

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ASTROLOGY?

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I recently did four interviews during the UAC (United Astrology Conference) in New Orleans, and one of them included the question “When did you start to believe in astrology?” or something like that.

My answer was that I don’t “believe” in much of anything. That is too much like what the great lama Chögyam Trungpa said years ago, “Your guess is as good as mine.” A guess is a guess; a belief is just that, a belief, not knowledge. I don’t think I ever have believed in astrology or anything else for that matter. Perhaps I believe in life after death, and I am working to make that experiential, probably all too soon for my liking. Anyway, somewhere way back then, I found astrology to be useful. I use it because it is useful.

In other words, you don’t have to believe “in” astrology to find it useful, to use it. I use astrology all the time as one of my languages of life. I have others too, like photography, music, dharma, and so on. I speak those languages and they speak to me. No one asks me if I believe in music or photography, right?

I learned about the language of astrology a long time ago, in the late 1950s or at least by 1960 when I left high school and hitchhiked to Venice West in Santa Monica to become a fine-arts painter. I lived in an abandoned walk-in freezer in the basement of the then-famous Beat art gallery and hangout called the Gas House right on the beach. Anyone out there ever heard of that or am I just too old? Well, my life as a painter didn’t last long, but you could not have told me that back then.

When I first managed to get my arms around astrology it was as an alternative view of myself compared to the relatively sick labels that modern psychology was passing around at the time, you know: paranoid, schizophrenic, manic-depressive, etc. They had all kinds of labels and I can’t remember one of them that was a virtue or positive. They were all negative, and that was a heck of a way to describe oneself. I didn’t even know how bad an image psychology painted until something else came along, and that was astrology, which gave me a second opinion as to who I was.

Astrology at least was balanced. It had good and bad labels, not just negative ones. Astrology gave me a second opinion on who I was and where I might be going in life, and I appreciated that a lot. Of course I preferred my astrological profile to that of the modern psychology of the time and I was glad to know that I was not just some sick son-of-a whatever. You get the idea.

So, do I believe in astrology? I don’t think so. And I don’t believe “in” music or anything else. I love astrology and I find it a useful language to know myself through and I use it to share ideas with people like many reading this blog. Make sense? Do you believe in astrology?