

HalfMoonWaningNovember 2010. The Rebel Moon

The Waning Half-Moon of November, 2010. I'm calling it the Rebel Moon. Not an Outer Rebel, but the Inner Rebel. The Outer Rebel wants to identify with a Rebel brand, have Rebel hair, be Rebel cool.

Every year, on the day after Thanksgiving, the Outer world offers us "Black Friday" – the biggest shopping day of the year. The Outer Rebel is the one who wants to shop a little differently. Any of the looks that says something besides Normal will do – the pajama-bottom messy-coed look, the Green Day punk look, the outdoorsy ultra-predator look... even the harried Walmart Mama-Griz look. Each has an archetype defined by Madison Avenue, each has a song, each has an aisle at the store.

The System is crumbling, and we are awakening into 2012. At this phase in the process, the surface expression appears as a fragmented and polarized culture. The entity known as the System is starving for closeness, connection. Its only hope is to cannibalize itself, creating feeder-entities who are each identified by whichever characteristic of the system they are consuming.

The Piscean school of fishes is full of a variety of shapes and colors. Each variety is seeking its fellows. Each group is pointing at the whole as the problem. Each group is branded by its dissatisfaction. In order to keep the whole mass moving in one direction, the System rewards each group by feeding its identity. There are radio stations and TV channels for each one, each has its own store, its own transportation, its own food.

And all are still swimming in the Age of Oil direction. There is an entity known as Humanity. For a long time we swam together towards what we perceived was security. There was enough food, enough shelter. Our group consciousness, Adam Smith, kept us on course, gave us a chance to get ahead. The Rugged Individual swims fastest, gets the most of what it hungers for. Those most Outer were rewarded most. In a cool way, they were loved the most. Even as they stood projecting their separateness, they were idealized, given the most acceptance.

So, I like the metaphor... Imagine the Gulf Stream as our direction, a current of warm water that we follow. The Age of Oil is represented by this current. It has been very good to the Entity, the school of fishes, known as Humanity. There is a comfortable stasis in the direction we've been going – with the current. And now the current is slowing down. We are noticing the change, we are spreading out, looking around. It's not a conscious choice yet....

Take the Gulf Stream/Age of Oil metaphor and metamorph it into a freeway. Each of us in our own Identity – car, music, clothes. The identity of the Outer Rebel. At this stage of the process, traffic is starting to slow down. Even the Rugged Individual. We are starting to notice brake lights up ahead. We are sitting up, putting both hands on the wheel, checking the mirrors. This is a phase when "Safe" is Unifying. Think Yellow Ribbon Sticker. Rugged, Individual, Safe.

We're starting to think about other routes. I mean, of course there are a lot of people already off the freeway, out of the loop. But if the Age of Oil was the age of fishes, the age of Aquarius is going to be the age of the neighborhood. The whole school is going to have to get off the freeway.

Okay, starting to "Reel In" the metamorphing freakin' metaphor.

It used to be easy for us. The freeway, the current, the School – everyone was headed to the mall for Black Friday. Every day could be the Biggest Shopping Day of the Year! The pitch is that you CAN buy love – Outer Rebel equals Happy!

But you know, it's starting to seem like a whole lot of swimming to nowhere. As the "Safe" thing wears off, as the brake lights up ahead light up and then fade, as we realize we're just plain coming to a halt, at least in the direction we've been going, inside we are realizing that we're not going to get to the mall.

In fact, deep inside, we are all really considering just parking the damn car, climbing over the edge of the freeway, walking into the neighborhood over there. Deep inside, we're working on a new kind of courage, a kind of bravery that terrifies the Rugged Individualist. Now, the damn Rugged Individualist, the Outer Rebel, he's just about totally freaked out. And you know how it goes – the fear is causing him to project his shadow all around – those people over there are violent, the ones over there are sex freaks, the ones behind me are all conformists! In fact, in every direction Outside of himself he's recognizing that deepest human shadow: Survival Mode. Each group outside of the one he's in seems capable of doing absolutely anything to survive. The Inner Rebel, who's waking up now, that this week's Moon represents, is the part in each of us that's willing to set aside the fear. The Inner Rebel is the one in us who sees the traffic jam we're in and knows that it's going to take lifetimes to get out of it. The Inner Rebel is the one who wants to wander in the neighborhoods, to see what it feels like to be at home with Them. The Inner Rebel is the one who is starting to see that we're all in this together.

The Inner Rebel is starting to look at the School of Fishes from outside. Aquarius? Or maybe Aquarium?

Okay, that went a little far, but here's what we've got. Sunday the 28th of November, at about 12:40 in the early afternoon if you're on Pacific Time, is the Half Moon Waning. Here in the Pacific Northwest, we get a Pisces rising ninth house Sagittarius Sun squaring a Virgo Moon-conjunct-the-Descendant.

The Moon on the Descendant is the Co-dependent's Moon. There is an opposition between the persona of the rising and the needs of the descendant. The Virgo Moon's need to serve depends on that compassionate identity. The identity is very powerful though, with Jupiter and Uranus in the first house squaring Mercury and Mars in the tenth... how's that combo look for "Rugged Individuality"? Big and Emo with yellow streaks dyed in. Definitely pulling hard away from the quietly-at-work, partnering Moon.

And that Moon! Pluto and the North Node, transforming what we make of everything, hug the moon with a beautiful waning trine. And if the Moon says "I need" the square to the Sun means Now! The far-away eyes of the ninth house Sagittarius Sun are really looking around now. The notion of staying safely in the locked vehicle, the vehicle of the Rugged Individualist, seems silly to a soul that is really waking up to wonder – to wonder about wandering around helping, healing, serving. Buy Nothing. Give Love.

I invite you, on this Half Moon Waning, to become the Inner Rebel, so uniquely you that you don't need an exterior identity. To be loved, we love! Be so Rebel that you walk up to the Rugged Individual and give him a hug, too.

Forget all the presents you can buy. The Rebel Moon walks around hugging his neighbors.

Black Friday is Over! Everyone out of the car!