

What's the story with New Zealand?

By Plutonium

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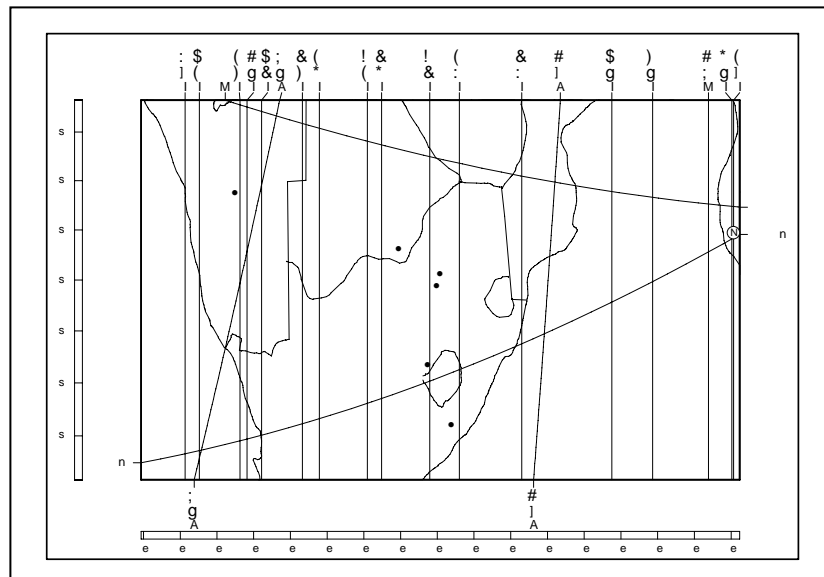
"Welcome to the world. My son."

"Where the *** am I?"

There's no record of the midwife reporting my first vocal response to my entry into the world. Perhaps she was too preoccupied by the noise of Luftwaffe bombers overhead on their way to attempt to destroy the shipyards on the River Clyde. However she did, as Scottish law demands, record my May 1940 time of birth.

Alas — I came into this world without the remembrance of Astro Location knowledge I'd gained in a previous incarnation. And this proved to be a blessing. With a Mars line overhead at less than 20 miles and running parallel to the flight of the German bombers, a Saturn line very close at 90 miles and a Mars/Saturn crossing 140 miles away, I would have been more than just cross and definitely more vocal about where I'd landed myself.

By September 1940 the Luftwaffe had moved on to focus on the major English cities but I hadn't.



Had I been able to recall my Astro location knowledge, it would have explained a lot. As I grew up in a working class environment, my parents struggled to make ends meet in early post war Scotland and yours truly tried to cope with a location with the Janus software interpretation of:

Saturn on Imum Coeli – This is one of the most difficult places to reside in.

Amen to that!

While other men went off to war my father had to stay behind because he worked in the shipyards. His boat building skills were considered to be a greater contribution to the war effort than going forth to battle.

Occasionally and usually on pay day he would invite his pals around for a drink. After a few beers he would frequently burst into song with his party piece, his untrained voice struggling to cope with the high points of "The Holy City".

He could cope with "Last night I lay a-sleeping, there came a dream so fair," but the crescendo of "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Lift up your gates and sing, Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!" was an octave too far.

As far as I was concerned as I finished my apprenticeship in the shipyards, I couldn't move far away and fast enough from this Mars/Saturn location.

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First stop Vancouver and it was like "Last night I lay a-sleeping, there came a dream so fair." Except for the fact I was living the dream. A great job and an apartment overlooking English Bay with glorious views of Canadian sunsets on the western horizon clothing the mountains of Vancouver Island.

I'd chosen Vancouver because the land of my dreams — New Zealand — was a country too far for someone still unsure of himself.

Several years later I had reached the land of my dreams. One night I lay a-sleeping and I saw that the Land of the Long White Cloud had become a shroud.

So what's the story with New Zealand? My story about my experiences and how they fit the Astro Location model will hopefully answer the question raised in Part 1 (What's the Story with Christchurch? AFI *New Zealand Journal of Astrology*, Issue #26): What are the orbs?

Starting with what were my experiences prior to my arrival in New Zealand . . .

With a Venus/MC line 268 miles west of Vancouver it comes as no surprise that my lifestyle was luxurious.

A Saturn/Dsc line at 37 miles from my company's Head Office in Toronto explains my inhibitions about a move to HO.

Coming very alive every time I visited New York is explained by the Sun/Dsc line within 70 miles of the Big Apple

En route to South Africa the Uranus/IC right through Walvis Bay in South West Africa (Namibia) manifested as the unexpected sight of an ancient Arab dhow off to the port side. Then the news that the waterside workers had unexpectedly gone on strike and there was time to visit a nearby village. A place called Swakopmund, which was a huge surprise, a little bit of Olde Germany in darkest Africa.

Then at last docking in Durban and time to move on with my new life at this new location. And with a Moon/Asc line 100 miles east of Durban it explains why my thoughts were more about marriage than money matters. Which was just as well since it's been said, "Business affairs have too unstable a base here."

Very soon after my arrival the oil company I worked for decided I was just their man to move to Johannesburg. And "burgher off" was my reply.

Marrying a Kiwi lass in Durban meant I now had entry to the land of my dreams.

I'd now travelled half way round the world to escape the Saturnian effect of Scotland and yet there was still this Saturnian feeling in the land of my dreams.

As mentioned in Part 1, things had got so bad I had to resort to astrology to find some answers. And having done some homework on astrology and Astro Location I was sufficiently clued up to look for a Saturn line close to New Zealand.

The astrologer presented me with my natal chart interpretations and an Astro Location chart, which I very quickly turned to.

Scotland, Vancouver and Durban fitted the model so well; but there was no Saturn in sight for New Zealand.

Returning to my car after the consultation I spent some time sitting in silence and thinking of Saturn.

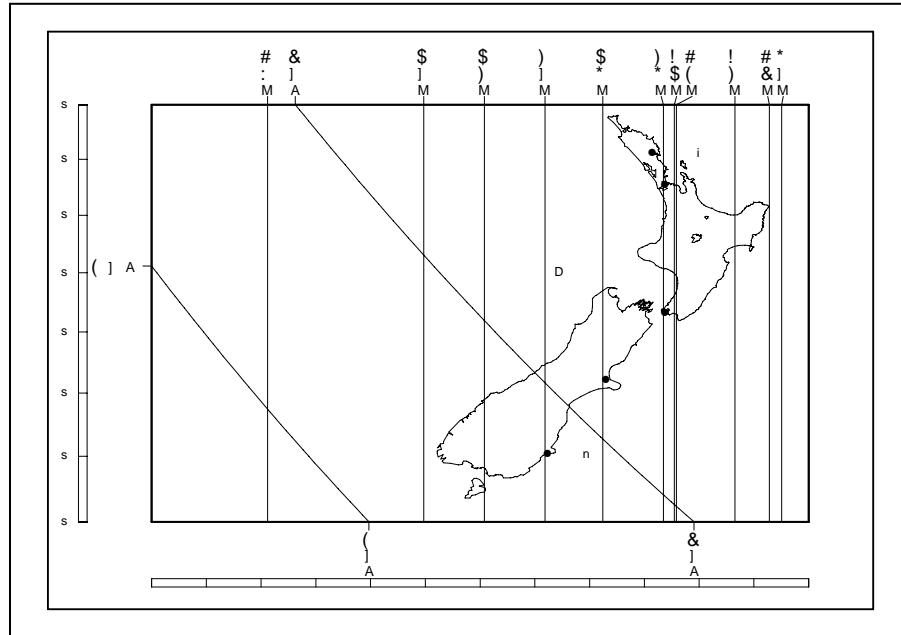
Aha! There it is, so so close to the edge of the map it was easy to miss the vertical Saturn line as it merged with the map's thick boundary line.

235 miles east of Auckland where I lived there it was Saturn/MC. This explains the reason why although I love travelling in New Zealand, the very beautiful, rugged and remote East Cape has never appealed to me: Hicks Bay located on the tip of the East

Cape a mere 30 miles from Saturn/MC. Even closer than the 80 miles between my Scottish birthplace and the Saturn/IC line.

Half way round the world and virtually back to where I started from.

Now back to the orbs.



200-500 miles, although sometimes 700 miles, has become the accepted standard for orbs of influence when dealing with the MC, IC, Asc and Dsc lines. And this has been confirmed in my experiences; but what of midpoints? For instance the Mercury/Saturn midpoint discussed in Part 1.

Jim Lewis in his seminal work entitled Astro*Carto*Graphy writes.

If the desired place is too distant from any line, it may be a neutral area of undistinguished power. But, to a small degree, if it is halfway between any two lines [midpoint], accurately measured, it does partake of the power of both, though moderately.

So what of my story with New Zealand, my experiences?

With Saturn/MC at 235 miles east of Auckland and Jupiter/MC 240 miles west of Auckland, it's not surprising I find that west is best for me. This also makes Auckland the midpoint of Saturn/MC and Jupiter MC.

And here I have to disagree with Jim Lewis. The midpoints do not have a moderate influence. They are quite powerful — and just like Ebertin's midpoint methodology, very precise. And when applied to Astro Location have a substantially smaller orb.

So what is the orb for midpoints?

Ebertin describes the midpoint principle of Jupiter/Saturn as:

Patience (achieving success through perseverance).

And for sure in my experience, anything that I've achieved in Auckland has been accomplished with perseverance. Whereas it has been so much easier in the West Coast of the South Island with Jupiter/MC a mere 25 miles from the dream place in the land of my dreams.

The longitudinal distance between Auckland in the North Island and Punakaiki in the West Coast South Island is 240 miles. Far enough away from any midpoint manifestation, either in Jim Lewis' or my opinion.

Zeroing in on the Mercury/Saturn midpoint experience in Christchurch, what's my experience?

West of Christchurch as the Tranz Alpine train trudges its way up and towards the Southern Alps it stops at a place called Darfield. A place where I also stopped during one of the darkest times in my life, with the uplifting experience of this stopover something I'll never forget. Or the magnificent view of the Southern Alps as their snow topped peaks glistened in the early winter sun. My world changed from the soberness of Saturn to the joys of Jupiter.

Darfield is longitudinally approximately 25 miles from Christchurch. On the other side of Christchurch at around the same distance is Banks Peninsula and the charming French inspired village of Akaroa. A place I so wanted to love and yet it left me cold.

Proceeding east and further up the South Island is a place that I'd expected to love as much as Akaroa, and I did.

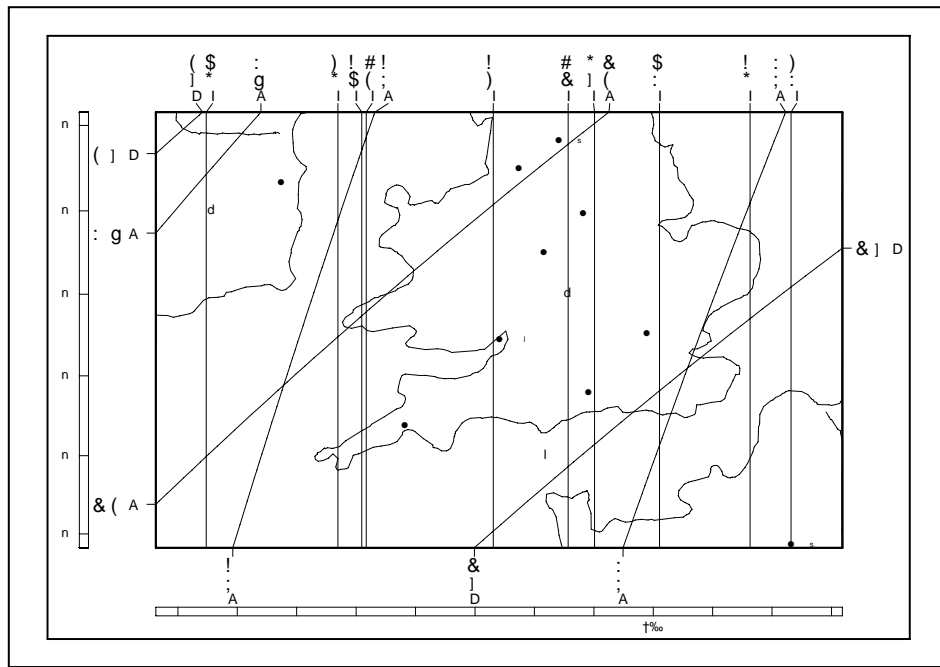
Kaikoura has such an uplifting energy about it even the whales and dolphins come out to play for the huge numbers of international travellers who'd kill to come back to Kaikoura.

Kaikoura is approximately 15 miles east of Akaroa and with this additional experience the orb of influence for midpoints starts to become more precise.

It's beginning to look like 25–30 miles is the orb for midpoints. And if so can I honestly say this is valid for three significant cities, which have left their mark on me?

Take for instance Bristol, England. There I experienced the darkest moment of my life when on the eve of the new millennium word came through that my son had been killed in a climbing accident in New Zealand.

England at any time has never been 'good' for me and staying there over the winter should have made me feel a lot worse and colder. And yet in spite of what befell me there, work, weather and family-wise I still feel upbeat about Bristol and very much look forward to returning there one day; and why? The midpoint Sun/Jupiter close enough for me hear the bells of Bristol Cathedral.



As for Johannesburg what can one say without being rude. Aided and abetted by that Mars/Uranus midpoint, the place of which I informed my boss to "burgher off!" at the thought of living and working around Johannesburgers.

Incidentally and about 2 years later, while visiting a friend in Joburg I had one of the scariest experiences of my life. Sitting in his high level apartment in Hillbrow the building shook as if it wouldn't be long, if I lived, before I'd be amongst the low brows at street level.

One of the many disused underground mines upon which the burghers choose to build their skyscrapers had collapsed in on itself and in doing so violently shook the building and my very being.

And then there's Brisbane. Returning to the theme of "What's the story with New Zealand?" . . .

dreams where he came to learn some of life's lessons and hopefully having learned his lessons can now move on. But where to?

Aye there's the rub and where the round art comes in with its Astro Location insights.

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