Planet: Jupiter

Signs: Sagittarius; Pisces

Glyph: ♃

Key words and qualities: Passionate curiosity. "The intelligence of desirous quest." Jupiter is associated with philosophy, principles, laws, and storytelling as primary ways that we, as humans, make meaning out of information.

Color: Violet **Metal:** Tin

Physical body affinities: The circulatory system; the liver (in its assimilative function, making meaning out of nutrient information)

Day of the week: Thursday ("Thor's Day"—the Norse Jupiter)

Festival: Any journey viewed as a pilgrimage is Jupiter's movable feast, especially in the Sagittarian season of Advent (from late November to the winter solstice, around December 21). Also during the inward-journeying time of Pisces, from late February to the vernal equinox (around March 21). This is a time (from Mardi Gras, through Lent, to spring) for stories and theater. This is also the traditional time for cleansing the circulatory system and liver with fasting and bitter herbs.

Way of honoring: Questing; learning; teaching; traveling; feasting. Jupiter is the expansive guardian of the crossroads. We supplicate Jupiter through generous offerings, and by praying, "Open my path before me, and grant me the opportunity to be of maximum good in the world."

Shadow, when not honored: Excess; the "gorge" theory of pleasure ("If something's a problem, make me bigger"); inflation. "My will is God's will."

JUPITER

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THE WORLD BELONGS TO THE STORYTELLERS

A story is told in my family about my Irish grandfather, who inadvertently put a twenty-dollar gold piece in the collection plate at mass. After a moment of regret, mixed with pained indecision, he said, "Well, I gave it to God—and to hell with it."

Inadvertently or not, we are constantly giving and receiving. Through Jupiter's lens, life is viewed as a high-spirited, playful journey of generosity. From the moment we are born, we are on a caravan of infinite, unfolding opportunities for constantly expanding our horizon. Jupiter always says, "Take those opportunities."

Jupiter is the largest planet in our solar system. It magnanimously generates more radiation than it receives from the Sun. Thus Jupiter is associated with all gods of generosity, and abundance.

Jupiter forms a miniature solar system, with itself at the center of sixteen moons. By analogy, Jupiter governs all systems—laws, codes, philosophy, computers, and storytelling—as primary ways we make meaning out of life.

To make meaning, we must first cast out our net and gather information. The Jupiter part of us is the Universal Investigator whose task is to approach all aspects of life with reverent curiosity, allowing everything to tell its story. A passionate eclectic, Jupiter

thrives on variety—different kinds of people, food, movies, cultures, disciplines, time periods—and above all on stories. The hunger for stories as a primary life-food is akin to the equally strong desire for understanding and meaning.

Jupiter's craving is to constantly expand the parameters of life beyond the familiar. To that end, Jupiter loves travel and comes alive when we land in ultra-foreign situations, rising to the challenge of discerning exotic underlying operating systems—philosophy, customs, mores, and etiquette. To honor Jupiter, we engage in the complete cycle: we cast our net of curiosity, gather it back in, sort the catch, and feed the village with it.

The second step is to sift and edit the catch. Here one discerns, for example, that we may feel an affinity for a particular teaching, but not its hierarchical structure. Keep the teaching, toss the structure. Keep the sacrament, toss the church.

The third step is to syncretize what remains. When our research has been sufficiently broad and expansive, patterns begin to emerge. We then perceive organizing principles from what had previously appeared to be wildly disparate observations. Jupiter invites us to be collage artists with life, building bridges from one culture to another and from one time period to another, to create avenues of mutual influence. (I call my own Jupiterian style of decorating and dress "Middle Eastern–Southwestern.")

Jupiter actually tells us that the nature of learning is erotic. Everything wants to tell us its story, if we treat it reverently, with offerings and time and receptivity. When I was studying at a half-baked esoteric school in England, we were nonetheless assigned an intriguing exercise. If something caught our fancy or piqued our curiosity—an animal, a tree, even a particularly strange or interesting rock formation—we were taught how to invite it to tell us its story. To accomplish this, we were to spend time with the subject and give it energy, give it offerings. We were to be very actively yang, thrusting. We might go sit by that rock and make a rhythmic con-

tract with it. We might say, "All right, rock. I really want to know about you. I want you to tell me your story. So I will come three days in a row at this particular time and each time I will bring you a gift. I will give you energy, time, and a courtship offering: a little bit of tobacco, fruit, flowers, or tickets to the opera. Then I will come for three following days and you will give me your story. I will be passive yin and you will thrust into me."

Check it out. If you want to know about something, give to this thing and be active and yang. Then go to it and be receptive and yin. Then it can tell you its secrets. Part of the contract is that you will then tell its story for it to the human world. Jupiter restores us to a world of narrative where all humans once lived, when everyone understood that everything has a story to tell.

In this way knowledge is made available to the less curious. Hence, Jupiter is said to "rule" publishing and all forms of teaching as the culmination of this cycle of research. This god's favorite forms of teaching, however, are storytelling, games, ritual, and theater.

The Invocative Power of Storytelling

Often, in fairy tales, when people lose their way in the Enchanted Forest (a situation we all find ourselves in periodically), after weeping, gnashing their teeth, and rolling around on the forest floor, they finally sit down and tell themselves the story of how they came to be lost in the forest. Something about telling yourself your own story invokes the resolution of the adventure. The magic horse arrives, the stairs descend from the heavens, and the next chapter of the journey begins to unfold.

Just such resolution takes place in the teaching story of Mushkil Gusha, a Sufi analogue to the elephant-headed Hindu god Ganesh. Lost in the forest, the protagonist tells himself his own story, which invokes the redemptive magic. If one tells the story of Mushkil Gusha or gives a gift to someone who will help the needy on a

Thursday night, we are told that "the people who are in real need will always find their way."

In the story, a woodcutter was miraculously catapulted from dire circumstances to fabulous wealth by Mushkil Gusha, the remover of all difficulties. The god gave him but one proviso, which was that he must tell the story of his good fortune every Thursday night. After a time he forgot to share his tale with others and lost everything. One day he overheard someone saying that it was Thursday—the night of Mushkil Gusha—and remembered that he had forgotten to honor him. As soon as this thought came into his head, a kind fellow passing by threw him a small coin. The woodcutter called out, "Kind friend, you have given me money, which is of no use to me. However, if you would buy some dates and share them with me, I would be infinitely grateful." The other man went and bought a few dates, which he shared with the woodcutter. When they had finished their dates, the woodcutter told the kindly man the story of Mushkil Gusha, an invisible, expansive deity who had beneficently transformed his life. The woodcutter's difficulties were then immediately resolved, "and everyone lived happily ever after."

As the story ends, we are told that the tale of Mushkil Gusha never really ends but assumes many ongoing forms. We are invited to further the work of this path-opening god of infinite possibility by telling heartening stories (especially on Thursday nights) of arduous circumstance transformed into delightful resolution. We join in circulating Jupiter's blessing: When things seem most dire and lean, may the gods offer you a sumptuous feast of heartening opportunity.[11]

Every aspect of this story is important to understanding what Jupiter represents. "You have given me money, which is of no use to me." Jupiter is the god of wealth in the sense of limitless opportunities, which has little to do with money. Money is a by-product of true wealth, but not its source. True wealth lies in telling the right story at the right time. We honor Jupiter, and he incarnates through

us, when we, in the words of Isaiah, "speak to the weary a word that will rouse them."

Jupiter says to each of us, "I will make you wealthy, by your own definition. What is your definition of wealth?" What is a wealthy life, what is a wealthy culture? Simply asking the big questions initiates a journey of discovering their answers.

Jupiter says that if you write down the answer to these questions, wealth will be yours. But don't forget to tell the story of how you got it . . .

THE REDEMPTIVE POWER OF THEATER

A French statistician named Michel Gauquelin started off to disprove astrology. To his initial dismay, and then his delight, he discovered many curious statistically significant correlations between planetary position and likelihood of profession. In 1966 he published further research about Jupiter in his *L'Astrologie Devant la Science.* When Jupiter was horizontal or vertical in someone's chart (rising due east, directly overhead, setting in the west, or directly below), that person was likely to be involved in theater, team sports, or politics. This discovery continues to make rational skeptics mad.

Jupiter presides over the dramatic arts (which, according to Jupiter, seem to include politics). Theater can be both personal, which we call ritual, and collective, which we call ceremony. Theater is one of Jupiter's gifts whereby we acknowledge kinship with the universe.

For catharsis and redemption to be successful outcomes of a theatrical experience, the drama, like any ritual, must follow a certain form. A playwright friend of mine, Julia Steiny, explains that the problem with contemporary theater—and, indeed, society in general—is that we are ignorant of the five-act form. We are left with what she calls "pathegedy" instead of tragedy or comedy.

Steiny suggests we think of act one as an introduction to "the Personality of that which is about to undergo the adventure." Act

two is "Away, the Journey." Act three is "Oops." Act four is the "Encounter with Evil," where the blocking characters appear to win. And act five is "The Wedding," the kiss, redemption. In tragedy, the kiss is the kiss of death.

In both comedy and tragedy, the fifth act is the transcendent resolution, the prayer that turns the drama over to a higher power: "Please God, let it go this way." The drama is not over until the new Moon, the *coniunctio,* the Tantric wedding, the union, takes place. Shakespeare ended all of his comedies with at least two weddings. In Greek tragedy, the hero is united with God, as in *Oedipus at Colonus,* where Oedipus rises in a cloud.

Most twentieth-century drama seems to stop at the fourth act, merely mirroring grimy, oppressive realism back in your face. Hollywood often skips the fourth act altogether and just tacks on a happy ending. This is cheating, because redemption has not been earned through the encounter with evil. We must cry to the author, "You come back here and write (or rewrite) the fifth act, the redemptive vision of how it could be."

In the Catholic mass, the fifth act is the sending forth "to love and serve God and the community." Jupiter presents to all of us the imaginative exercise to write our fifth acts and tell ourselves the story of how it could all turn out okay. The true wedding of the previously disparate parts of ourselves produces celebration, laughter, and enjoyment—or at least realization that we have lived a life that points to a better future.

When you are in a gloomy funk, the Jupiterian assignment is to tell yourself your own story of now, as viewed from a year from now, in a way that makes "now" funny. Or, if you cannot be funny, you can at least be witty—if only in a curmudgeonly Saturn way.

We might say that where we stand culturally, in millennial time, is in the fourth act of human history, where evil and greed appear to be victorious on a vast scale. Never before has so much been at stake, including the unprecedented global destruction of the envi-

ronment. Will the curtain go down on act four with the ignoble failure of a noble experiment of humans on this beautiful planet? Or will we all conspire to tell the redemptive story of how it turns out okay? Telling the story attracts the molecules of its manifestation.

Chiron is another expression of Jupiter's impulse to heal through theater. Chiron, discovered in 1977, is a comet whose orbit lies between Saturn and Uranus. In Greek mythology, Chiron is the wounded healer centaur god (like the Sagittarian centaur, over which Jupiter presides) who mentored all the important Greek heroes. One of his most well-known students was Asclepius, the Greek god of healing. In the ancient Greek world, the *aesclepions* were the temples of healing and theater in Pergamon and Kos. Healing and theater were one in the ancient world, but they have been sundered in the modern world into hospitals and cinemas. To the ancient mind, which still lives within our psyches, it is inconceivable to have healing without theater, or theater without healing. An operating theater is not the same thing.

Jupiter stirs within us the willingness to be agents of healing theater reentering the world. At the freshwater springs of the aesclepions, people would come to incubate a healing dream, a better story for themselves and their community. They would leave reinvigorated by the vision of the journey ahead of them and the power of the ancestors behind them. And so are we, when we journey imaginatively to the healing springs of the aesclepion to ask for a larger healing story for ourselves, and our community.

The Teaching Power of Games

A Native American friend once told me that "cat's cradle," the string game, was used by elders to teach their children how "to enter the dream world." When I was in New Zealand, a Maori healer told me the exact same thing. Jupiter has always been associated with games and play—but I had never put it together that games are one of the primary ways a society teaches its philosophy to the next generation.

A discipline is growing in the field of education called the "resilient child movement." There are so many depressing statistics on kids who drown in adversity; for example, one out of three children of alcoholics becomes an alcoholic. Professionals interested in resiliency examine the other two. Who are the exceptional kids who triumph over limiting circumstances? How do their experiences differ from those of kids who don't? Studies showed that the triumphant, resilient kids had a mentor—a grandmother, an uncle, a neighbor—who taught them a game: chess, baseball, anything. By learning a game they learned important skills that contributed to their capacity to journey beyond their limiting circumstance. They learned strategy and how to deal with winning and losing. Of course, what was most important was that behind the game was a reliable person telling them, "I like you."

If you can't find a mentor, find a tin can. A client showed me a wonderful film she had made for *National Geographic* on animals at play. We know from watching kittens and puppies at play that they are practicing and learning skills once necessary for their survival. In this film, animals of all kinds were joyfully romping. The highlight was one particular monkey, who was the lowest, most picked-upon of his group, the most disrespected, and always the last to eat—until he found a tin can. The film captured him learning how to play with the tin can. Soon he could beat out a joyfully crazy rhythm on it while rolling it in front of him, even up and down hills. At first the other monkeys just stared in amazement—and then they made him their leader. Play was the means of accomplishing a complete revolution in values and a transcendence of hierarchy.

PARTICIPATING IN THE GENEROUS CIRCULATION OF LIFE'S ABUNDANCE

Much of ritual magic is about giving gifts. We give in order to participate in the generous circulation of life's abundance. Whatever we give comes back to us, maybe from some other source. We give food

to animals. We give offerings to spirits. We pour honey into the river as a gift to the river goddess Oshun (Venus in the Santería pantheon), the goddess of love and sweet water, so that she will, in turn, sweeten our life.

Native American friends have taught me that even when they eat in restaurants, they put a little portion of their food off to one side for the spirits. In making a meal, you might offer some to the crows outside your window. Or you might put a little outside for the invisible spirits.

Jupiter says that abundance invokes abundance. Gratitude to life invokes gratitude. Rumi says, "Your depression is caused by your inability to praise. A man who is depressed is a thief and steals from God every moment." Praise, gratitude, and enthusiasm invoke abundance as the antidote to depression.

Native American culture has a very Jupiterian orientation toward the concept of gifts and giving. The Native Americans are very aware that everything is alive and wants to travel. After you give somebody something, the gift might want to stay with them for a while, but then it might want to move on.

When the colonists arrived, there was initial medium-good feeling. The Native Americans would bring wonderful gifts—beautiful carved pipes, beaded moccasins, animal skins, and so on. Later the Native Americans would show up again, saying, "You remember that wonderful pipe that we left with you a year ago? It wants to travel on now." The colonists, outraged, coined the term "Indian giver" in response. There was a complete philosophical misunderstanding about the nature of gifts and property.

In many traditions, Thursdays, sacred to Jupiter, are days of offering and kinship rituals. Thanksgiving, for instance, is always celebrated on Thursday, and in Native American tradition, turkey medicine is associated with generosity.

To honor Jupiter on Thursday, make a Jupiter glyph with some cornmeal on the threshold of your home. Jupiter's glyph is the cres-

cent moon on top of the cross of matter, reminding us that the generosity of nourishing (the Moon) supersedes all illusory obstacles (the cross) when this god is supplicated. One way to supplicate Jupiter is to cup some cornmeal in your hands, step out the door, and blow, scattering the offering, accompanied by this prayer: "Open my path before me and grant me the opportunity to be of maximum good in the world."

RETROACTIVE REDEMPTION

Fatima had worked for many years with her father, spinning thread into exotic colors. One day her father said to her, "Fatima, you have worked so hard. Now we're going on a long journey to sell our wares. Perhaps, in the course of this journey, we will find you a handsome and appropriate young man to marry." So they set off full of hope. Just off the coast of Crete, a terrible storm arose, and the ship was dashed on the rocks. All were drowned except Fatima, who was washed ashore near Alexandria. She was taken in by a family of cloth makers, who taught her their craft. Within a few years, she had made a happy life for herself. But one day, when she was on the seashore, a band of slave traders kidnapped her, and took her to Istanbul. For the second time, she lost everything. A kindly man, a mast maker, took pity and bought her, thinking that perhaps her fortunes would be better if he, rather than someone else, did so. But when they returned to his home, they found his business in shambles. So he, his wife, and Fatima dedicated themselves to the hard work of making ships' masts. Fatima worked so hard that she was granted her freedom. Once again she settled into a new life.

One day the mast maker said, "Fatima, take these ships' masts to Java, as my agent, and sell them at a good price." She set forth, but the ship was wrecked by a terrible typhoon off the coast of China. She cursed and bewailed her fate that no matter how hard she tried, nothing was working out. "Why am I so jinxed?"

But what Fatima did not know was that in China there was a legend that one day an extraordinary woman would appear on the shore and be able to build a marvelous building that no one had ever seen before, called a tent. So, periodically, the Emperor of China would send scouts along the shore looking for this extraordinary woman. And one scout happened to be onshore as Fatima emerged from the sea, shaking her fist at God. And the scout said, "Well, you must come with me to the Emperor's Court." "Very well," she said. When she arrived at the palace, the Emperor said to her, "Can you build this marvelous building we've heard so much about, called a tent?" And Fatima, having seen so many tents in her journeys, said, "Well, of course." "Then do so," said the Emperor. "Well, first I'll need some stout cloth," said Fatima. "Ah, we don't have such as you need." So Fatima remembered her time with the kindly Alexandrian weavers, and she wove stout cloth. Then she said, "Bring me strong rope." "Ah, we don't have such as you need," said the Emperor. And she remembered her time with her father as a spinner, and she spun colorful stout rope. "All I need," she said, "are long poles for the tent." "Oh, we don't have those," said the Emperor. And she remembered her time making masts, and made long poles.

From the sum of her observations of tents in all of her journeys, Fatima made the most marvelous tent that anyone had ever even imagined could be. And the Emperor said, "You have done this great thing. Name your reward." She married a handsome prince, and "remained in happiness, surrounded by her children to the end of her days." She reconciled herself ecstatically to her life, realizing that each apparently catastrophic chapter had taught her some crucial talent for "the making of her ultimate happiness."[12]

And so it is with us. The tale of "Fatima, the Spinner and the Tent" lasts about twelve years, which is the length of time it takes Jupiter to complete its orbit around the Sun. There are moments in our life when we shake our fist at the gods and curse, "Every time I

get it together, some catastrophe strikes." Jupiter in us says that unbeknownst to us at the moment, we are building in some talent for the making of our ultimate happiness. A true Jupiter project will draw upon every part of us that we have cultivated in the journey of the last twelve years. This is true wealth: to have one's life retroactively revealed to have been a perfect curriculum, culminating in the ability to give one's gift that could be given by no other.

The deal that Jupiter offers us is that we get to write the theater of our own lives if we can meet three conditions.

First, Jupiter says that whatever you wanted to do twelve years ago, you were not ready. Now you are. Tell yourself your story of the last twelve years, like Fatima's journey. Simply prime the pump of associative reverie. Where was I twelve years ago? How did I get here from there? (What important books did I read? What great conversations did I have? Remember the heartbreaks, and the shipwrecks. List the changes of job and circumstance. Who taught me something of value?) Recall the literal journeys as well as the journeys of the mind. The meaning will emerge later, as will the sense of the previous twelve years having been a perfect preparation for the opportunities before you now. This makes gratitude easier, even for the crummy, hard parts.

Since Jupiter will make everything bigger, the second step is to take this opportunity to banish from your life what you do not want made bigger. We might ruminate and write down what we no longer want to take on the journey. "Hmmm. I think I've gotten all the good out of paralyzing depression. How about hopeless, untrustworthy relationships? Yep, I've gotten all the good out of that. Being undervalued? I think I don't really need to take that on the journey anymore." This process may take a while.

Undesirable aspects of life have a stealthy way of becoming so intrinsic as to become invisible background assumptions of how things are. The useful question to be asked is, "What do I no longer

wish to take with me on my journey?" not "What do I think it is possible for me to be rid of?" With Jupiter we must concentrate on expansion rather than constriction.

Jupiter tells us not to trouble our pretty little heads about how we are to be rid of our burdens. When we ritually place these things on the curb of our psyche, so to speak, Jupiter's Removal Service will take it away. We do not have to worry about the removal process. We just have to imagine putting it in bags so that Jupiter can pick it up and take it away for twelve-year recycling.

Ritual Starter Kit

Anything physical we do that we imbue with invisible intention is a ritual. Here is an effective ritual starter kit, a complete elemental workout to include Earth, Air, Fire, and Water.

To Earth an intention, write down what you are willing to release. "I am willing to release the following things . . ." (anticipatory dread, for instance).

Then Air it by saying, muttering, shouting, or singing your intention.

Fire's observance calls you to burn the piece of paper.

Take the ashes to the living Water of a stream, river, lake, pond, or ocean, and toss them in.

Believe nothing, entertain possibilities. We connect to something larger than ourselves when we perform a ritual. Think of it as a Spirit Fax.

In the third step we invite the future to come get us. Because very often we do not know what we want, Jupiter says, "Tell yourself *what you want to feel like* by the beginning of the next season." Expansive? On track? Simultaneously safe and exhilarated, adored and independent? Jupiter is the travel agent who will figure out the situations that will produce these feelings.

Now use this Earth, Air, Fire, and Water ritual for invoking rather than banishing. Write it, say it, burn it, toss it in the water.

Through rituals we rekindle our enthusiasm for life. Remember that *enthusiasm* is a wonderful Jupiter word that comes from the Greek *en theos,* meaning "the god within." When we are enthused, the god within dances.

HERE COMES MORE LIFE

By telling stories, we become re-enthused by the abundant profusion of life. The myriad forms that life takes remind us that so much intricate variety is necessary. Jupiter is the god of ever-expanding knowledge, which necessitates that stories be constantly revised to include ever more possibilities.

I once attended an astronomical lecture on Jupiter, given by a professor who was jovial, large, theatrical, and wildly enthusiastic. It was as though Jupiter were lecturing on Jupiter. He said that many scientists associate evolution on Earth with huge bursts of electromagnetic radiation from Jupiter. The headline in this god's newspaper constantly reads, "Extra, Extra, Read All About It! Life and Possibilities of Life Found Everywhere."

When Jupiter and Uranus (the god of revelation) align, they signal a time of dramatic discovery, blowing apart all previous small certainties and scientific paradigms. Their most recent conjunction, in 1997, heralded a time of unprecedented story expansion. We see farther out in space, and farther back in time. Front-page headlines of mundane mayhem were temporarily eclipsed by revelations of ancient, near-eternal news.

What follows is a sampling of headlines from the spring of 1997, when these two gods last collaborated to humble and re-enthuse scientific inquiry.

"Extremophiles Transforming Science."

"Signs of Ocean Found on Jupiter's Moon Europa."

"Putting a New Face on Prehistory—Skeletons Suggest Caucasoid Early Americans."

"Find May Rewrite America's Prehistory, Artifacts in Chile Challenge Theory."

"Discovery May Reshape Concept of Early Man, 400,000-Year-Old Spears . . ."

"Artifacts May Push Back Human Residency in Siberia by 300,000 Years."

"Ancient Graves of Armed Women Hint at Amazons."

"Scientists Find Antimatter Fountain Gushing from Center of Milky Way."

"Cosmic Snowballs Detected Pelting Earth's Atmosphere."

All of these discoveries radically transformed the way science told its own story to itself, and were often vindications of mavericks who had been dismissed as cranks. Heartening for all of us cranks and mavericks.

CAUTIONARY TALES: EATEN BY SHADOW

Professions, as well as people, must periodically go on a vision quest to rediscover, clarify, and give new and vital expression to their original impulses. The word *doctor* originally meant "teacher," and yet the modern practice of medicine has very little to do with teaching.

The original Jupiterian impulse that gave birth to legal systems is the same impulse that gives rise to the passionate philosophical drive to be a wise community elder, adviser, counselor, philosopher, storyteller. This drive has very little, possibly nothing, to do with the predominant modern practice of law. Yet, Jupiter would say that it still lives in some dusty corner of the psyche of anyone attracted to the legal profession.

A wonderfully titled book, *The Death and Resurrection Show,* by Rogin P. Taylor, describes theater as intrinsically shamanistic, always intended to catalyze and uplift the participants. Modern theater has

forgotten its purpose, yet the purpose lives on mythologically in the hearts of actors. This is why actors who settle for being celebrities or "stars" are usually depressed.

Lawyers want to be wise, storytelling philosopher-guides. Doctors want to be teachers of wise living. Theatrical people want to be magicians and consciousness artists.

The admonition "Be careful what you wish for, for you will surely get it," reminds us that Jupiter can be tricky if we wish for conventional images of success. Jupiter says, "I will give you an abundance of opportunities. Half of them will be really good ideas and half will be illusory seductions, tailor-made to fool you." Our job is to tell which is which, using some of the forms of intelligence that we have previously honored. Our intuition will distinguish between other people's images of success and our own feeling or definition of success. Jupiter's navigational pole star is always enthusiasm, which is neither subtle nor ambiguous. Its magnetism carries its own plucky confidence. When the right path opens there is no hesitation. You are enthused and experience an absolute abundance of YES!

This "god within" thrives on bigness—big dreams, large endeavor. Reverend Ike says, "You can go to the ocean with a thimble or a bucket. But the ocean thinks you are silly if you say, 'Please, ocean, may I have a thimbleful of water?'" Be careful not to ask for too little. Certain capacities are only engaged when we overreach. The Virgo part of ourselves might think that even though we have a big dream ambition, we should start small, with little warm-up exercises. When we do that, the large, theatrical, passionate Jupiter part of ourselves is not engaged. Without the kindling of enthusiasm, we might not do well on the little projects. The self-critical Reality Police aspect of ourselves then sneers, "See, you couldn't even do this little piddling stuff, how dare you presume to dream big?" ("How dare you?" is always a Reality Police phrase.) The irony is that, starting with a project that is daunting, you have a greater

chance of success than if you begin with something that does not have the support of your heart's exuberance.

Overfeeding the God

As with all planetary parts of ourselves, there are both virtues and demons associated with Jupiter, and they are closely related. Because Jupiter is expansion and largeness and joviality, its shadow is excess. Unchecked, Jupiter is the gorge theory of pleasure: eat the whole cake over the sink. If some is good, more must be better. Positive Jupiter is pleasure; negative Jupiter is furtive or guilty compensation for lack of pleasure. Jupiter says that the path of hedonism, following pleasure, is a wise and disciplined path. The first piece of chocolate cake gives more pleasure than the subsequent four. We actually live in a culture that has very little understanding of pleasure. Hedonism simply means, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary,* "the doctrine or theory of ethics in which pleasure is regarded as the chief good, or the proper end of action." A truly hedonistic culture would be happier and wiser and would savor each piece of cake—and transform the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory into the D. H. Lawrence Laboratory.

Lack of pleasure leads to gluttony. Whatever is suppressed and not invited to the mainstream party becomes an obnoxious big fatso.

Go Forth and Do Thou Likewise

When we journey outwardly, we often meet astrological Jupiter in modern drag. While waiting in a baggage-check line at San Francisco Airport, I observed a large party with innumerable massive, unwieldy bags, making rude and elaborate demands of the skycap. When they finally left, fully accommodated, they did so without leaving a tip. As my eyes engaged the skycap with an attitude of commiseration, he twinkled back with wise equanimity and tolerance. He proceeded to tell me that his guide and mentor, who had

started being a skycap in 1940, always told him, when he lost his humor, to take a walk, or take a smoke break. My jovial skycap then said, "Some people can't tip. It's an expensive city. Some can and won't. But if you keep your humor, it all balances out by the end of the day—and you'll have seen it all."

Jupiter's vast, long-term Hindu perspective (where the shortest, darkest age, the Kali Yuga, is a mere 432,000 human years) gives a fundamental optimism derived from its expansiveness. Looking with wonder up at the sky, gazing at the innumerable universes implied by the stars, we join with author Doris Lessing's father, who "used to sit, hour after hour, night after night, outside his house in Africa, watching the stars. 'Well,' he would say, 'if we blow ourselves up, there's plenty more where we came from!' "

If Saturn's construct for reinventing reality was, "I used to . . . But now I . . ." Jupiter's counterpart is the art form of the blessing or borderline blarney. "When this . . . Then may that . . ." Celtic poet John O'Donohue speaks of the Celtic art form of the blessing: "When the ghost of loss stands behind you, as you gaze out the window, then may the ancestors place an invisible cloak upon your shoulders that will mend your life." And "When your boat is sinking in rough waters, may the moon spin a silver pathway upon which you may safely tread to shore," and so on. O'Donohue says that one of the greatest blessings we can bestow upon a friend in distress is to imagine for them the pastures of peace that will be once the searing pain is past.

TRY THIS AT HOME

Jupiter teaches that ritual is the means whereby we bring a story alive. If myth is breath, then ritual is the act of breathing.

Where Saturn's mudras or body postures are often with closed fists, Jupiter's are with open hands. While seated, rest your open hands palms up, on your knees, completely open and expansive to life. Breathe in a deep shade of royal violet, and exhale all constric-

tion. If Jupiter were music, it would be trumpet fanfares. Listen for them while continuing to inhale rich violet, and exhaling constraint, until you, and the sphere in which you travel, are completely saturated. To the soundtrack of triumphant music, your sphere ascends, traveling toward the Continental Divide, and a vast outer geography opens before you. When the music subsides, come back down gently and step out into expanded life with renewed enthusiasm. Nothing can stop you now.