week for church. Whatever it is that works for you. For the solstice? Divine guidance, one form or another.

Pisces: I have a great idea, my little Pisces friend, let's not make this difficult Here, pinky swear, you and me, Mr. Fishing Guide to the Stars and the special Pisces, let's lock fingers and acknowledge that I'm a jerk, you're not, and I'm sometimes wrong, to your detriment, and I'm going to make your life better, starting now. Deal? Let's shake. Good. The new year starts, officially, now. End of this scope, we have much "NEW" kicking into gear. Imagine that this is like the "L" in my buddy's monster truck. Low gear. Growling, churning, and, in his mind anyway, able to slowly ripple asphalt with that truck's torque. This is the beginning to a new day. A new year. It's not really the end of the world, I'll give you a heads up on that one, but it is a start to new year for Pisces. Now. Select one destination, one goal, one item, one deed, one "thing," person, place, object, something. Hold that in your Pisces Mind's Eye. It will happen. Slowly, like my buddy's monster truck, that thing doesn't leap, it's grinds away slowly, gradually building up power.

Aries: "You weren't drinking at the time?" No, I wasn't. "You're sure?" I'm sure. I had a moment of dyslexia. Momentary case. Just swapped two words with similar sounds into the wrong slots. Sounded right to me, but, in the context of the situation? Quite the wrong answer. Not that it bothers me, only, I can't use the excuse I was drunk. This isn't about the consumption of adult beverages. This is about how to eloquently cover a small mistake. I just figure that, as an Aries, you're going to jump a little too far, a little fast, and quite possibly, misplace a word or expression. "Drunk again?" No, just a little dyslexic. There are two ways to combat this, with the approach of the high holy days, one, drink. Two, slow down and don't jump so fast. Mars in Virgo? That could

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be it. Or better yet, that Uranus in Aries plus Venus plus Jupiter. Planets abound. Don't jump so fast.

Taurus: The instructions, it was in a "fang sway" head shop, I have no other moniker for a such place, and that's where I got this set of directions. Xmas is a magical time, and I'm passing along some almost unrelated Buddhist lore as an answer to the Taurus question. 'Facing the Buddha by the front door, burn three sticks of incense every morning before you eat, and your wish will come true.' There are a few provisions with this ritual, and consider me, the source, I can't say that I got it correct. Never stopped me. This is an action, burning the three sticks of incense, done before eating in the morning, while contemplating the successful outcome of a desire. I'd tend to think it was more along the lines of positive thinking rather than strict Buddhist doctrine, and I might have my religious orders confused. Won't be the first time, as I tend to ascribe to bits and pieces of whatever I like at the moment. As Taurus, there's certain fundamentalist side to you. As a Taurus, there's a certain side that wants nothing to do with Buddha. As a Taurus, there's something you've been wishing for. Let's start a process, now, before we get to the mighty Xmas, and see what we can do. Hint: the Buddha is forgiving, don't have to follow those instructions exactly.

Gemini: Merry Xmas. Hope you're having fun. We are, aren't we? I thought so. I had sideways glance at some Shakespeare stuff that I was going to use for Gemini, but the metaphor was a little too deep. I had some fancy a material, then again, not really what was right. There's a kind of impatience in Gemini, like, "Are we there yet?" A kind of feeling that "now" isn't soon enough. Ask anyone else, and they will tell you that you (Gemini) have to wait until Xmas to open the packages. I'd like to think that this is more along the lines of just waiting until Capricorn officially starts, Dec. 21. Wait. Noon, Dec., 21. Wait. Pause.

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Stop. Quit fidgeting. Here's an idea, go run around the block and come back, then we'll talk.

Cancer: Tourist couple, clearly a tourist couple, and they asked for a restaurant suggestion. I looked them over, young, but not too young, some gray in the guy's hair, and I started to define a little steakhouse, won't name names, but the place is throwback to an era long-forgotten. In this one steakhouse, the waitresses all wear red miniskirts that are trimmed with three-inch white leatherette fringe. White cowboy hats and, of course, white cowboy boots. I'd guess that the place hasn't changed since it opened in the 1960s. I looked at him and was about to make a comparison, and he pulled me up short, "Wait, I think I know where you're going with this, I was born in 1969...." So he won't remember when that place first opened. I heard from him later, and it was exactly what he was looking for, cheap steak, iconic (not ironic) atmosphere, and probably not terribly heart-smart. Still, some days, only a big piece of meat will satisfy. It was that moment of "don't guess my age, don't go there," that broken pause when I assessed my target audience, that couple. Until we get to the start of Capricorn, think about timing and that broken pause. Saved me from looking stupid, but, as it turned out, even thought the restaurant was older than the either one of the couple? It was perfect. Still, how to correctly announce it? That's your target. Broken pause, saved me.

Leo: I want you, no cheating, no looking at the web, name 10 Shakespeare plays. Trivia-type question. Can you name at least ten? Three or four, after reading my work, a couple of them ought to be easy. Maybe the odd one that I cite too often, if there is such a thing, but other than that? Ten plays by name? There are, there were 36 plays, now 37 or 38, depending on the ultimate authority and source. A couple of plays are easy, but without cheating, can you name at least ten? Avid and close readers of my work could probably do that, but

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only because I force exposure via the opening quote. Which funny, in and of itself, because sometimes, some weeks, I look at that opening quote and wonder why I picked it. I know it made sense at the time. Still, can you name ten plays by Shakespeare? It is a Leo challenge. A gentle one and one that I would invoke because I need to distract you from what is in front of all of us, at this moment. So name, from memory, no web, no phone, no peeking, name, from memory the titles of at least ten of Shakespeare's plays.

Virgo: I'm warning you, this will happen. I was crossing a busy downtown street. Two lanes have the right to turn into the street I was crossing. Got an image? Inside lane has to turn and the outside lane has the ability to, but can go straight, as well. Now then another point, when the cross walk sign displays "WALK," me, as a pedestrian, I have the right of way. Rules of the road. I didn't write the Texas Driver's Handbook, but I know some sections -- by heart. There is no right or wrong here. Just observations. Two cars and me. Two cars, turning while I was legally in the crosswalk, and the first car, politely and legally impelled, paused. Crosswalk sign said, "WALK." The second car, while on the inside lane, honked one then a second time, first, upset that someone was turning albeit legally, from the outside lane, and second, upset that the car in front was stopped when the light was clearly green. Never saw me. Oh, but I saw them. As a Virgo, which one is you? Pedestrian, legally, and politely abiding the law and wondering why everyone is getting upset, and shooting fingers, blowing horns? Or are you in one of the cars? I'd like to think you're that first car, turning legally, and mildly put out by the guy in the other lane, honking and saluting you with a single digit expression. However, in any case, you've been warned to watch it. More information becomes available, although, in that side of downtown? Not everyone seems to know that pedestrians really have the right-of-way.

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Libra: "Making a list and checking it twice...." That tune, its message, scares you, doesn't it? Something you've forgotten. Some issue, some item, some one thing, a single task left undone. There should be an ominous organ playing heavy, rather baroque music in the background, as you think, "Self, one item I meant to put on the list and forgot. What is it?" I don't know. If I really knew what each and every individual Libra forgot, then I would be worth a lot more than the paltry fee I charge. It's that "impending I forgot something" sensation. I can't help it Function of Mars, function of the phase of the moon, and the result? I seriously doubt that you forgot something else. That being noted, never hurts to check twice.

Scorpio: Xmas Hot Dogs! No, really, there's this place, it's like a deli, only it's more corner store only it's less than that. One of those tiny, shotgun place tucked between a lawyer's office and a high rise, a tiny delivery market. Carters to a mostly downtown lunch crowd so me wandering in on the December twilight was strange. Lunch for me. I didn't want much, so I opted for the "Chicago Hot dog." What a treat that turned out to be, soft peppers, onions, then a bright green relish trimmed with red tomato slices. All very good. The visual appeal almost outweighed the flavor. If it hadn't been a good hot dog, split open and grilled, then it might not have worked as well, but the elements worked well together. This isn't about a fancy hot dog, either, because I'm more of the cheap, been on the rotisserie for half the day kind of guy. Between the red tomato slices and that artificially bright green relish, it was an Xmas Hot Dog. As a Scorpio, you're busy looking at big items. I'm looking at something small, tiny, maybe right in front of you. Don't make this difficult. Enjoy the season and maybe, enjoy an Xmas hot dog. Or a similar treat that's not expensive and right in front of you.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 12.22.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"So 'tis good, very good, very excellent good;

And yet it is not, it is but so."

Shakespeare's *As You Like It* [V.i.26]

Solstice, Sun/Moon/Pluto in Capricorn, Jupiter direct at zero Taurus, and Xmas.

Capricorn: I live in Texas. I was born and raised in East Texas, which, without too much geography, it's right close to Louisiana. New Orleans has long been a party destination for my friends and families. I have a distant brother located in the Big Easy. I have a long-standing respect for both Louisiana natives and their foods. Stuff of legends. Best one I heard recently? "We were there for Mardi Gras, and after walking the Quarter all day, we came to this one bar, I pulled out a gold card and said we were going to sit and drink until we felt better." Apparently shoes came off. New Orleans, I'm sure other stuff was exposed, too. But I don't know. I wasn't there. I just really liked the "sit and drink until we feel better" quote. It's a perfect companion to how to deal with a situation like this week presents. There's going to be one (1) uncomfortable issue. Pluto/Sun/Moon thing. How you deal with it? Whip out that "emergency only" piece of plastic. Sit and drink until your feet -- or psyche -- feels better. Doesn't work for everyone, and the particulars might need to be adjusted, but you get the idea. Happy Birthday, too!

Aquarius: I've long held a fascination for characters with a natal Venus in Aquarius. There's a combination of a perception of aloof, along with an inherent mental process that fascinates me as an astrologer, and

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that combination of elements is topped off with a weirdness quotient that I, personally, consider quite attractive. Venus is in Aquarius, even now. Loping along, making merry.

Like most Aquarius, you're ahead of the curve and ahead of the schedule, whatever that might be. There's an alluring element that Venus just naturally brings out. With everything else going on, the pressure is on, but you don't have to give into the pressure. That, I think, is the secret. There's the usual Aquarius desire to follow your own lead, and I'd suggest you do just that. Go where you want.

Pisces: "He who lives by the electric sword shall die by the electric sword!" Swoosh. It was last minute client call, and one of those "Mercury is retrograde" things where the time and date got confused. To my delight, I had the electronic version of everything, all the correspondence, proved that I was calling at the allotted hour, doing the right thing, following the proscribed course of action. Agreed upon, in writing. The little Pisces dug through her notes, time and again, and what we determined, as she figured it out, was that she forgot to send me the last change in schedule requirements. If I'm not notified, preferably 24 hours in advance? Unless you're a really good Pisces, it's hard to turn back the hands of time. What happened was the last change to the schedule never got "sent." Pisces: clue: this week: make sure you hit "send." Failure to do so? Means no one gets updated.

Aries: I have a couple of clients, two of them are Aries, and both those people need a breathalyzer on the phone. An occasional drunken dialing incident is excusable, but repeat offenders? Should be shot. In the Aries example? I was going to suggest breaking their fingers, but as an Aries, you know, if you want something, a small injury like that won't stop you. I have an image of an Aries, drunkenly trying to dial the cell phone keypad with a nose. Now, let us stretch that image of an Aries

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drunkenly dialing the phone, and let's look on a larger scale, what this is about? Talking when you should be listening. Running off at the mouth when a closed mouth gathers no flies. I am a Sagittarius and I can easily chew on two, size ten boots, with relative aplomb. I'm used to it. However, as an Aries, what I'm striving for here, as my part of the holiday mess and message, what we're looking at is an increased desire to reach out and talk. What I'm suggesting, after hitting the holiday cheer? Don't drink and dial.

Taurus: I rolled over. Day before, it was sunny, cool, in the 70s, a few clouds overhead. Nice afternoon walk in shorts and sandals. Next morning, I'm not sure what happened, but it was cold. Dropped by about 40 degrees or more. As a Taurus, local weather variations may not be identical, but you get the idea, one day you're thinking about walking around in traditional South Texas Winter Wear, *i.e.*, shorts and sandals and the next it's just freezing cold. Big boy pants for me. Shoes. Boots, really. As a Taurus, my first, instinctual reaction? Feet hit the cold, cold floor, bare feet, hit the cold, cold floor? First reaction? Roll right over and go back to bed. I can do that, some days in December. I can afford to roll right back up in the covers and pretend that there is nothing that requires my outside attention. I can pretend at a lot of things. As a Taurus, though, this is a time when you can't pretend that you can roll over. Got to hit the ground running. Walking, in my case. Need to get out there. Need to answer the cry of retail, the monster at work, something, anything. Jupiter begins a slow and laborious turn-around. Kicks something into gear. In Taurus? Feet hit that cold floor? Get up and go.

Gemini: For years and years, holidays always meant travel. That I enjoy. Travel. I like traveling. Holiday travel is more amusing since there's an added layer of tension and frustration -- ever try to explain why you're carrying on a wrapped package that is a special gift for a

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special person? Or the chance of achieving that level of professional wrapping again impossible? Better yet, the indignant amateur traveler, over-wrought anguish with delays and over-worked travel people. I'm thinking mostly at the check-in at an airport. Could be any number of places, though. Are you the amateur making the non-issue into an issue, holding up the rest of us? The rules clearly stated, "no wrapped packages," with an implied message that wrapped packages could be unwrapped and searched. Examined. I wrapped my packages one year and wasn't surprised to find one had been opened -- it was computer hardware. However, I'm used to the exigencies of travel. Which one are you? Pitching a fit because you didn't read and agree to all the fine print? Or can you follow my stoic and philosophical outlook more closely?

Cancer: We have a rapidly approaching "situation." The confluence of three big planets hits, coming up, like, days before Xmas. Good or bad? Depends. Can I equivocate much more? Maybe. Does this impact Cancer? Yes and no. It's the Pluto/Sun/Moon that is approaching. Your little Cancerian Emotional Meter is going peg out in the red. Or the black, or redline. Or whatever expression it is that you choose. It's going to hit the limit, then go way past the limit and keep on going for a while. One set of symbolism is great. You're going to go to "Eleven." Arcane, rather dated joke. Talk about myth and miss. Anyway, I've warned you that, in the coming days, like, right around Xmas day itself, you're going to have a mini-melt down. I'd like to help save you from getting all over-wrought with anxiety and pressure, mostly from the confluence of Pluto and the sun, along with a rolling influence from the Moon. All hits, this week. Good or bad? Depends. Depends on what level of maturity that you bring to it. Depends on how invested you get in your "feelings" getting hurt, then the reparation of the emotional rift. See what I mean with "it depends"?

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Leo: The pagan underpinnings to the current celebration amuse me. The Yule Log, Yuletide, the symbolism and its roots with the Xmas tree? Pagan. Co-opted from several northern European traditions. Gift-giving and merriment? Saturnalia, again, co-opted from various other, in some cases, much older traditions. None of this is new. As the mightiest of the fire signs, and I'm a fire sign myself, so I can easily make that statement, The Great Leo is not involved, directly, in this week's point/counter-point, give/take, love/hate display of emotion. It is around you, it is near you, but if you stop, pause long enough to figure it out, this raw emotional upheaval doesn't get to you. It is purely tangential. Means, at best, it's a glancing blow to the Leo ego. At best. Because of the holiday spirit, you're going to want to blow this out of proportion. Not worth it. Really. Look at the historical precedents I cited, and think quietly to your majestic Leo self, "Do I really want to get all offended over this?" The answer is plain and simple: no. It is a time to enjoy the holiday spirit without getting caught up in the details. You're THE Leo. Leave the details for another sign, better equipped for the trivial stuff.

Virgo: One Virgo buddy is caught up in the Mars thing. "It's the 'end of the world,' don't you know?" The year's end is around the corner. By my count a little less than ten days away. Doubt it is the end of the world. I'd like to only recite this once, but I'm sure I'll do this routine a number of times, Harmonic Convergence, the great Uranus/Neptune Conjunction, Pluto into Sagittarius, Y2K, that last one, Y2K? Remember? We're still here. 2012? Not that much to worry about, well, as long as one is at peace with one's maker. History tells us that mankind is willing to think the worst, every time around. Do I even have to tell that to a Virgo? Apparently you need to be reminded. What I'm doing. This is not test. This not the end of the world as we know. This is merely another Xmas holiday with all its trapping and traditions/ Worry about it? Of course you will! You're a Virgo! You worry about all

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kinds of stuff we have no control over. The end is near! Wait, did you hear that? Sounded like a bump? Think there was someone out to get you? Wait, there might be. No, really, it's just Mars.

Libra: Did you know Dolly Parton cut a version of the legendary "Stairway to Heaven?" That ranks up there Texas Honky-Tonk icon, Kevin Fowler's version of Queen's staple, "Fat Bottomed Girls." Or one of the tunes that started it all, originally, an unnamed cut on the CD, Prince's "Purple Rain" by the old Austin Derailers. Each song is a rock-specific tune, and each song was re-interpreted in a singular fashion. Cover songs, in effect, but going in a new totally different direction that expected. Or what one would expect. Each tune, in its own right is a staple of a genre of rock. Each tune, has its place in the pantheon of great rock music. To hear a country singer, or a Texas Honky-Tonk bawler, or a Buck Owens group do such a staple, can, be, at one point, upsetting. It's the minutes, hours, days before the big holiday. Xmas in the Western Tradition. As a Libra, you feel last-minute pressure. How you choose to react, that's your measure of skill that you bring to the table. The musical suggestions were cover songs, rock anthem, Classic Rock standards, rock opera, all good stuff. The alternative renditions are classic in their own rights. The last-minute pressure has been bearable so far, but this week it just starts to build. A viable solution is moving out of the (Libra) box. Like honky-tonk rock anthems.

Scorpio: It was at a trailer in South Austin, not an Airstream, just a dining trailer, in SouthAustin, under a very balmy December night. Background noise was traffic, as befits the ambiance of such a place. In South Austin, just set up shop in an Airstream seemed the way to guarantee success. This place, thy are part Cajun, part Italian, and it was the Taurus wife running the show, that night. PoBoy half friend shrimp, half fried oysters, New Orleans style. Good. It was very, very good. The Sauce was zesty with just enough zing to make a statement

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without overpowering the flavors. Watching, though, is what this is all about. I watched as she de-veined the shrimp, right there. Breaded the oysters by hand. Skewered the shrimp and dusted them with blackening powder. All done by hand. It was not fast food. Although done in a trailer in South Austin, it wasn't fast, or, for that matter, all that convenient. It was good. Probably great. The long story, her husband trained with one of the greats in Louisiana cooking, then they found Austin didn't want to leave, so the rest is history. The part that I was thinking about, in respect to Scorpio? Every step was done fresh, on the spot, no short cuts. Takes longer. Tastes better. No shortcuts.

Sagittarius: Feng Shui for trailers is ticklish, at best. While there's a comic piece of writing about that, I never found any place that really addressed the issue of the ancient art of Feng Shui and trailer parks. Or (allegedly) mobile welling units. I joked about it once, as there was always the option, instead of rearranging the furniture, it would be possible to just orient the trailer on a new axis, to improve the Wood/Metal/Boar energy in a more conducive manner. With what's going on? Consider a little bit of a household overhaul. The whole trailer doesn't have to be reoriented in a totally new way, but a gentle change, that might help the Chi, never can tell. There's a simple adjustment, at home, makes a big difference with a small change.

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Fishing Guide to the Stars starting 12.29.2011

by Kramer Wetzel

"Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof."

Shakespeare's Othello [III.iii.357]

The year ahead -- 1/21/2012: The Sun moves into Aquarius and shortly thereafter, 1/24, Mars goes into apparent retrograde motion, in Virgo. Mars starts backwards at 23 Virgo and slides down to 3 Virgo, turning around Friday the 13th, 4/13/2012.

Mercury goes Retrograde 3/12 through 4/3 (Aries -> Pisces), 7/15 through 8/7 (Leo), 11/6 through 11/25 (Sagittarius -> Scorpio)

Venus RX 5/15 through 6/26 in Gemini. Covers most of the middle of Gemini.

The thematic elements most obvious is the fire signs and the Mercury Retrograde periods. Not bad, as I've stated before, but a chance to review. Between Mars and Venus, the elements are mutable. Means it's time to rethink an position we've held. Doesn't mean it's over, but it does mean that the beginning of the end has started.

Saturn gets to the last degree of Libra in February of 2012, then starts a backwards slide through almost the last third of that sign, turning around 6/24 and moving into Scorpio, for the duration, on 10/6.

Neptune moves into its home sign of Pisces 2/4; never varies from a point that's just barely a degree into Pisces, but who cares?

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Quick note about 2012: history is full of (stupid) people who refuse to remember history. Harmonic Convergence, 1987? Pluto into Sagittarius, 1994? Y2K? So is this really the end?

Capricorn: "Some people learn by doing, some people learn by watching and some people just have to pee on the electric fence," (attributed to the great Scorpio from Oklahoma, Will Rogers.) The week begins, right before the new year holiday, the year ends with a loud crash as something fails. Epic fail. When some things go bad, they go real bad with a huge fanfare. Noise and smoke, ruin and despair. That being noted? After the New Years' Eve debacle? Once that's passed us, life in Capricorn land start to smooth out and sail along smoothly. Happy Birthday! I suppose, if I were a gambling man, then I'd take a chance on not going out NYE, only to wait until the amateurs are off the streets and parked in front of football games. I'd wait until then. That's the break.

Aquarius: Old school, old ways, they die hard, don't they? Some habits are just much more difficult to give up? Anyway, this isn't about what you should be doing without, no, not as long as Venus is where she is. In your sign. This isn't about abstinence, this is about feeling good. Venus wants you to feel wonderful!

Still there's a hook that's stuck in the past. There's a single element that keep trying to dredge up an echo from years gone by. The past. Something distant. As we March forward into the new year, the new life, the beginning of a new era, what with the growing consciousness and all? AS we start out, as the Aquarius, you've got to look back and at least recognize that element that has its hooks in the past. Or the past that has its hooks into you. Certain old ways, old habit, they are hard to give up.

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Pisces: I've made and broken so many new years' resolutions that I resolved to never make any more stupid promises that I had no hope of ever keeping. "I'll work out every day this year," or I'll eat only nuts and fruits, healthy stuff, all year-long." I'm sure you've had your own examples of stupid resolutions, like "I'll never, ever drink again." Or, "I'll stop dating rock stars." The list goes on. Before we get to the new year's day resolution stuff, I'd like interject that Mars will oppose you most near half this year. Means the ideas will be time-tested, again and again. Means that you'll revisit whatever you propose as a resolution. Means think twice, now, before you make a promise that you won't, or can't, keep. Simple. A year is a long time, Even half that, with Mars flipping and frying? Think twice.

Aries: There's a certain willingness needed to surmount the adversaries of this coming year. There's a certain kind of Aries quality really required. Not exactly stubborn, no, that's not quite what I was looking for. Still, there's certain kind of ability to keep going when other, lesser signs would falter, fail, and fall by the wayside. The simple message is "Don't give up." Don't give in, don't capitulate, don't surrender. Don't give up the fight. Don't stop believing in the miracle that will occur. That I am sure of. When? This new year. Sometime in 2012. Exactly when? A, yeah, ah, hmm. Soon. How soon? I can't say, not for sure, or I'm not willing to say. However, I do know that you're going to win one big one in this coming year. A single fight that matters. Matters a lot. Up to you to keep this struggle going. Perhaps, as this holiday and new year rolls out? Perhaps this is a time to figure out which fight is the most important one to you. As the Aries you are, which struggle is worth the effort?

Taurus: I adore the effect of Jupiter on the particular sign. We've got a few months left with this going on. What's even more fun, as a Taurus, can you, are you willing, think about it, anyway, there's a

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chance to pounce on some other soul's poor misfortune. Not really ride into the rescue, no, not exactly what I was thinking about, but that's an image, too. There's a chance, as Jupiter begins to move off a stationary position, and this planet's movement couldn't come at a better time, as this is the time for you to start rolling forward. There's going to be a two, three, five, maybe seven steps forward, as we get through the holiday weekend. On into next week. You get a running start at the new year. You get a chance to capitalize on some other's misfortune. Sad, in a way, but a good shot for Taurus. I'd take it. The other part of this, is that, as the weeks and months begin to unfold, the rest of this year? There's a step back. Two steps forward, one step back. What it feels like. Bad? No. Less than a forward, headlong rush? Yes, therein is the problem. Like the fishing show I was on, three 12-hour days on the water for seven minutes of "fishing action."

Gemini: Two-Meat Tuesday was a long-time favorite of mine. The idea came from a Tuesday special at an archetypical Austin BBQ place. Never realized just how good the BBQ was until I was subjected to lesser examples. The original premise was two topic on Tuesday, usually prompted by an article online or in the paper, or whatever crossed my purview at the time. Two topics. Sometimes related, sometimes not. Good Gemini title, too, Two-Meat Tuesday. You're reading this so I'll guess you have free access to the online version of the book. If not, check the <http://www.astrofish.net/book/> section for a copy. This isn't about a book of mine, though, it's about the title of that book and the title's original source, two topic, two menu items, two subjects that may or may not be related. Two. As the sign of the Twins, and certainly the most mutable of the Air Signs (Gemini, Libra, Aquarius), you're quite used to the concept of "two." AS this week unfolds, as we get a start on the new year, you're interested in the "Two" idea. Two menu items. May be related. May not

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be related. I'm not sure. However, from what I know of planets and Gemini? The items are related in your mind, although, the rest of us? We don't see it.

Cancer: As an environmentalist, I much favor the current trend of "Print-On-Demand," and its technology. Order a book, then the book is printed, and shipped. No excess. No stock, no carting around cases and cartons of unsold books. The problem is price. The print-on-demand technology is wonderful, but not exactly cheap. Less waste, though. There is that. No remaindered stacks with the covers ripped off. I did a calendar one year with my favorite picture from the previous year. Instead of trying to sell it, though, I just gave it way to family and friends. Family. Immediate family. Three copies, all I wanted. So the technology isn't all bad, it has good uses. That calendar, at least one, was sliced up and the pictures matted. Good use of material, recycle, reuse, re-invent. As a Cancer, Moon-Child influenced personality, there's an idea hat you've been working on. I'd suggest you print up, like, in the first week of 2012, print up a single copy of that idea. Images, digital print, book, story, something. I can make a recommendation or two about print-on-demand services. The idea is to get one in print, to see what it looks like. We'll come back revisit the project over and over this year, but get one done this next week.

Leo: "Party's over, time to go home!" Okay, so most of my extra-fine Leo friends, most of you guys don't want the party to be over, and you're not interested in winding down the celebrations. It's just, okay, let me start over. Money won't buy love, "But it will rent it for a little while," I get reminded, over and over. This is about getting ready for the oncoming year. This is about getting a few details out of the way so that the good stuff can happen. For one buddy? Let me spell it out. It's about making a lap for a dancer to land in. The party is over, before we even get to midnight on New Year's Eve. That's the

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downside of this, but getting a few details in order, and more important, getting your majestic Leo brain wrapped around the idea that it's time to get organized for the new year. Making money in the new year. Attention to your house. Before the party ever gets started, I'd start shooing people out, and I'd start turning your Leo attention to getting rich. Get rich fast. Soon. New year. Jupiter turns around and gets up a brilliant head of steam all but guarantees some success.

Virgo: In London's Westminster Abbey, Royal Wedding, etc.? Anyway, in the Abbey, Cromwell is buried. He's buried in a section that was later dedicated to the brave pilots of the RAF, the brilliant lads who saved England in her darkest hour, during the Blitz. An American tourist, I can't make this up, Cromwell, England, Reformation, Interregnum, Civil War, etc.? An American tourist looked at the lay person guide in the Abbey, and asked, "So what did Cromwell fly?" 1660? History is full of people who make egregious errors. Perhaps having a degree in English makes it a little more important and I know a few, thin shards of English History better than some. Although, in this modern age, I would think that more inter-web authors would be aware of Samuel Pepys. Never mind. There's about a three hundred year gap between the RAF and Cromwell. Before you make a stupid comment like that, before you follow in my footsteps and make such an observation, before you chew on your feet like I do so often? Stop. Mars makes you hasty. Sometimes, this is good. Sometimes haste is all right. Other times, like now? Maybe not so much. Pause. Think about it. Consider that silly question before you ask.

Libra: Casting our Libra eyes back over the last 12 months, last 11 months, looking backwards for just a moment? Been one heck of a ride, now hasn't it? Like to leave some of that behind us, too? Feels like you've been stuck in one place a little too long? I can't change much of that. What I can offer is hope. Halfway through Libra, this next year

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(2012) Saturn *exeunt*. I use the Latin phrase since it's common stage direction in Shakespeare texts. I'd like to think that the grand exit of Saturn, October 6, 2012, I'd like to think it's the big deal. Life is better. The real issue, look at what a mess it is right now, the real issue isn't about then, or about where we've been, it's about what is in front of you, even now, and what is important. This is about structure and priorities. Look at the list. Maybe sketch a few of the option out on paper. Maybe make note, in pencil, of what needs to get accomplished. Plans, steps, goals. No, I think that should be goals are first, then plans, then, what steps are necessary to enact the plans to make the goals happen.

Scorpio: I was thinking about Scorpio and how a Scorpio would love to subvert an authority figure. Sometimes, my little Scorpio friends do this because it's mean. Sometimes, the motivation is more pure, but the idea I that there has to be a way around it. A way that the Scorpio can bend the will of others to the Scorpio way of seeing the issue. Item. Thing. *The Scorpio Way*. That should be trademarked, The Scorpio Way. Right. Bending rules and worse, trying to subvert some other authority figure will go horribly wrong. I'm not saying that *The Scorpio Way* is bad, I'm just suggesting we stop and consider a different approach. The first half of this year will give you a chance to think about a new approach. The second half, or the last third or the last few months, like the Scorpio birthday time? You'll want to look back and assume that I was correct, you needed to give in to the authority figure. "There's a reason it is done in that order," and we can make this easy -- or difficult -- depends on your attitude towards their rules.

Sagittarius: I'm hoping you will refer to this horoscope, over the course of the next year. I'm hoping that it will eventually make more sense. Or make some kind of sense. As I looked at the Mercury patterns,

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seeing some fire in here, and as I watched that Mars Retrograde pattern unfold in Virgo, it triggered an idea. The perfect metaphor? I've spent a portion of my life in the neighboring state of New Mexico. Like Old Mexico, only the water is better. From location to location, the question is "Red or Green?" Means Red or Green chile sauce with the meal. I prefer both, which is both. What I've learned, though, is that the color doesn't always have to do with the heat. Sometimes, a green sauce is milder. Or sometimes, it's the red sauce. Varies from kitchen to kitchen. The color of the sauce has little to do with whether the sauce itself is hotter. When I say, "hotter," of course I mean with inherent Scofield Units. I like hotter. Burning is good. As the first part of this year unfolds, the most important message is that the color has little to do with the inherent punch a particular pepper can pack. Really, look at it some time, the smaller the pepper, the hotter it usually is.

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