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## PLUTO ENTERS SCORPIO

*November 5, 1983*

The day that Pluto entered Scorpio, MTV sucked my brains out.

It wasn't that hard to do.

I had been living outside electronic civilization for the past fourteen years at Lama Foundation in the mountains of northern New Mexico. All of the great music, movies, TV, and most of the news of the seventies totally escaped my attention. I had just moved back into Babylon (Santa Fe) the week before. My mind was almost as fresh and naive as a cloistered virgin. A good deal of mental and emotional purification took place during my years in the wilderness.

Now I had gone from living in a sunny cabin alone in the forest with only birds and squirrels, woodpeckers and skunks, and the occasional bear to disturb me, to sleeping on the floor of a ground-level one-bedroom apartment with cars rushing by not ten feet from where my head lay.

I had moved from Lama to Santa Fe to be a closer to my five-year-old son, Abe. His mother, my former wife, Varda, had taken him from Lama to Santa Fe three years previously. Somehow it took me three years to figure out that Abe needed a full-time father.

My first night in Santa Fe, Jesus knocked on the door to my apartment. At least that's who he said he was. Where I had just come from, if someone told you he was Jesus you accepted that as being real for him in the moment. Of course, the next day he could be Krishna or Buddha.

The young man standing in my door had large eyes, clear olive skin, an oval face, and long crinkly black hair that fell below his shoulders. He looked like a Mexican Jesus. He said he lived across the street. He asked if he could come in and use my phone since the phone in his house was broken. It is a great honor to have Jesus come into your house and use your phone. Of course I let him in. As he walked across the one room of my apartment his eyes darted back and forth checking everything out, perhaps looking for what could be boosted. He got on the phone and began talking rapidly about an ounce of this and a gram of that, still looking nervously about. Jesus was making drug deals on my telephone! The next night when he showed up again, I asked him to go somewhere else to find a phone.

The day that Pluto entered Scorpio, I was sitting on the sun porch of a Territorial-style mansion on Canyon Road with my friend Dennis. He was house-sitting this beautiful home which belonged to a state senator from Deming, who was rarely in Santa Fe but liked to stay in style when he was there. That day Dennis wanted to turn me on to MTV. We turned on the tube and went out on the groove. Like a practiced twenty-four-hour hooker, MTV skillfully wrapped its electronic lips around my tender mind and sucked me into multiple psychic orgasms until all my juice was used up and gone. The intuitive, incessant interweaving of sight and sound, of video clips and rock music, struck me open with the force of a minor revelation. A segment of the mass mind of the future had developed while I was away from the world. One afternoon of MTV was sufficient sensory overkill for me. I didn't go back for more.

This incident lies like a bookmark at the opening of a new chapter in my life, a period of internal work, of digging deep inside, uncovering and releasing ancient psychic blocks. It was a period of having to deal with money, sexuality, and personal power in the so-called real world, a period of necessary transformation, all of which is signified by Pluto's transit through Scorpio.

## MEETING JOANNA & HADRON

*November 24, 1983*

A few weeks later, Dennis invited me to Thanksgiving. His temporary home was an exquisite venue for entertaining. Spacious white rooms

with gold trim, sparkling electric candelabras, cabinet work in deep red and dark green. The decor may have been Mandarin, but it seemed Tibetan to me. His Aquarian Moon brought an unusual group of people together around the table that night. Most of us were meeting each other for the first time.

The most extroverted and talkative person there was a older woman by the name of Joanna Walsh. She had a crown of white hair, a glowing face with smooth, youthful skin, and sparkling blue eyes. She was dressed in a gold wool suit and wore an amber necklace. Though in her seventies, she had the vivacity and enthusiasm of a much younger woman. She seemed delighted to get to know everyone who was present and was especially delighted with herself. She had an effervescent quality of joy that was in no way silly or giddy.

She and her husband Hadron had moved to Santa Fe from Los Angeles in the past year. The previous winter they had given what she called the Intergalactic Federation Ball. The theme was *'Come dressed as you are on your home planet.'* Her intention was to meet all the people in Santa Fe who had come from another planet. If I had been in town, I would have come as myself. My personal reality is strange enough. Why cover it over?

This seemed kind of kooky to me. I certainly would not have gone to such a ball. I never dress up in costume, not even for Halloween. I think my day-to-day personal reality is strange enough without having to put on make-up and assume an even deeper level of false identity. I had read about UFO abductions and that sort of thing, but I had never met anyone who embraced a reality about having come from another planet.

Sure enough, the next thing I knew she was asking me if I remembered having come from another planet and if I remembered what it was like on my home planet. I said as far as I knew my home planet was Earth. She thanked me for my knowing and continued merrily holding forth.

Her husband Hadron was sitting across the table from me. He had barely spoken a word all night, which later I would find out was due to advanced Alzheimer's disease. He had the husky build of a former athlete, a handsome face with a prominent forehead, thick bushy eyebrows, and shimmering green eyes. His face suggested love of beauty, refinement of thought, and nobility of spirit. I felt a little uncomfortable with him sitting across from me saying nothing. But he seemed content to be

sitting there next to his wife, probably out in space somewhere, hardly there at all.

Every now and then he would appear to focus into the present moment, pick up his head, look alert, and say something unexpected and humorous, such as: "This sure is a strange planet." Joanna would repeat what he said. Everyone would laugh. Then his head would droop and once again no one was at home.

At one point everyone was sounding off about politics, airing their opinions and feelings. Hadron picks up his head and says, "War is business. Business is war," which Joanna repeated and everyone laughed. "That is one of his Hadronisms, which everyone used to appreciate so much," she said.

Then a most unusual thing happened. Hadron raised his gaze, looked me straight in the eye, and said softly but very forcefully, "Sell DuPont stock now. Sell DuPont stock now." Then he nodded off again. That was the only thing he said directly to me that whole evening.

This shocked me. How could he know that my sole source of financial security was some DuPont stock which I had inherited from my grandfather almost twenty years previously? It had not occurred to me until that moment that my karma was to have homeopathic ownership in one of the vilest corporations on the face of the planet, a major contributor to warfare and armaments, chemical and nuclear pollution. But here it was, plain in my face: "*War is business. Business is war. Sell DuPont stock now.*"

This was my first hint that something unusual was coming into my life.

Joanna said that Dennis had told her that I was an astrologer. I said indeed I was. She said she had always wanted to work with someone who was a good astrologer. Would I be interested? I said perhaps at a later date, being non-committal and evasive. I am wary when anyone says that they want to work with me. Usually it means that they want to do their work on me, like massage students who give free massages to up their learning curves.

Meanwhile I went out and sold the remainder of my DuPont stock. Financially it would have been wiser to wait four or five years until I absolutely had to sell it, for the price would have been much higher at a

*Meeting Joanna and Hadron*

later time. But when a message comes spontaneously and hits the mark that accurately, whether it comes from within or without, I don't worry about it, I just do it.

That was the beginning of the burning of karmic ribbons under Pluto in Scorpio.

A little while later Joanna called and asked me if I wanted to work with her and share knowledge with her. But I was not ready for that yet. It would be almost a year before the necessity was on me to work with her.