

HalfMoon Waxing, February 2011. The Gilded Age and the Salamander.

The way out is down. The convenience of outer form is losing ground to the growing inner urgency. In the thick of the action, the massive superstructure, the beliefs and concepts, are crumbling to dust. "The inner life" is a call echoing in a canyon, a drumbeat of heart-rhythm growing and fading, growing and fading.

Industrial existence having once been wholesome to us, we nurture as we can the plant-with-dying-roots that has grown flowers of technological expediency. Flowers of square edges and diagrams. An existence we map obsessively. Even so far as the occult will take us, with numerology, with astrology, tarot. Every interpretation we can find, we are willing to follow it. But not down. Not in.

Canyon walls of squeaky-clean, of on-time, of fabulous. Diagrams. Artificial flowers floating in the air. Like figurines of the Gilded Age. Men in bowler hats and women with corsets cinched tight. Power and wealth flashing in our eyes. An upraised hand holding an umbrella. On it, a diagram, a blueprint, for a civilization of Man. Civilization as a verb, a wire over an abyss. And the call echoes again.

The Surface-Aquarius way, to always be doing better, trying harder, doing it right. Semblances as improvements. Masculine, facts and figures. The most constrictive thought forms in the world. Diagrams. A small cluster of lines marked here, a long straight line from here to there, to a very large cluster of lines. A map of something that is over there. A reason, a way to get there. But an abyss to cross.

Silly, to have cupped a hand to our ear. What is that sound, down there?

The way out is down. The sound is only the creek. At the bottom of the canyon this little creek trickles. Nothing fancy, not much of a view. So simple to sit there and only hear the sound of the creek, only see the water flowing.

And why not? Well, but the Rolls, the minks, the diamonds!

Surfing this wire across the abyss. *Surfacing* – a new verb meaning to stay on the surface, no matter what. My phone vibrates in my pocket. My eyes suck in facts. Super Bowl, Dow Jones, CBOT, Gifford. The ultimate socialism is this feeding of the masses.

The ultimate socialism is the conditioning of the masses to never go down. Gilded Age figurines floating in the air, surfacing. A construct as cluttered as the metaphors I'm struggling to keep going here. Diagrams, canyons, umbrellas and maps and wires and most of all Over There. A place to go that is not here. A place to go where I will feel ground under my feet. Where the abyss is not.

For what purpose?

So that the creek sounds so sweet, the little tinkling sound and no other thing. So that the water flowing seems so clear, when that is all there is.

All this from a Chart? Am I surfacing?

Like rust on a golden statue, I see asteroids. Vesta, who gives us our anxious and frustrated surface self, become nightmare conjuncting Pluto. Ceres, who makes consumerism the Mother Goddess, given wings conjuncting Mercury. Juno, who gives us identity in convenient single serving size containers available at retail stores everywhere, is shining a light we long to reflect. And the creeper, the crawler, Pallas, who maintains the surface fiction for the rest, is working harder than ever, seeking to quiet the Moon.

It is this Moon pulling us down. It is the antidote for Surfacing. The Moon always means to pull us down, to show us Under, to light the way to In. Heart rhythm, feminine wisdom. The Moon is in Taurus. Taurus is Not Surface. Taurus is Venus is In.

We are asked not to find it easily. It must come from a willingness to fall. We are asked to want to let go of the umbrella. We are asked to want to forget the costumes, the gowns, the lace gloves. To find the Gilded Age hollow.

When the contrast becomes so great, when the abyss is so deep, then we can let go. Suddenly, and only, the clear sound of water.

At 11:19 PM Pacific time on the night of the 10th, meditate with me on the sound of the creek at the bottom of the abyss. You land so softly. See with me the water flowing over rocks. There is nothing there. Go down in. Why have you been trying so hard to not hear the quiet sound in the still, dark place.

Now you are there. And sitting there with the quiet creek, suddenly coming into view you see the Moon, the light of the Inner Self, at the 23rd degree of Taurus. It is

A salamander glowing red-orange.

“Burning up with the inner flame of creativity in the soul realms. The inner life raging with power – an insistent force. A level of attunement to the central flame of your being that will not quit. The impassioned desire to manifest perfectly what lives inside. The alchemical intention to burn away the dross and return to pristine selfhood at long last. An extremely motivated path of development. Difficult to harness, yet the mastery called for is just what you seek to embody, and anything more reasonable seems easy and lazy. One-pointed drive to strip away all but self and be true to self in a fashion that will burn a hole in the world.”

Oh they hope you don't do this! The way out is down. Over the quiet rocks by the creek of nothing, an Incandescent Salamander flits. This does not make sense. Follow it!

May the Moon-glow help you let go!

Jon